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LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

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L I F E

OF

ANDREW JACKSON,

—

CONDENSED FROM THE AUTHOR'S "LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON,"
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY JAMES PARTON.

AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF AARON BURR," "HUMEROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE," ETC.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is a condensation of the "Life of Andrew Jackson," in three volumes, octavo, which was published by the author in 1860. Nearly every thing in the way of document, letter, episode, disquisition, note, or appendix, has been omitted; but the story of the life has been retained, and the more interesting narratives, scenes, and anecdotes, are preserved entire.

There is much in the larger work which the student of recent history, the statesman, the politician, the soldier, and the citizen who desires to understand the interior working of his country's institutions, cannot dispense with. But the present volume contains all of Jackson which young readers need know, or readers in general will care to know.

It is proper to state, that a great part of the information given in these pages respecting the childhood, the youth, the frontier experiences, the White House life, and the last years of General Jackson, was derived by the author, in the course of an extensive tour in the Southern States, from the general's surviving relations, comrades, and political associates.

The events of the last two years have invested with new interest the character of the man to whom we owed the postponement of civil war for thirty years. Mr. Webster thought the issue should have been met *then*, the strength of the government tested *then*, not postponed till the mighty spell of the UNION had lost its potency over a third of the country; and

Jackson himself constantly regretted, to his dying hour, that he had not dealt to Calhoun the penalty due to one whom balked ambition alone made a disturber of his country's peace. Nevertheless, thirty years of peace was a boon for which the country is the more warmly grateful from knowing what civil war is.

The reader will find the Jackson of these pages a hero without fear, but, unhappily, not without reproach. He was a faulty man, like the rest of us, and committed, in his life, some most grievous sins. As his virtues and his good deeds are distinctly set forth and duly extolled, so his errors and weaknesses are not concealed.

NEW YORK, *December*, 1862.

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LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

IN 1765, Andrew Jackson, the father of the Andrew Jackson whose career we are about to relate, emigrated, with his wife and two sons, from Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland, to South Carolina. His sons were named Hugh and Robert; Andrew was not yet born. In his native country he had cultivated a few hired acres, and his wife had been a weaver of linen. Like most of the inhabitants of the North of Ireland, he was of Scottish origin; but his ancestors had lived for five generations in the neighborhood of Carrickfergus; lowly, honest people, tillers of the soil and weavers; radical whigs in politics, Presbyterians in religion. He was accompanied to America by three of his neighbors, James, Robert, and Joseph Crawford, the first-named of whom was his brother-in-law. The peace between France and England, signed two years before, which ended the "old French war"—the war in which Braddock was defeated and Canada won—had restored to mankind their highway, the ocean, and given an impulse to emigration from the old world to the new. From the north of Ireland large numbers sailed away to the land of promise. Five sisters of Mrs. Jackson had gone, or were soon going. Samuel Jackson, a brother of Andrew, afterward went, and established himself in Philadelphia, where he long lived, a respectable citizen. Mrs. Suffren, a daughter of another brother, followed in later years, and settled in New York, where she has living descendants.

Andrew Jackson was a poor man, and his wife, Elizabeth Hutchinson, was a poor man's daughter. The tradition is clear among the numerous descendants of Mrs. Jackson's sisters, that their lot in Ireland was a hard one. The grandchildren of the

Hutchinson sisters remember hearing their mothers often say, that in Ireland some of these girls were compelled to labor half the night, and sometimes all night, in order to produce the requisite quantity of linen. Linen-weaving was their employment both before and after marriage; the men of the families tilling small farms at high rents, and the women toiling at the loom. The members of this circle were not all equally poor. There is reason to believe that some of them brought to America sums of money which were considerable for that day, and sufficient to enable them to buy negroes as well as lands in the southern wilderness. But all accounts concur in this: that Andrew Jackson was very poor, both in Ireland and in America. The Hutchinson sisters are remembered as among the most thrifty, industrious, and capable of a race remarkable for those qualities. There is a smack of the North-Irish brogue still to be observed in the speech of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

The party of emigrants from Carrickfergus landed at Charleston, and proceeded, without delay, to the Waxhaw settlement, a hundred and sixty miles to the north-west of Charleston, where many of their kindred and countrymen were already established. This settlement was, or had been the seat of the Waxhaw tribe of Indians. It is the region watered by the Catawba river, since pleasantly famous for its grapes. A branch of the Catawba, called the Waxhaw Creek, a small and not ornamental stream, much choked with logs and overgrowth to this day, runs through it, fertilizing a considerable extent of bottom land. It is a pleasant enough undulating region, an oasis of fertility in a waste of pine woods; much "worn" now by incessant cotton-raising, but showing still some fine and profitable plantations. The word Waxhaw, be it observed, has no geographical or political meaning. The settlement so called was partly in North Carolina and partly in South Carolina. Many of the settlers, probably, scarcely knew in which of the two provinces they lived, nor cared to know. At this day, the name Waxhaw has vanished from the maps and gazetteers, but in the country round about the old settlement, the lands along the creek are still called "the Waxhaws."

Another proof of the poverty of Andrew Jackson is this: the Crawfords, who came with him from Ireland, bought lands near the center of the settlement, on the Waxhaw Creek itself, lands

which still attest the wisdom of their choice; but Jackson settled seven miles away, on new land, on the banks of 'Twelve Mile Creek, another branch of the Catawba. The place is now known as "Pleasant Grove Camp Ground," and the particular land once occupied by the father of General Jackson is still pointed out by the old people of the neighborhood. How large the tract was, I have not been able to ascertain; as, since that day, there have been so many changes in the counties of that part of North Carolina, that a search for an old land-title is attended with peculiar difficulty. The best information now attainable confirms the tradition which prevails in the Waxhaw country, that Andrew Jackson, the elder, never *owned* in America one acre of land. On Twelve Mile Creek, however, Andrew Jackson planted himself, with his family, and began to hew out of the wilderness a farm and a home. The land is in what is now called Union county, North Carolina, a few miles from Monroe, the county seat. The county was named Union, a few years ago, in honor of the Union's indomitable defender, and in rebuke of neighboring nullifiers. It was proposed to call the county Jackson, but Union was thought a worthier compliment; particularly as the patriotic little county juts into South Carolina.

For two years Andrew Jackson and his family toiled in the Carolina woods. He had built his log-house, cleared some fields, and raised a crop. Then, the father of the family, his work all incomplete, sickened and died: his two boys being still very young, and his wife far advanced in pregnancy. This was early in the spring of 1767.

In a rude farm-wagon the corpse, accompanied, as it seems, in the same vehicle by all the little family, was conveyed to the old Waxhaw church-yard, and interred. No stone marks the spot beneath which the bones have moldered; but tradition points it out. In that ancient place of burial, families sleep together, and the place where Andrew Jackson lies is known by the gravestones which record the names of his wife's relations, the Crawfords, the McKemeys, and others.

A strange and lonely place is that old graveyard to this day. A little church (the third that has stood near that spot), having nothing whatever of the ecclesiastical in its appearance, resembling rather a neat farm-house, stands, not in the church-yard,

but a short distance from it. Huge trees, with smaller pines among them, rise singly and in clumps, as they were originally left by those who first subdued the wilderness there. Great roots of trees roughen the red clay roads. Old as the settlement is, the country is but thinly inhabited, and the few houses near look like those of a just-peopled country in the Northern States. Miles and miles and miles, you may ride in the pine woods and "old fields" of that country, without meeting a vehicle or seeing a living creature. So that when the stranger stands in that church-yard among the old graves, though there is a house or two not far off, but not in sight, he has the feeling of one who comes upon the ancient burial-place of a race extinct. Rude old stones are there that were placed over graves when as yet a stone-cutter was not in the province; stones upon which, coats-of-arms were once engraved, still partly decipherable; stones which are modern compared with these, yet record the exploits of revolutionary soldiers; stones so old that every trace of inscription is lost, and stones as new as the new year. The inscriptions on the gravestones are unusually simple and direct, and free from sniveling and cant. A large number of them end with Pope's line (incorrectly quoted) which declares an honest man to be the noblest work of God.

The bereaved family of the Jacksons never returned to their home on the banks of Twelve Mile Creek, but went from the church-yard to the house, not far off, of one of Mrs. Jackson's brothers-in-law, George McKenney by name, whose remains now repose in the same old burying-ground. A few nights after, Mrs. Jackson was seized with the pains of labor. There was a swift sending of messengers to the neighbors, and a hurrying across the fields of friendly women; and before the sun rose, a son was born, the son whose career and fortunes we have undertaken to relate. It was in a small log-house, in the province of North Carolina, less than a quarter of a mile from the boundary line between North and South Carolina, that the birth took place.

Andrew Jackson, then, was born in Union county, North Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767.

General Jackson always supposed himself to be a native of South Carolina. "Fellow citizens of my *native* State!" he exclaims, at the close of his proclamation to the nullifiers of South Carolina; but it is as certain as any fact of the kind can be that

he was mistaken. The clear and uniform tradition of the neighborhood, supported by a great mass of indisputable testimony, points to a spot in *North* Carolina, but only a stone's throw from the line that divides it from South Carolina, as the birthplace of Andrew Jackson.

In a large field, near the edge of a wide, shallow ravine, on the plantation of Mr. T. J. Cureton, there is to be seen a great clump, or natural summer-house, of grape-vines. Some remains of old fruit trees near by, and a spring a little way down the ravine, indicate that a human habitation once stood near this spot. It is a still and solitary place, away from the road, in a red, level region, where the young pines are in haste to cover the well-worn cotton fields; and man seems half inclined to *let* them do it, and move to Texas. Upon looking under the masses of grape-vine, a heap of large stones showing traces of fire is discovered. These stones once formed the chimney and fireplace of the log-house, wherein George Mckemey lived and Andrew Jackson was born. On that old yellow hearth-stone, Mrs. Jackson lulled her infant to sleep and brooded over her sad bereavement, and thought anxiously respecting the future of her fatherless boys. Sacred spot! not so much because there a hero was born, as because there a noble mother suffered, sorrowed, and accepted her new lot, and bravely bent herself to her more than double weight of care and toil.

Mrs. Jackson remained at this house three weeks. Then, leaving her eldest son behind to aid her brother-in-law on his farm, she removed with her second son and the new-born infant, to the residence of another brother-in-law, Mr. Crawford, with whom she had crossed the ocean, and who then lived two miles distant. Mrs. Crawford was an invalid, and Mrs. Jackson was permanently established in the family as housekeeper and poor relation.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION.

IN the family of his Uncle Crawford, Andy Jackson (for by this familiar name he is still spoken of in the neighborhood), spent the first ten or twelve years of his life. Mr. Crawford was a man of

considerable substance for a new country, and his family was large. He lived in South Carolina, just over the boundary line, near the Waxhaw Creek, and six miles from the Catawba River. The land there lies well for farming; level but not flat; undulating, but without hills of inconvenient height. The soil is a stiff, red clay, the stiffest of the stiff, and the reddest of the red; the kind of soil which bears hard usage, and makes the very worst winter roads anywhere to be found on this planet. Except where there is an interval of fertile soil, the country round about is a boundless continuity of pine woods, wherein to this day, wild turkeys and deer are shot, and the farmers take their cotton to market in immense wagons of antique pattern, a journey of half a week, and camp out every night. As evening closes in, the passing traveler sees the mules, the negro driver, the huge covered wagon, the farmer, and sometimes his wife with an infant, grouped in the most strikingly picturesque manner, in an opening of the forest, around a blazing fire of pine knots, that light up the scene like an illumination. Just so, doubtless, did the farmers in Andy's day transport their produce; and, many a time, I doubt not, he slept by the camp-fire; for the Carolina boys like nothing better than to go to market with their fathers, and share in the glorious adventure of sleeping out-of-doors. In such a country as this, with horses to ride, and cows to hunt, and journeys to make, and plenty of boys, black and white, to play with, our little friend Andy spent his early years.

In due time the boy was sent to an "old-field school," an institution not much unlike the roadside schools in Ireland, of which we read. The northern reader is, perhaps, not aware that an "old field" is not a field at all, but a pine forest. When crop after crop of cotton, without rotation, has exhausted the soil, the fences are taken away, the land lies waste, the young pines at once spring up, and soon cover the whole field with a thick growth of wood. In one of these old fields, the rudest possible shanty of a log-house is erected, with a fireplace that extends from side to side, and occupies a third of the interior. In winter, the interstices of the log walls are filled up with clay, which the restless fingers of the boys make haste to remove, in time to admit the first warm airs of spring. An itinerant schoolmaster presents himself in a neighborhood; the responsible farmers pledge him a

certain number of pupils, and an old-field school is established for the season. Such schools, called by the same name, exist to this day in the Carolinas, differing little from those which Andrew Jackson attended in his childhood. Reading, writing and arithmetic were all the branches taught in the early day. Among a crowd of urchins, seated on the slab benches of a school like this, fancy a tall, slender boy, with blue bright eyes, a freckled face, an abundance of long sandy hair, and clad in coarse copperas-colored cloth, with bare feet dangling and kicking—and you have in your mind's eye a picture of Andy, as he appeared in his old-field school days in the Waxhaw settlement.

But Mrs. Jackson, it is said, had more ambitious views for her youngest son. She aimed to give him a liberal education, in the hope that he would one day become a clergyman in the Presbyterian Church. It is probable that her condition was not one of absolute dependence. The tradition of the neighborhood is, that she was noted, the country round, for her skill in spinning flax, and that she earned money by spinning to pay for Andrew's schooling. It is possible, too, that her relations in Ireland may have contributed something to her support. General Jackson had a distinct recollection of her receiving presents of linen from the old country, and, particularly, one parcel, the letter accompanying which was lost, to the sore grief of the old lady; for, in those days, a letter from "home" was a treasure beyond price. The impression that she was not destitute of resources is strengthened by the fact, that Andrew, at an early age, attended some of the better schools of the country—schools kept by clergymen, in which the languages were taught, and young men prepared for college and for the ministry.

The first school of this kind that he attended was an academy in the Waxhaw settlement, of which one Dr. Humphries was master. The site of the large log-house in which Dr. Humphries kept his school is still pointed out, but no traces of it remain; nor can any information respecting the school, its master, or its pupils be now obtained. There is also a strong tradition that young Jackson attended a school in Charlotte, N. C., then called Queen's College, a school of renown at that day. The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Charlotte all believe this. Jackson himself once said that he went to school there. When a delegation went from

Charlotte to Washington to ask Congress to establish a mint in the gold region, President Jackson was told by one of them that gold had been found in the very hill on which Queen's College had once stood. To which the President replied, "Then it must have grown since I went to school there, for there was no gold there then;" a remark which the geologists of Charlotte still facetiously quote when the question of the origin of gold is discussed among them.

There are yet living several persons whose fathers were school-mates of Andrew Jackson; and though none of them can say positively where he went to school, nor who were his teachers, nor what he learned, yet all of them derived from their fathers some general and some particular impressions of his character and conduct as a school-boy. Such incidents and traits as have thus come down to us, will not be regarded, I trust, as too trivial for brief record.

Andy was a wild, frolicsome, willful, mischievous, daring, reckless boy; generous to a friend, but never content to submit to a stronger enemy. He was passionately fond of those sports which are mimic battles; above all, wrestling. Being a slender boy, more active than strong, he was often thrown.

"I could throw him three times out of four," an old schoolmate used to say; "but he would never *stay* throwed. He was dead game, even then, and never *would* give up."

He was exceedingly fond of running foot-races, of leaping the bar, and jumping; and in such sports he was excelled by no one of his years. To younger boys, who never questioned his mastery, he was a generous protector; there was nothing he would not do to defend them. His equals and superiors found him self-willed, somewhat overbearing, easily offended, *very* irascible, and, upon the whole, "difficult to get along with." One of them said, many years after, in the heat of controversy, that of all the boys he had ever known, Andrew Jackson was the only bully who was not also a coward.

But the boy, it appears, had a special cause of irritation in a disagreeable disease, name unknown, which induces a habit of—not to put too fine a point on it—"slobbering." Woe to any boy who presumed to jest at this misfortune! Andy was upon him incessantly, and there was either a fight or a drubbing. There is a

story, too, of some boys secretly loading a gun to the muzzle, and giving it to young Jackson to fire off, that they might have the pleasure of seeing it "kick" him over. They *had* that pleasure. Springing up from the ground, the boy, in a frenzy of passion, exclaimed:

"By G—d, if one of you laughs, I'll kill him!"

And no one dared to laugh. It was a swearing age, the reader will remember. The expression, "By G—d," was almost as familiar to the men of that day as *mon Dieu* now is to Frenchmen, or *mein Gott* to Germans. It was used commonly by fox-hunting clergymen, there is reason to believe. So, at least, we may infer from the comedies and novels of the period.

Frolic, however, not fight, was the ruling interest of Jackson's childhood. He pursued his sports with the zeal and energy of his nature. No boy ever lived who liked fun better than he, and his fun, at that day, was of an innocent and rustic character, such as strengthens the constitution, and gives a cheery tone to the feelings ever after.

I can only add a second-hand reminiscence of a rainy-day debate between Andy and one of his uncles, related to me by a son of that uncle. The subject of the discussion was, What makes the gentleman? The boy said, Education; the uncle, Good Principles. The question was earnestly debated between them, without either being able to convince the other.

If our knowledge of the school-life of Jackson is scanty, we are at no loss to say what he learned and what he failed to learn at school. He learned to read, to write, and cast accounts—little more. If he began, as he may have done, to learn by heart, in the old-fashioned way, the Latin grammar, he never acquired enough of it to leave any traces of classical knowledge in his mind or his writings. In some of his later letters there may be found, it is true, an occasional Latin phrase of two or three words, but so quoted as to show ignorance rather than knowledge. He was never a well-informed man. He never was addicted to books. He never learned to write the English language correctly, though he often wrote it eloquently and convincingly. He never learned to spell correctly, though he was a better speller than Frederic II., Marlborough, Napoleon, or Washington. Few men of his day, and no women, were correct spellers. And, indeed, we may

say that all the most illustrious men have been bad spellers, except those who could not spell at all. The scrupulous exactness in that respect, which is now so common, was scarcely known three generations ago.

The schools, then, contributed little to the equipment of this eager boy for the battle of life. He derived much from the honest and pure people among whom he was brought up. Their instinct of honesty was strong within him always. He imbibed a reverence for the character of woman, and a love of parity, which, amid all his wild ways, kept him stainless. In this particular, I believe he was without reproach from youth to old age. He deeply loved his mother, and held her memory sacred to the end of his life. He used often to speak of the courage she had displayed when left without a protector in the wilderness, and would sometimes clinch a remark or an argument by saying, "*That* I learned from my good old mother."

He was nine years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed. By the time the war approached the Waxhaw settlement, bringing blood and terror with it, leaving desolation behind it, closing all school-houses, and putting a stop to the peaceful labors of the people, Andrew Jackson was little more than thirteen. His brother Hugh, a man of stature, if not in years, had not waited for the war to come near his home, but had mounted his horse a year before, and ridden southward to meet it. He was one of the troopers of that famous regiment, to raise and equip which, its colonel, William Richardson Davie, spent the last guinea of his inherited estate. Under Colonel Davie, Hugh Jackson fought in the ranks of the battle of Stono, and died, after the action, of heat and fatigue. His brother Robert was a strapping lad, but too young for a soldier, and was still at home with his mother and Andrew, when Tarleton and his dragoons thundered along the red roads of the Waxhaws, and dyed them a deeper red with the blood of the surprised militia.

CHAPTER III.

DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

It was on the 29th of May, 1780, that Tarleton, with three hundred horsemen, surprised a detachment of militia in the Waxhaw settlement, and killed one hundred and thirteen of them, and wounded a hundred and fifty. The wounded, abandoned to the care of the settlers, were quartered in the houses of the vicinity; the old log Waxhaw meeting-house itself being converted into a hospital for the most desperate cases. Mrs. Jackson was one of the kind women who ministered to the wounded soldiers in the church, and under that roof her boys first saw what war was. The men were dreadfully mangled. Some had received as many as thirteen wounds, and none less than three. For many days Andrew and his brother assisted their mother in waiting upon the sick men; Andrew, more in rage than pity, burning to avenge their wounds and his brother's death.

Tarleton had fallen upon the Waxhaws like a summer storm, which bursts upon us unawares, does its destructive work, and rolls thundering away. The families who had fled returned soon to their homes, and the wounded men recovered, or found rest in the old church-yard. Then came rumors of the approach of a larger body of royal troops under Lord Rawdon, who soon arrived in the Waxhaw country, demanding of every one a formal promise not to take part in the war thereafter. Mrs. Jackson, her boys, the Crawfords, and a majority of their neighbors, abandoned their homes and retired a few miles to the north, rather than enter into a covenant so abhorrent to their feelings. A few days later, Rawdon was compelled to retrace his steps, and the Waxhaw people returned to their farms again. Once more that summer they were alarmed by a hostile assemblage a few miles distant, and prepared for a third flight; but the "murderous Tories" were dispersed in time, and our friends still clung to their homes. The men who were able to bear arms were generally away with their companies, and the women, children, and old men passed their days and nights in fear, ready at any moment for flight.

Tarleton's massacre at the Waxhaws kindled the flames of war in all that region of the Carolinas. Many notable actions were fought, and some striking though unimportant advantages were gained by the patriot forces. Andrew Jackson and his brother Robert were present at Sumpter's gallant blundering attack upon the British post of Hanging Rock, near Waxhaw, where the patriots half gained the day, and lost it by beginning too soon to drink the rum they captured from the enemy. The Jackson boys rode on this expedition with Colonel Davie, a most brave, self-sacrificing officer, who, as we have said, commanded the troop of which Hugh Jackson was a member when he died, after the battle of Stono. Neither of the boys were attached to Davie's company, nor is it likely that Andrew, a boy of thirteen did more than witness the affair at the Hanging Rock. If he was in a position to observe the movements of the troops, or if he overheard the comments of Colonel Davie upon the battle, he received a lesson in the art of war. Colonel Davie attributed the failure of the attack to the circumstance that the men dismounted a hundred yards too late. "Dismounting under fire is an operation that tasks the discipline of the best troops, and is sure to discompose militia," maintained Colonel Davie in the council. Sumpter thought it best to dash in on horseback to a point near the enemy's works; *then* dismount, and rush upon them on foot. This was attempted, but the attempt was only half successful, owing to the confusion caused by dismounting under fire. The rum finished what error began, and the affair ended in a debauch instead of a victory.

This Colonel Davie, Hugh Jackson's old commander, was the man, above all others who led Carolina troops in the Revolution, that the Jackson boys admired. He was a man after Andrew's own heart; swift, but wary; bold in planning enterprises, but most cautious in execution; sleeplessly vigilant; untiringly active; one of those cool, quick men who apply mother-wit to the art of war; who are good soldiers because they are earnest and clear-sighted *men*. So far as any man was General Jackson's model soldier, William Richardson Davie, of North Carolina, was the individual. Davie, it is worth mentioning, was a native of England, and lived there till he was five years old.

The boys rejoined their mother at the Waxhaw settlement. On the 16th of August, 1780, occurred the great disaster of the war in

the South, the defeat of General Gates. The victor, Cornwallis, moved three weeks after, with his whole army, toward the Waxhaws; which induced Mrs. Jackson and her boys once more to abandon their home for a safer retreat north of the scene of war.

How Mrs. Jackson and her son Robert performed this journey in those terrible days, there is no information. But through the excellent memory of a lady who died only a very few years ago, the reader can have a clear glimpse of Andrew, as he appeared to mortal view while he was on his northward journey, just after the defeat of Gates. The lady referred to was Mrs. Susan Smart, to whose high respectability and careful veracity all the people of Charlotte, North Carolina, near which she lived for four score years, will cheerfully testify. Her single reminiscence of Andrew Jackson I obtained from her intimate friends in Charlotte, to whom she was in the habit of telling it.

Time—late in the afternoon of a hot, dusty September day in 1780. Place—the high road, five miles below Charlotte, where Mrs. Smart then lived, a saucy girl of fourteen, at the home of her parents. The news of Gates' defeat had flown over the country, but every one was gasping for details, especially those who had fathers and brothers in the patriot army. The father and brother of Mrs. Smart were in that army, and the family, as yet, knew nothing of their fate; a condition of suspense to which the women of the Carolinas were well used during the revolutionary war. It was the business of Susan, during those days, to take post at one of the windows, and there watch for travelers coming from the South; and, upon spying one, to fly out upon him and ask him for news of the army, and of the corps to which her father and brother were attached. Thus posted, she descried, on the afternoon to which we have referred, riding rapidly on a "grass pony" (one of the ponies of the South Carolina swamps, rough, Shetlandish, wild), a tall, slender, "gangling fellow;" legs long enough to meet under the pony almost; damaged, wide-brimmed hat flapping down over his face, which was yellow and worn; the figure covered with dust; tired-looking, as though the youth had ridden till he could scarcely sit on his pony; the forlornest apparition that ever revealed itself to the eyes of Mrs. Susan Smart during the whole of her long life. She ran out to the road and hailed him. He reined in his pony, when the following brief conversation ensued between them:—

She.—“Where are you from?”

He.—“From below.”

She.—“Where are you going?”

He.—“Above.”

She.—“Who are you for?”

He.—“The Congress.”

She.—“What are you doing below?”

He.—“Oh, we are popping them still.”

She (to herself).—“It’s mighty poor popping such as *you* will do, any how.” (Aloud).—“What’s your name?”

He.—“Andrew Jackson.”

She asked him respecting her father’s regiment, and he gave her what information he possessed. He then galloped away toward Charlotte, and Susan returned to the house to tell his news and ridicule the figure he had cut—the gangling fellow on the grass pony. Years after she used to laugh as she told the story; and later, when the most thrilling news of the time used to come to remote Charlotte associated with the name of Andrew Jackson, still she would bring out her little tale, until, at last, she made it get votes for him for the presidency.

Good fortune gave me the acquaintance, in Charlotte, of a gentleman who is the grandson of the lady to whose house Andrew was going on this occasion. He was bound to Mrs. Wilson’s, a few miles above Charlotte, where he spent several weeks. Mrs. Wilson, a distant connection of Mrs. Jackson, was the mother of an eminent clergyman of North Carolina, Rev. Dr. Wilson, who was a boy when Andrew Jackson rode to his mother’s house on the grass pony. The two boys soon became friends and playmates, though the rough ways and wild words of Andrew rather astonished the staid son of Mrs. Wilson, as he used many a time to relate. The gentleman

- referred to above is a son of Dr. Wilson, and remembers two or three interesting things which his father and grandmother were accustomed to report of the boy.

At Mrs. Wilson’s, Andrew paid for his board by doing what New England people call “chores.” He brought in wood, “pulled fodder,” picked beans, drove cattle, went to mill, and took the farming utensils to be mended. Respecting the last named duty there is a striking reminiscence. “Never,” Dr. Wilson would say, “did Andrew come home from the shops without bringing with him some

new weapon with which to kill the enemy. Sometimes it was a rude spear, which he would forge while waiting for the blacksmith to finish his job. Sometimes it was a club or a tomahawk. Once he fastened the blade of a scythe to a pole, and, on reaching home, began to cut down the weeds with it that grew about the house, assailing them with extreme fury, and occasionally uttering words like these:

“‘Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass blade!’”

Dr. Wilson remembered saying to his mother when they were talking of Andrew one day,

“Mother, Andy will fight his way in the world.”

The doctor lived to see his prediction fulfilled, and, though he would never vote for his old companion, he rejoiced exceedingly when he heard, sixty years after, that this swearing, roystering lad had come to be a contrite old man.

In February, 1781, the country about the Waxhaws being tranquil, because subdued, Mrs. Jackson, her sons and many of her neighbors, returned to their ravaged homes. Andrew soon after passed his fourteenth birthday, an overgrown youth, as tall as a man, but weakly from having grown too fast. Then ensued a spring and summer of small, fierce, intestine warfare; a war of whig and tory, neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother, and even father against son. General Jackson used to give, among other instances of the madness that prevailed, the case of a whig, who, having found a friend murdered and mutilated, devoted himself to the slaying of tories. He hunted and lay in wait for them, and before the war ended, had killed twenty; and then, recovering from that insanity, lived the rest of his days a conscience-stricken wretch. The story of Mrs. Motte, who assisted to fire her own house—the finest house in all the country round—rather than it should serve as a British post, was another which the General remembered of this period.

Without detaining the reader with a detail of the revolutionary history of the Carolinas, I yet desire to show what a war-charged atmosphere it was that young Andrew breathed during this forming period of his life, especially toward the close of the war, after the great operations ceased. The reader shall, at least, have a glimpse or two of the Carolinas during the Revolution.

The people in the upper country of the Carolinas little expected that the war would ever reach settlements so remote, so obscure, so scattered as theirs. And it did not for some years. When at last the storm of war drew near their borders, it found them a divided people. The old sentiment of loyalty was still rooted in many minds. There were many who had taken a recent and special oath of allegiance to the king, which they considered binding in all circumstances. They were Highlanders, clannish and religiously loyal, who pointed to the text, "Fear God and honor the king," and overlooked the fact that the biblical narrative *condemns* the Jews for desiring a kingly government. There were Moravians and Quakers, who conscientiously opposed all war. There were Catholic Irish, many of whom sided with the king. There were Protestant Scotch-Irish, whigs and agitators in the old country, whigs and fervent patriots in the new. There were placeholders, who adhered to their official bread and dignity. There were trimmers, who espoused the side that chanced to be strongest. The approach and collision of hostile forces converted most of these factions into belligerents, who waged a most fierce and deadly war upon one another, renewing on this new theater the border wars of another age and country. It was a war of chiefs rather than generals, of banditti rather than armies; a war of exploits, expeditions, surprises, sudden devastation, fierce and long pursuits; a war half Indian and half Scotch-clannish. Such warfare intensely excites the feelings, and allows no interval of serenity.

Who can imagine the state of things when such an occurrence as this could take place, and be thought quite regular and correct? "A few days afterward (1780), in Rutherford county, N. C. (a hundred miles from Waxhaw), the principal officers held a court-martial over some of the most audacious and murderous Tories, and selected thirty-two as victims for destruction, and commenced hanging three at a time, until they hung nine, and respited the rest." This is mentioned without remark in a matter-of-fact account of the battle of King's Mountain, by an officer who fought in that battle.

No boy of the least spirit, could escape the contagion of an animosity so intense and general. There was certainly one who did not. There were others, also, as we may infer from one of Mr. Lossing's anecdotes:—"The British officers were hospitably

entertained by Dr. Anthony Newman, notwithstanding he was a whig. There, in the presence of Tarleton and others, Dr. Newman's two little sons were engaged in playing the game of the battle of the Cowpens with grains of corn, a red grain representing the British officers, and a white one the Americans. Washington and Tarleton were particularly represented, and as one pursued the other, as in a real battle, the little fellows shouted, 'Hurrah for Washington, Tarleton runs! Hurrah for Washington!' Tarleton looked on for awhile, but becoming irritated, he exclaimed, 'See the cursed little rebels!'

How often must our fiery Andrew have drunk, with greedy ear, the bloody tales that were current then, and how they must have nourished in him those feelings which are akin to war and strife! I wonder if he chanced to hear, that at Charleston, in the early period of the war *cotton bales* were used in the construction of a fort. I wonder if he heard of the servants of the British officers, thickening their masters' soup with hair powder, in the scarcity of flour; of Marion splitting saws into sword-blades; of the patriot militia going to battle with more men than muskets, and the unarmed ones watching the strife till a comrade fell, and then running in to seize his weapon, and to use it. It is likely. In his inflamed imagination, the mild Cornwallis figured as a relentless savage; Tarleton as a devil incarnate, and all red-coated sons of Britain, as the natural enemies of man. "Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass blade!"

Well, the time came, when Andrew and his brother began to play men's parts in the drama. Without enlisting in any organized corps, they joined small parties that went out on single enterprises of retaliation, mounted on their own horses, and carrying their own weapons. Let us see what befell them while serving thus.

In that fierce, Scotch-Indian warfare, the absence of a father from home was often a better protection to his family than his presence, because his presence invited attack. The main object of both parties was to kill the fighting men, and to avenge the slaying of partisans. And thus it came to pass, that when a whig soldier of any note desired to spend a night with his family, his neighbors were accustomed to turn out, and serve as a guard to his house while he slept. Behold Robert and Andrew Jackson, with six others, thus employed one night in the spring of 1781, at the domi-

cile of a neighbor, Captain Sands. The guard on this occasion was more a friendly tribute to an active partisan than a service considered necessary to his safety. In short, the night was not far advanced, before the whole party were snugly housed and stretched upon the floor, all sound asleep, except one, a British deserter, who was restless, and dozed at intervals.

Danger was near. A band of tories, bent on taking the life of Captain Sands, approached the house in two divisions; one party moving toward the front door, the other toward the back. The wakeful soldier, hearing a suspicious noise, rose, went out of doors to learn its cause, and saw the foe stealthily nearing the house. He ran in in terror, and seizing Andrew Jackson, who lay next the door, by the hair, exclaimed,

“The tories are upon us!”

Andrew sprang up, and ran out. Seeing a body of men in the distance, he placed the end of his gun in the low fork of a tree near the door, and hailed them. No reply. He hailed them a second time. No reply. They quickened their pace, and had come within a few rods of the door. By this time, too, the guard in the house had been roused, and were gathered in a group behind the boy. Andrew discharged his musket; upon which the tories fired a volley, which killed the hapless deserter who had given the alarm. The other party of tories, who were approaching the house from the other side, hearing this discharge, and the rush of bullets above their heads, supposed that the firing proceeded from a party that had issued from the house. *They* now fired a volley, which sent a shower of balls whistling about the heads of their friends on the other side. Both parties hesitated, and then halted. Andrew having thus, by his single discharge, puzzled and stopped the enemy, retired to the house, where he and his comrades kept up a brisk fire from the windows. One of the guard fell mortally wounded by his side, and another received a wound less severe. In the midst of this singular contest, a bugle was heard, some distance off, sounding the cavalry charge; whereupon the tories, concluding that they had come upon an ambush of whigs, and were about to be assailed by horse and foot, fled to where they had left their horses, mounted, dashed pell-mell into the woods, and were seen no more. It appeared afterward, that the bugle charge was sounded by a neighbor, who judging from the noise of

musketry that Captain Sands was attacked, and having not a man with him in his house, gave the blast upon the trumpet, thinking that even a trick so stale, aided by the darkness of the night, might have some effect in alarming the assailants.

The next time the Jackson boys smelt powder, they were not so fortunate. The activity and zeal of the Waxhaw whigs coming to the ears of Lord Rawdon, whom Cornwallis had left in command, he dispatched a small body of dragoons to aid the tories of that infected neighborhood. The Waxhaw people, hearing of the approach of this hostile force, resolved upon resisting it in open fight, and named the Waxhaw meeting-house as the rendezvous. Forty whigs assembled on the appointed day, mounted and armed; and among them were Robert and Andrew Jackson. In the grove about the old church, these forty were waiting for the arrival—hourly expected—of another company of whigs from a neighboring settlement. The British officer in command of the dragoons, apprised of the rendezvous by a tory of the neighborhood, determined to surprise the patriot party before the two companies had united. Before coming in sight of the church, he placed a body of tories, wearing the dress of the country, far in advance of his soldiers, and so marched upon the devoted band. The Waxhaw party saw a company of armed men approaching, but concluding them to be their expected friends, made no preparations for defense. Too late the error was discovered. Eleven of the forty were taken prisoners, and the rest sought safety in flight, fiercely pursued by the dragoons. The brothers were separated. Andrew found himself galloping for life and liberty by the side of his cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Crawford; a dragoon close behind them, and others coming rapidly on. They tore along the road awhile, and then took to a swampy field, where they came soon to a wide slough of water and mire, into which they plunged their horses. Andrew floundered across, and on reaching dry land again, looked round for his companion, whose horse had sunk into the mire and fallen. He saw him entangled, and trying vainly to ward off the blows of his pursuers with his sword. Before Andrew could turn to assist him, the lieutenant received a severe wound in the head, which compelled him to give up the contest and surrender. The youth put spurs to his horse and succeeded in eluding pursuit. Robert, too, escaped unhurt, and in the course of the day the brothers were reunited,

and took refuge in a thicket, in which they passed a hungry and anxious night.

The next morning, the pangs of hunger compelled them to leave their safe retreat and go in quest of food. The nearest house was that of Lieutenant Crawford. Leaving their horses and arms in the thicket, the lads crept toward the house, which they reached in safety. Meanwhile, a tory-traitor of the neighborhood had scented out their lurking-place, found their horses and weapons, and set a party of dragoons upon their track. Before the family had a suspicion of danger, the house was surrounded, the doors were secured, and the boys were prisoners.

A scene ensued which left an impression upon the mind of one of the boys which time never effaced. Regardless of the fact that the house was occupied by the defenseless wife and young children of a wounded soldier, the dragoons, brutalized by this mean partisan warfare, began to destroy, with wild riot and noise, the contents of the house. Crockery, glass, and furniture, were dashed to pieces; beds emptied; the clothing of the family torn to rags; even the clothes of the infant that Mrs. Crawford carried in her arms were not spared. While this destruction was going on, the officer in command of the party ordered Andrew to clean his high jack-boots, which were well splashed and crusted with mud. The boy replied, not angrily, though with a certain firmness and decision, in something like these words:

“Sir, I am a prisoner of war, and claim to be treated as such.”

The officer glared at him like a wild beast, and aimed a desperate blow at the boy's head with his sword. Andrew broke the force of the blow with his left hand, and thus received two wounds—one deep gash on his head, and another on his hand, the marks of both of which he carried to his grave. The officer, after achieving this gallant feat, turned to Robert Jackson, and ordered him to clean the boots. Robert also refused. The valiant Briton struck the young man so violent a sword-blow upon the head, as to prostrate and disable him.

Those who were intimately acquainted with Andrew Jackson, and they alone, can know something of the feelings of the youth, while the events of this morning were transpiring; what paroxysms of contemptuous rage shook his slender frame, when he saw his cousin's wife insulted, her house profaned, his brother gashed;

himself as powerless to avenge as to protect. "*I'll warrant Andy thought of it at New Orleans,*" said an aged relative of all the parties to me in an old farm-house, not far from the scene of this morning's dastardly work.

To horse. Andrew was ordered to mount, and to guide some of the party to the house of a noted whig of the vicinity, named Thompson. Threatened with instant death if he failed to guide them aright, the youth submitted, and led the party in the right direction. A timely thought enabled him to be the deliverer of his neighbor, instead of his captor. Instead of approaching the house by the usual road, he conducted the party by a circuitous route, which brought them in sight of the house half a mile before they reached it. Andrew well knew that if Thompson was at home, he would be sure to have some one on the look-out, and a horse ready for the road. On coming in sight of the house, he saw Thompson's horse saddled and bridled, standing at a rack in the yard; which informed him both that the master was there, and that he was prepared for flight. The dragoons dashed forward to seize their prey. While they were still some hundreds of yards from the house, Andrew had the keen delight of seeing Thompson burst from his door, run to his horse, mount, and plunge into a foaming swollen creek that rushed by his house. He gained the opposite shore, and seeing that the dragoons dared not attempt the stream, gave a shout of defiance and galloped into the woods.

The elation caused by the success of his stratagem, was soon swallowed up in misery. Andrew and Robert Jackson, Lieutenant Thomas Crawford, and twenty other prisoners, all the victims of this raid of the dragoons into the Waxhaws, were placed on horses stolen in the same settlement, and marched toward Camden, South Carolina, a great British depot at the time, forty miles distant. It was a long and agonizing journey, especially to the wounded, among whom were the Jacksons and their cousin. Not an atom of food, nor a drop of water was allowed them on the way. Such was the brutality of the soldiers, that when these miserable lads tried to scoop up a little water from the streams which they forded, to appease their raging thirst, they were ordered to desist.

At Camden their situation was one of utter wretchedness. Two hundred and fifty prisoners in a contracted inclosure drawn around the jail; no beds of any description; no medicine; no medical at-

tendance, nor means of dressing the wounds; their only food a scanty supply of bad bread. They were robbed even of part of their clothing, besides being subject to the taunts and threats of every passing tory. The three relatives, it is said, were separated as soon as their relationship was discovered. Miserable among the miserable; gaunt, yellow, hungry, and sick; robbed of his jacket and shoes; ignorant of his brother's fate; chafing with suppressed fury, Andrew passed now some of the most wretched days of his life. Ere long, the small-pox, a disease unspeakably terrible at that day, more terrible than cholera or plague has ever been, broke out among the prisoners, and raged unchecked by medicine, and unalleviated by any kind of attendance or nursing. The sick and the well, the dying and the dead; those shuddering at the first symptoms, and those putrid with the disease, were mingled together; and all but the dead were equally miserable.

For some time Andrew escaped the contagion. He was reclining one day in the sun, near the entrance of the prison, when the officer of the guard, attracted, as it seemed, by the youthfulness of his appearance, entered into conversation with him. The lad soon began to speak of that of which his heart was full—the condition of the prisoners and the bad quality of their food. He remonstrated against their treatment with such energy and feeling that the officer seemed to be moved and shocked, and, what was far more important, he was induced to ferret out the villainy of the contractors who had been robbing the prisoners of their rations. From the day of Andrew's remonstrance the condition of the prisoners was ameliorated; they were supplied with meat and better bread, and were otherwise better cared for.

What a thrill of joy ran through the prisoners' quarters one day at the rumor that General Greene was coming to their deliverance! He came with a brave little army of twelve hundred men. He approached within a mile of Camden; but, having outstripped his artillery, he deemed it best to encamp upon an eminence there, and wait for the guns to come up before attacking the place. To this conclusion he was the more inclined, as Lord Rawdon's force, in Camden, was inferior to his own. What excitement among the prisoners during the six days of General Greene's halt upon Hobkirk's Hill! On the arrival of General Greene's army, they were hurried out of the redoubt about the jail, which was exposed to

the cannon of an attacking enemy ; but, upon the British general discovering that Greene had no cannon, they were permitted to return. The American army remaining inactive, Lord Rawdon resolved, inferior as his force was, to attack General Greene's camp before his artillery should arrive ; a bold design and boldly executed. On the 24th of April the prisoners more than suspected, from the movements of the troops in the town and from the flying whispers which will precede a battle, that Greene was to be attacked the very next morning. The battle would decide *their* fate as well as that of one of the hostile armies.

The inclosure in which the prisoners were confined would have commanded a perfect view of General Greene's position but for a board fence which had been recently erected on the summit of the wall. On the afternoon of the 24th, Andrew looked for a crevice in the fence, but not one could he find. In the course of the night, however, he managed, with the aid of an old razor-blade which had been generously bestowed upon the prisoners as a meat-knife, to hack out a knot from the fence. The morning light found him spying out the American position with eager eye.

What he saw that morning through the knot-hole of his prison was his second lesson in the art of war. An impressive lesson it proved, and one he never forgot. There was the American encampment spread out in full view before him at the distance of a mile. General Greene, being well assured of Rawdon's weakness, and anticipating nothing so little as an attack from a man whom he supposed to be trembling for his own safety, neglected precautions against surprise. At ten in the morning, when Rawdon led out his nine hundred men to the attack, Andrew, mad with vexation, saw Greene's men scattered over the hill, cleaning their arms, washing their clothes, and playing games, totally unprepared to resist. Rawdon, by taking a circuitous route, was enabled to break upon Greene's left with all the effect of a surprise. From his knot-hole the excited youth saw the sudden smoke of musketry, the rush of the Americans for their arms, the hasty falling in, the opening of Greene's fire, the fine dash of American horse upon Rawdon's rear, which almost turned the tide of fortune, and made every heart in the prison leap for joy as Andrew described it to the listening throng below him ; then the wild flight of horses running riderless about the hill, the fire slackening, and, alas ! receding, till Rawdon's army swept

over the hill and vanished on the other side, Greene in full retreat before him.

The prisoners were in despair. Andrew's spirits sank under this accumulation of miseries, and he began to sicken with the first symptoms of the small-pox. Robert was in a condition still worse. The wound in his head had never been dressed, and had not healed. He, too, reduced as he was, began to shiver and burn with the fever that announces the dread disease. Another week of prison life would have probably consigned both these boys to the grave.

But they had a friend outside the prison—their mother, who, at this crisis of their fate, strove with the might of love for their deliverance. Learning their forlorn condition, this heroic woman went to Camden, and succeeded, after a time, in effecting an exchange of prisoners between a Waxhaw captain and the British general. The whig captain gave up thirteen soldiers, whom he had captured in the rear of the British army, and received in return the two sons of Mrs. Jackson and five of her neighbors. When the little family were reunited in the town of Camden, the mother could but gaze upon her boys with astonishment and horror—so worn and wasted were they with hunger, wounds, and disease. Robert could not stand nor even sit on horseback without support.

The mother, however, had no choice but to get them home immediately. Two horses were procured. One she rode herself. Robert was placed upon the other, and held in his seat by the returning prisoners, to whom Mrs. Jackson had just given liberty. Behind the sad procession, poor Andrew dragged his weak and weary limbs, bare-headed, bare-footed, without a jacket; his only two garments torn and dirty. The forty miles of lonely wilderness that lay between Camden and Waxhaw were nearly traversed, and the fevered lads were expecting in two hours more to enjoy the bliss of repose, when a chilly, drenching, merciless rain set in. When this occurred, the small-pox had reached that stage of development, when, after having raged within the system, it was about to break out in those loathsome sores which give vent to the disease. Balk that effort of nature to throw off the poison, and it is nearly certain to strike in and kill; and nothing is so sure to do this as a cold bath. The boys reached home, and went to bed. In two days Robert Jackson was a corpse, and his brother Andrew a raving maniac.

A mother's nursing, medical skill, and a constitution sound at the

core, brought the youth out of this peril, and set him upon the way to slow recovery. He was an invalid for several months.

In the summer of 1781, a great cry of anguish and despair came up to Waxhaw from the Charleston prison-ships, wherein, among many hundreds of other prisoners, were confined some of the sons of Mrs. Jackson's sisters, and other friends and neighbors of hers from the Waxhaw country. Mrs. Jackson had seen at Camden what prisoners of war *may* suffer, when officers disdain their duty and contractors are scoundrels. She had also seen what a little vigor and tact can effect in the deliverance of prisoners. Andrew was no sooner quite out of danger than his brave mother resolved to go to Charleston (distant one hundred and sixty miles), and do what she could for the comfort of the prisoners there. The tradition of the neighborhood now is, that she performed the entire journey on foot, in company with two other women of like mind and purpose. It is more probable, however, and so thought General Jackson, that these gallant women rode on horseback, carrying with them a precious store of gifts and rural luxuries and medicines for the solace of their imprisoned relatives, and bearing whole hearts full of tender messages and precious news from home. Protected, by being unprotected, they reached Charleston in safety, and gained admission to the ships, and emptied their hearts and saddle-bags, and brought such joy to the haggard prisoners as only prisoners know, when angel women from home visit them.

And there the history of this blessed expedition ends. This only is further known of it, or will ever be: While stopping at the house of a relative, William Barton by name, who lived two miles and a half from Charleston, Mrs. Jackson was seized with the ship fever, and, after a short illness, died, and was buried on the open plain near by. I have conversed with the daughter of William Barton, who is now Mrs. Thomas Faulkner, of Waxhaw; but she was not born when Mrs. Jackson died in her father's house, and she is able to add nothing to our knowledge of that event. One little fact she has heard her mother mention, which shows the careful honesty of this race. The clothes of Mrs. Jackson, a sorry bundle, were sent back from Charleston all the way to her sorrowing son at Waxhaw.

It was not in the nature of Andrew Jackson not to mourn deeply the loss of such a mother; and as he lay recovering by imperceptible degrees from his illness, he had leisure to dwell upon her virtues

and his own unhappiness. It was always a grief to him that he did not know where her remains were laid. As late in his life as during his presidency, he set on foot some inquiries respecting the place of her burial, with the design of having her sacred dust conveyed to the old church-yard at Waxhaw, where he wished to erect a monument in honor of both his parents. It was too late. No exact information could then be obtained, and the project was given up. No stone marks the burial place either of his father, mother, or brothers.

And so Andrew, before reaching his fifteenth birthday, was an orphan; a sick and sorrowful orphan; a homeless and dependent orphan; an orphan of the Revolution.

CHAPTER IV.

HE STUDIES LAW.

CORNWALLIS surrendered at Yorktown, on the 19th of October, 1781. Savannah remained in the enemy's hands nine months, and Charleston fourteen months after that event; but the war, in effect, terminated then, North and South. The Waxhaw people who survived returned to their homes, and resumed the avocations which the war had interrupted.

The first event of any importance in young Jackson's life, after peace was restored to his neighborhood, was a quarrel. He was living, then, at the house of Major Thomas Crawford, where, also, one Captain Galbraith had his quarters, a commissary of the American army. Galbraith having taken dire offense at Andrew for some cause unknown, threatened to chastise him, upon which the lad told the irate officer that, before lifting his hand, to execute his threat, he had better prepare for eternity. Galbraith forbore to strike; but such ill feeling existed between the two that, soon after, Andrew went to live at the house of Mr. Joseph White, a relative of Mrs. Crawford, and a resident of the Waxhaw region. A son of this gentleman was a saddler. For six months, while Andrew lived with the family, he worked in the saddler's shop as regularly as

the state of his health permitted. A low fever, similar to the fever and ague, hung about him long after his recovery from the small-pox, and kept him weak and dispirited. His short experience as a saddler's boy seems to have given him a predilection for that trade; at least he apprenticed a protégé to it forty years after.

With returning health returned the frolicsome spirit of the youth, which now began to seek gratification in modes less innocent than the sportive feats of his school-boy days. Several Charleston families, of wealth and social eminence, were living in the neighborhood, waiting for the evacuation of their city. With the young men of these families Jackson became acquainted, and led a life with them, in the summer and autumn of 1782, that was more merry than wise. He was betrayed by their example and his own pride into habits of expense, which wasted his small resources. That passion for horses, which never left him, began to show itself. He ran races and rode races, gambled a little, drank a little, fought cocks occasionally, and comported himself in the style usually affected by dissipated young fools of that day. His aunts and uncles, no doubt, shook their heads and predicted that Andy would come to no good with his fine friends; and perhaps they said as much to the youth, and said it too often, or in the wrong way, for Andrew seems not to have warmly loved his Carolina relations. He struck down no roots into the soil of his birth, and never revisited it nor held much communication with its inhabitants after he left it. But he left it young, and vast regions of wilderness stretched between him and his native State. He *felt* that he had no living kindred, and said so at a time when he had many cousins and second cousins living in North and South Carolina. I suppose there was little sympathy between this wild, irascible, aspiring youth and his staid, orderly elders. He was probably regarded as the scapegrace of the family.

In December, 1782, to the joy and exultation of all the southern country; Charleston was evacuated, and its scattered whig families were free to return to their homes. Andrew, finding the country dull after the departure of his gay companions, suddenly resolved to follow them to the city. He mounted his horse, a fine and valuable animal that he had contrived to possess, and rode to Charleston through the wilderness. There, it appears, he remained long enough to expend his slender stock of money and run up a long bill

with his landlord. He was saved from total ruin by a curious incident, which is thus related by one who heard it from himself: "He had strolled one evening down the street, and was carried into a place where some persons were amusing themselves at a game of dice, and much betting was in progress. He was challenged for a game by a person present, by whom a proposal was made to stake two hundred dollars against a fine horse on which Jackson had come to Charleston. After some deliberation, he accepted the challenge. Fortune was on his side; the wager was won and paid. He forthwith departed, settled his bill next morning, and returned to his home. 'My calculation,' said he, speaking of this little incident, 'was that, if a loser in the game, I would give the landlord my saddle and bridle, as far as they would go toward the payment of his bill, ask a credit for the balance, and walk away from the city; but being successful, I had new spirits infused into me, left the table, and from that moment to the present time I have never thrown dice for a wager.'"

His solitary ride home through the woods, after this narrow escape, gave him an opportunity for reflection, which he improved. He came to the conclusion that he had passed the year 1782 very foolishly, and that if he meant to achieve, or be any thing in this world, he must alter his way of life. In some degree he did so; not that he eschewed sport, or even gambling, as has been alleged. He was a keen lover of sport for many and many a year after this Charleston adventure; and some of the sports then in vogue, and in which he delighted, were such as are shocking to the better feelings of this generation. Cock-fighting, for example.

Upon the return of the young man to the home of his childhood, he evidently took hold of life more earnestly than he had done before. He made some attempts, it is said, to continue his studies. Three entirely credible informants testify that Andrew Jackson was a *schoolmaster* at this period of his life. One of these informants is Mr. John Porter, aged seventy-seven, still living near the birth-place of General Jackson; "a man so strictly honest," says General S. H. Walkup, "that any statement he may make will be certainly correct." Nothing is more certain than that part of the small cash capital upon which Andrew Jackson started in his career, was earned amid the hum and bustle of an old-field school. It is the more certain, as the uniform tradition of the Waxhaw country is,

that he was a *very* poor young man, who inherited *nothing* from his father, because his father had nothing to leave. The old people there scout the idea of "old man Andrew" having owned the land on which he lived. The tradition at Charlotte is, that when young Andrew attended Queen's College, on the hill where the gold grew, he often passed along down the street to school, with his trowsers too ragged to keep his shirt from flying in the wind.

The fact of his possessing a horse worth two hundred dollars seems, at first, irreconcilable with these traditions of his poverty. At the North it would be so; but not at the South. No boy in the rural parts of the South, with so many uncles around him as young Jackson had, could get far on toward manhood without receiving the gift of a colt. At the South a man without a horse is only less unfortunate than a man without legs. Every youth of respectable connections has one, as a matter of course. Thus we find Hugh Jackson, though without property, mounting his own horse to go with Colonel Davie's troop to the war. Robert, too, was mounted, as well as Andrew, as soon as the boys were old enough to serve in the field. The South may be defined as *the region where every thing is a long way off*; where you go five miles to see your next-door neighbor, seven miles to church, fifteen miles to a store, thirty miles to court, a three days' journey to market. What can a man do in such a country with no legs but his own?

For a year certainly, and, probably, for two years, after Andrew's return from Charleston, he remained in the Waxhaw country, employed either in teaching school, or in some less worthy occupation. Peace was formally proclaimed in April, 1783.

Some time between the proclamation of peace and the winter of 1784-5, Andrew Jackson resolved upon studying law. In that winter he gathered together his earnings and whatever property he may have possessed, mounted his horse again, and set his face northward in quest of a master in the law under whom to pursue his studies.

He rode to Salisbury, North Carolina, a distance of seventy-five miles from the Waxhaws. Either because he met no encouragement at that place, or for some other reason beyond our guess, he then journeyed sixty miles westward, to Morganton, Burke county, North Carolina, where lived Colonel Waightstill Avery, a famous

lawyer of that day, and the owner of the best law library in that part of the country. He applied to Colonel Avery for instruction, and for board in his house. It was a new and wild region of country, and the house of Colonel Avery, like all others in the vicinity, was a log-house of the usual limited size. He was, therefore, much against his will, compelled to decline receiving the applicant into his house; and as there was no other boarding-place to be found in the neighborhood, the young man had no choice but to return to Salisbury.*

At Salisbury he entered the law office of Mr. Spruce McCay, an eminent lawyer at that time, and, in later days, a judge of high distinction, who is still remembered with honor in North Carolina.

Andrew was not quite eighteen years of age when he found himself installed as a student of law. He thus had the start of most of the distinguished men with whom, and against whom, he afterward acted. Henry Clay was then a fatherless boy of seven, living with his mother in the Slashes of Hanover county, Virginia. Daniel Webster was toddling about his father's farm in New Hampshire, a sickly child of four. Calhoun was an infant not two years old at his father's farm-house in South Carolina. John Quincy Adams was a young man of seventeen, about returning home from Europe to enter Harvard College. Martin Van Buren, a child two years old, might have been seen, on fine days, playing on the steps of his father's tavern in Kinderhook. Crawford—once so famous, now reduced to twelve lines in a biographical dictionary—was a Georgia school-boy of twelve. Aaron Burr was just getting into full practice as a New York lawyer, amiable, happy, fortunate, the future all bright before him. Benton, Biddle, Taney, Cass, Buchanan, Blair, Kendall, Lewis, Woodbury, Eaton and the rest, were not born.

Salisbury, the capital of Rowan county, is a pleasant old town in the midst of that undulating, red-clayed region of North Carolina, the products of which are wheat, cotton, turpentine and gold, as well as the worst roads and the most obliging people in the world. It was an old town, for America, when the Revolution began. The

* These facts I learn from Colonel Isaac T. Avery, of Burke county, North Carolina, a son of the Colonel Avery to whom Jackson applied on this occasion. The present Colonel Avery lives on or near the site of the log-house wherein his father lived when young Jackson rode up to his gate in the winter of 1784.

public wells, in the middle of the streets, have not yet been provided with pumps, but exhibit the sheds, wheels, and buckets of generations past, and there is one, near the tavern where Jackson used to live, so extremely ancient in appearance that he may have stopped at it on his way home from "the office" to quench his thirst.

In one of the back streets of this old town, on the lawn in front of one of its largest and handsomest mansions, close to the street and to the left of the gate, stands a little box of a house fifteen feet by sixteen, and one story high. It is built of shingles, several of which have decayed and fallen off. It is too small for a wood-shed or a corn-crib, and is in the wrong place for a hen-house or a negro cabin; so that, if a stranger's eye should chance to be arrested by so insignificant an object, he would be puzzled to decide its purpose. If he should push open the door, he would be still more at a loss. The inside walls are ceiled. There are remains of old wainscoting on one side. Some stout, dark-green shelving remains. The floor is littered and heaped high, and the fireplace is filled, and the shelves covered with old moldy books, pamphlets, Congressional documents (full of Jackson), speeches franked by the authors thereof, old letters and law papers, Philadelphia magazines of forty years ago, odd volumes of poetry, and other relics of a busy, cultivated life long past.

This little decaying house of shingles was the law-office of Spruce McCay, when Andrew Jackson studied law under him at Salisbury, in 1785 and 1786. The mansion behind it stands on the site of the house in which Mr. McCay lived at the time, and the property is still owned and occupied by a near connection of his, who has preserved the old office from regard to *his* memory. In that office, along with two fellow-students, McNairy and Crawford, Andrew Jackson studied law, copied papers, and did whatever else fell to the lot of law students at that day, for nearly two years. In one of the main streets of the town, a few yards from the office, still stands the Rowan House, the tavern in which the three students boarded and caroused—a rambling old place, composed of many buildings, after the southern fashion, with vast fireplaces, high mantels, and curious, low, unceiled rooms. The landlord shows a little apartment which young Jackson is said to have occupied; and it may have been that one, as well as another. But there is

no doubt that the huge and lofty fireplace in the office of the hotel, is the fireplace round which these three merry young blades often quaffed their landlord's punch, and tossed up to decide who should pay for it.

Salisbury teems with traditions respecting the residence there of Andrew Jackson as a student of law. Their general tenor may be expressed in the language of the first old resident of the town, to whom I applied for information: "Andrew Jackson was the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury." Add to this such expressions as these: "He did not trouble the law-books much;" "he was more in the stable than in the office;" "he was the head of all the rowdies hereabouts." That is the substance of what the Salisbury of 1859 has to say of the Andrew Jackson of 1785.

Nothing is more likely than that he *was* a roaring, rollicking fellow, overflowing with life and spirits, and rejoicing to engage in all the fun that was going; but I do not believe that he neglected his duties at the office to the extent to which Salisbury says he did. There are good reasons for doubting it. At no part of Jackson's career, when we can get a look at him through a pair of trustworthy eyes, do we find him trifling with life. We find him often wrong, but always earnest. He never so much as raised a field of cotton which he did not have done in the best manner known to him. It was not in the nature of this young man to take a great deal of trouble to get a chance to study law, and then entirely to throw away that chance. Of course he never became, in any proper sense of the word, a *lawyer*; but that he was not diligent and eager in picking up the little legal knowledge necessary for practice at that day, will become less credible to the reader the more he knows of him. Once, in the White House, forty-five years after this period, when some one from Salisbury reminded him of his residence in that town, he said, with a smile, and a look of retrospection on his aged face: "Yes, I lived at old Salisbury. I was but a raw lad then, but I did my best."

Among the most respectable ladies in Salisbury, are the Misses —, whose ancestors were old residents of the town when Lord Cornwallis had his quarters near their father's house. Their parents, aunts and uncles were living in the town when Jackson lived there. One of their uncles, George Dunn by name, was in Jack-

son's own roystering set, and afterward went with him to Tennessee, and lived long in his family. These ladies, therefore, are well informed respecting the life of Jackson in their native town; and the more so, as their mother was much in the habit of talking of him in their hearing after he became famous. They fully confirm the current tradition of the town with regard to the young student's sportive habits. He played cards, fought cocks, ran horses, threw the "long bullet" (cannon-ball, slung in a strap, and thrown as a trial of strength), carried off gates, moved out-houses to remote fields, and occasionally indulged in a downright drunken debauch.

Foot-races were much in vogue at that time—a sport in which the long-limbed Jackson was formed to excel. Among the runners was one Hugh Montgomery, a man of some note in revolutionary annals, who was as remarkable for strength and bulk as Jackson was for agility. To equalize the two in a foot-race, Montgomery once proposed to run a quarter of a mile on these conditions: Montgomery to carry a man on his back, Jackson to give Montgomery a start of half the distance. Jackson accepted the challenge, and the absurd race was run amid the frantic laughter of half the town; Jackson winning by two or three yards. All came into the winning-post in good condition, except the man whom Montgomery had carried. In his eagerness to win, Montgomery had clutched and shaken him with such violence, that the man was more damaged and breathless than either of the two competitors.

One other Salisbury story, from the same most trustworthy source: Once upon a time, the three law-students and their friends celebrated some event, now forgotten, by a banquet at the tavern. The evening passed off most hilariously. Toward midnight, it was agreed that glasses and decanters which had witnessed and promoted the happiness of *such* an evening, ought never to be profaned to any baser use. They were smashed accordingly. And if the glasses, why not the table? The table was broken to splinters. Then the chairs were destroyed, and every other article of furniture. There was a bed in the room, and the destroying spirit being still unsatisfied, the clothes and curtains were seized and torn into ribbons. Lastly, the combustible part of the fragments was heaped upon the fire and consumed. Wild doings these. Most young men have taken part in some such madness once; only, it is not generally mentioned in their biographies.

A leaf of the Rowan House book, on which the landlord kept his account with Jackson, is said to be still in existence, but not visible to mortal eye. Those who profess to have seen the leaf, describe it to have contained three kinds of entries: first, the regular charges for board; secondly, charges for pints, quarts, and gallons of whisky; thirdly, an account, *per contra*, in which the landlord acknowledges his indebtedness to Jackson for certain sums won by the latter at cards, or by betting upon races.

But enough of this. From these traditions and stories we learn merely that, when Jackson studied law at Salisbury, he was exceedingly fond of the sports of the time, and indulged in them, perhaps, to excess. Salisbury, at that period, was noted for the gayety of its inhabitants, and continued to be until about thirty years ago. The old race-course, upon which young Jackson so often ran his horses and ran himself, where he beat the huge Hugh Montgomery with a man on his back, and where he enjoyed the happiest days of the happiest part of his youth, is now grown over with wood and almost forgotten. The young men lounge on the street corners, silently consuming their energies with their tobacco, waiting for the time to come when the honest old games shall return freed from the vices which drove them into disgraceful exile. The good people of Salisbury think their town is more moral now than it was in young Jackson's day. It is certainly more quiet.

Our student completed his preparation for the bar in the office of Colonel John Stokes, a brave soldier of the Revolution, and afterward a lawyer of high repute, from whom Stokes county, North Carolina, took its name. Colonel Stokes was one of those who fell covered with wounds, at the Waxhaw massacre in 1780, and may have been nursed in the old meeting-house by Mrs. Jackson and her sons.

Before the spring of 1787, about two years after beginning the study of the law, Andrew Jackson was licensed to practice in the courts of North Carolina.

He was twenty years of age when he completed the preliminary part of his education at Salisbury. He had grown to be a tall fellow. He stood six feet and an inch in his stockings. He was remarkably slender for that robust age of the world, but he was also remarkably erect; so that his form had the effect of symmetry without being symmetrical. His movements and carriage were singularly graceful

and dignified. In the accomplishments of his day and sphere he excelled the young men of his own circle, and was regarded by them as their chief and model. He was an exquisite horseman, as all will agree who ever saw him on horseback. Jefferson tells us that General Washington was the best horseman of his time, but he could scarcely have been a more graceful, or a more daring rider than Jackson. Young Jackson *loved* a horse. From early boyhood to extreme old age he was the master and friend of horses. He was one of those who must own a horse, if they do not a house, an acre or a coat. Horses may be expected to play a leading part in the career of this tall young barrister.

Into the secrets of forest and frontier life, Jackson was early initiated. He was used to camping out, and knew how to make it the most luxurious mode of passing a night known to man. He was a capital shot, and became a better one by and by. "George," his favorite servant in after years, used to point out the tree, in which he had often seen his master put two successive balls into the same hole. His bodily activity, as we have seen, was unusual. He was a young man, of a quick, brisk, springy step, with not a lazy bone in his body; and though his constitution was not robust, it was tough and enduring beyond that of any man of whom history gives account.

He was far from handsome. His face was long, thin, and fair; his forehead high and somewhat narrow; his hair, reddish-sandy in color, was exceedingly abundant, and fell down low over his forehead. The bristling hair of the ordinary portraits belongs to the latter half of his life. There was but one feature of his face that was not common-place—his eyes, which were of a deep blue, and capable of blazing with great expression when he was roused. Yet, as his form seemed fine without being so, so his face, owing to the quick, direct glance of the man, and his look of eager intelligence, produced on others more than the effect of beauty. To hear the old people of Tennessee, and particularly the ladies, talk of him, you would think he must have been an Apollo in form and feature.

The truth is, this young man was gifted with that mysterious, omnipotent something, which we call A PRESENCE. He was one of those who convey to strangers the impression that they are "somebody;" who naturally, and without thinking of it, *take the lead*;

who are invited or permitted to take it as a matter of course. It was said of him, that if he should join a party of travelers in the wilderness, and remain with them an hour, and the party should then be attacked by Indians, he would instinctively take the command, and the company would, as instinctively, look to him for orders.

This young lawyer, like most of those who had seen and felt what liberty had cost, was a very warm lover of his country. He remembered—how vividly he remembered!—the scenes of the recent Revolution; his mother's sad fate, and its cause; the misery and needless death of his brother; his own painful captivity: the Waxhaw massacre; the ravaged homes of his relatives and neighbors; Tarleton's unsparing onslaughts; and all the wild and shocking ferocities of the war, as it was waged in the border counties of North Carolina. These things made the deepest imaginable impression upon his mind. He could scarcely place other citizens upon the same level as the soldiers of the Revolution; whom he regarded as a kind of republican aristocracy, entitled, before all others, to honor and office. At this age, and long after, he cherished that intense antipathy to Great Britain which distinguished the survivors of the Revolution; some traces of which could be discerned in the less enlightened parts of the country until within these few years. In these respects he was the most American of Americans—an embodied Declaration-of-Independence—the Fourth-of-July incarnate!

But we must not linger too long on the threshold. Our young friend has a very long and most eventful journey before him. The rest of his equipment is sufficiently known. From the schools he has derived little; from the law-books not much; from fortune nothing. He mounts; he is away. He leaves Salisbury possessing little beside the horse he rides, his lawyer's license, a law-book or two, youthful energies and youthful hopes.

A year now goes by, in which he is nearly lost to view. He used to say that, after being admitted to the bar, he lived awhile at Martinsville, Guilford county, North Carolina, where two intimate friends of his, Henderson and Searey, kept a store. That village has long ago disappeared; there is but one old, uninhabited house now to be seen where it stood. There is a tradition in the State, that he accepted a constable's commission this year—an

office of more consequence than now. The strong probability is, that he assisted his friends in their store, and so gained an insight into the mystery of frontier store-keeping, which he afterward turned to account.

CHAPTER V.

REMOVAL TO TENNESSEE.

FINDING no opportunity to practice his profession in the old settlements, young Jackson resolved to join a large party of emigrants bound for that part of the western country which is now the State of Tennessee, but which was then Washington county, North Carolina. John McNairy, a friend of Jackson's, had been appointed judge of the Superior Court for that vast region, and Jackson was invested with the office of solicitor, or public prosecutor, for the same district. This office was not in request, nor desirable. It was, in fact, difficult to get a suitable person to accept an appointment of the kind, which was to be exercised in a wilderness five hundred miles distant from the populous parts of North Carolina, and where the office of prosecutor was sure to be unpopular, difficult and dangerous. Thomas Searcy, another of Jackson's friends, received the appointment of clerk of the court. Three or four more of his young acquaintances, lawyers and others, resolved to go with him, and seek their fortune in the new and vaunted country of the West. The party rendezvoused at Morganton in the spring or early summer of 1788, mounted and equipped for a ride over the mountains to Jonesboro', then the chief settlement of East Tennessee, and the first halting-place of companies bound to the lands on the Cumberland River.

There was but one mode of traversing the wilderness. "A poor man," says Ramsey, "with seldom more than a single pack-horse, on which the wife and infant were carried, with a few clothes and bed-quilts, a skillet and a small sack of meal, was often seen wending his way along the narrow mountain trace, with a rifle on his

shoulder, the elder sons carrying an ax, a hoe, sometimes an auger and a saw, and the elder daughters leading or carrying the smaller children." Our cavalcade of judge, solicitor, clerk and lawyers, wended their way in double file along the same road, each riding his own horse; a pack-horse or two carrying the effects of the learned judge. Every horseman had in his saddle-bags a small wallet, in which he carried letters from citizens in the old States to settlers in the new—a service most cheerfully and punctiliously performed in those days, Mr. Ramsey tells us. At night, of course, there was no choice but to camp out in the open air by the side of the path. Between Morganton and Jonesboro' there were then no hostile Indians, and the first stage of the journey was performed without difficulty and without adventure. Indeed, the trace between these towns had become a road, safe for wagons of a rough frontier construction.

The judge and his party remained several weeks at Jonesboro', waiting for the assembling of a sufficient number of emigrants, and for the arrival of a guard from Nashville to escort them. Nashville is one hundred and eighty-three miles from Jonesboro'. The road ran through a gap in the Cumberland mountains, and thence entered a wilderness more dangerously infested with hostile Indians than any other portion of the western country—not even excepting the dark and bloody land of Kentucky. Of Jackson's journey through the wilderness on this occasion, but one authentic incident is now remembered; which comes to me, in a direct line, by trustworthy channels, from the lips of Thomas Searcy, the clerk of the Superior Court, who rode by Jackson's side.

It was a night scene. The company, nearly a hundred in number, among whom were women and children, had just passed through what was considered the most dangerous part of the wilderness. They had marched thirty-six hours, a night and two days, without halting longer than an hour; the object being to reach a certain point, which was thought to be safe camping-ground. The place was reached soon after dark, and the tired travelers hastened to encamp.

Earlier in the evening than usual, the exhausted women and children of the party crept into their little tents and went to sleep. The men, except those who were to stand sentinel the first half of the night, wrapped their blankets round them, and lay down

under the lee of sheltering logs, with their feet toward the fire. Silence fell upon the camp. All slept save the sentinels, and one of the party who was not inclined to sleep, tired as he was, Andrew Jackson by name. This young gentleman sat on the ground, with his back against a tree, smoking a corn-cob pipe, for an hour after his companions had sunk into sleep; whether because he enjoyed his pipe or suspected danger, tradition saith not. About ten o'clock, as he was beginning to doze, he fell to observing the various notes of the owls that were hooting in the forest round him. A remarkable country this for owls, he thought, as he was falling asleep. Just then, an owl that he had heard at a considerable distance, startled him by setting up a louder hoot than usual nearer the camp. Something peculiar in the note struck his attention. In an instant he was the widest awake man in Tennessee. All his mind was in his ears, and his ears were intent on the hooting of the owls. He grasped his rifle, and crept cautiously to where his friend Searcy was sleeping, and woked him.

"Searcy," said Jackson, "raise your head and make no noise."

"What's the matter?" asked Searcy.

"The owls—listen—there—there again. Isn't that a little *too* natural?"

"Do you think so?" asked Searcy.

"I know it," replied Jackson. "There are Indians all around us. I have heard them in every direction. They mean to attack before daybreak."

The more experienced woodsmen were roused, and confirmed the young lawyer's surmise. Jackson advised that the camp be instantly but quietly broken up, and the march resumed. His advice was adopted, and the company neither heard nor saw any further signs of the presence of an enemy during the remainder of the night. A party of hunters, who reached their camping ground an hour after it had been abandoned, lay down by their fires and slept. Before the day dawned, the Indians were upon them, and killed all but one of the party. Near the same spot, in the following spring, when Judge McNairy was returning to Jonesboro', and had no Jackson in his retinue, his party was surprised in the night by Indians, and narrowly escaped destruction. One white man was killed, besides one friendly chief and his son. The judge and his companions were put to total rout, fled, swam the river upon

which they had encamped, and left their horses, camp equipage, and clothing in the hands of the savages.

Before the end of October, 1788, the long train of emigrants, among whom was Mr. Solicitor Jackson, reached Nashville, to the great joy of the settlers there, to whom the annual arrival of such a train was all that an arrival can be—a thrilling event, news from home, reunion with friends, increase of wealth, additional protection against a foe powerful and resolute to destroy. Ramsey says: “The new comer, on his arrival in the settlements, was everywhere and at all times greeted with a cordial welcome. Was he without a family? He was at once taken in as a cropper or a farming hand, and found a home in the kind family of some settler. Had he a wife and children? They were asked, in backwoods phrase, ‘to camp with us till the neighbors can put up a cabin for you.’”

Great news reached Nashville by this train; news that all was right with the new national constitution, a majority of the states having accepted it; news that the legislatures of the states were about choosing presidential electors, who would undoubtedly elect General Washington the first president of the republic. Washington was inaugurated in the April following the arrival of Jackson at his new home.

There is no region better adapted to the purposes of man than that of which Nashville is the center and capital. A gently undulating and most fertile country; a land of hard wood, with the beautiful river Cumberland winding through the midst thereof. It happens that the country which is best for the civilized man is best for the savage also. The valley of the Cumberland was a hunting-ground so keenly coveted by surrounding tribes that the race which originally held it, worn out by the incessant wars, abandoned it in despair; so that when French M. Charville, in 1714, established himself on the site of Nashville, he found the country almost depopulated, and, consequently, abounding in the wild beasts whose skins he came to trap and trade for. In an old deserted Shawnee fort on the rocky bluffs of the Cumberland, M. Charville and his French trappers stored their goods and furs.

The Frenchmen, it seems, trapped and traded in peace for many years; Indian instinct not discerning in *them* the possible subduers and masters of the country. Boone passed westward in 1769. A

party of nine or ten hunters penetrated the Cumberland wilderness in 1771, but remained not. In 1779 a little company of pioneers, nine in number, headed by Captain James Robertson, pitched their camp upon the site of Charville's abandoned settlement, with the design of settling there. Not another white man within a hundred miles. No effective succor nearer than three hundred. Twenty thousand Indians, the most warlike and intelligent of their race, within a week's run.

Captain James Robertson left the "settlements" about Jonesboro' with the understanding that his friend, Colonel John Donelson, a brave and wealthy old Virginia surveyor, was at once to follow him to the banks of the Cumberland with a party of emigrants. Robertson and his party were only pioneers, who were to build huts and plant corn against the arrival of the main body under Donelson. Robertson's party consisted of men; Donelson's of families, among whom was the family of Robertson himself. To avoid the toil and peril of the route through the wilderness, then little known and unbroken, Colonel Donelson conceived the idea of attempting to reach the new settlement by water; down the river Holston to the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to the Ohio, up the Ohio to the Cumberland, up the Cumberland to Captain Robertson and a New Home. The whole distance was considerably more than two thousand miles. No man, white or red, had ever attempted the voyage. The greater part of the route was infested by Indians. The project, in short, was worthy, for its boldness, of the destined father-in-law of General Jackson. Among those who shared the dangers of this voyage was Rachel Donelson, the leader's daughter, a black-eyed, black-haired brunette, as gay, bold and handsome a lass as ever danced on the deck of a flat boat, or took the helm while her father took a shot at the Indians. We shall meet this young lady often in the course of our narrative.

The voyage lasted four months. Colonel Donelson kept a journal, in which he entered whatever occurred that was unusual, but with such brevity, that the history of that long voyage, as written by Donelson, could be printed on six of these pages. The manuscript is still preserved in the family of one of his grandchildren, entitled, "Journal of a Voyage, intended by God's Permission, in the good boat Adventure, from Patrick Henry on Holston river to the French Salt Springs on Cumberland river; kept by John Donaldson."

Starting in the depth of a winter long remembered for its severity, the "good boat" was often delayed by the fall of water and "most excessive hard frost;" so that two months passed before it began to make good progress. Joined by other boats in the spring, the *Adventure* floated down the winding, rippling, beautiful Tennessee, in company with a considerable fleet, bound for the lower country. Many and dire were the mishaps that befell them. Sometimes a boat would run upon a shoal, and remain immovable till its entire contents were landed. Sometimes a boat was whirled around a bend and dashed against a projecting point, and sunk. Once a young man went hunting, and did not return. They fired their four-pounder and searched the woods, but in vain. The fleet sailed away, but the old father of the lost hunter stayed behind, alone in the wilderness, to continue the search. Both were rescued at length. One man died of his frozen limbs. Two children were born. On board one boat, containing twenty-eight persons, the small-pox was raging, and it was agreed that this boat should always sail a certain distance behind the rest, but within hearing of a horn. The wily Indians pounced upon the infected boat, killed the fighting men, took prisoners the women and children, carried off the contents of the boat into the woods, and nothing further was seen of either. "Their cries were distinctly heard," says the journal, "by those boats in the rear;" and it was a great grief to the whole company, "uncertain how soon they might share the same fate." The Indians caught the small-pox, of which hundreds died before the disease had spent its force.

The leader of the expedition made the last entry into his journal on the 24th of April, 1780: "This day we arrived at our journey's end at the Big Salt Lick, where we have the pleasure of finding Captain Robertson and his company. It is a source of satisfaction to us to be enabled to restore to him and others their families and friends who were intrusted to our care, and who, sometime since, perhaps, despaired of ever meeting again. Though our prospects at present are dreary, we have found a few log-cabins, which have been built on a cedar bluff above the Lick, by Captain Robertson and his company."

And so the colony was planted. This was but eight years before the arrival of Judge McNairy and his party of young lawyers. During the whole of that period, the settlers had to battle for exist-

ence. The first spring they nearly starved ; for the extraordinary winter had exhausted the corn and thinned the game. In "the settlements," that is, in East Tennessee and Kentucky, corn sold that season at one hundred and sixty-five dollars per bushel. The Indians always hovering round, made it dangerous to go a hundred yards from the station. Never were a people so beset. While some planted corn, others had to watch against the skulking foe. When the girls went blackberrying, a guard invariably turned out to escort them, and stand guard over the surrounding thickets. Nay, if a man went to a spring to drink, another stood on the watch with his rifle cocked and poised. Whenever four or five men, says the annalist of Tennessee, were assembled at a spring or elsewhere, they held their guns in their hands, and stood, not face to face, as they conversed, but with their backs turned to each other, all facing different ways, watching for a lurking or a creeping Indian.

With all their precautions, not a month passed in which some one did not fall before the rifle of the sleepless enemy. It was a wonder the little band was not driven away or exterminated. On one occasion, indeed, it required all of Captain Robertson's influence and eloquence to induce the settlers not to abandon the spot, as its old proprietors, the Shawnees, had done before them, and, more recently, the bands of traders and trappers under Charville. There were times, when even Robertson and his friends might have fled, if to fly had not been more perilous than to stay.

The settlement grew apace, however. When Jackson arrived, in 1788, the stations along the Cumberland may have contained five thousand souls or more. But the place was still an outpost of civilization, and so exposed to Indian hostility, that it was not safe to live five miles from the central stockade—a circumstance that influenced the whole career and life of our young friend, the newly-arrived solicitor ; for whom let us delay no longer to find lodgings.

Colonel John Donelson took root in the country and flourished greatly. Lands, negroes, cattle, horses, whatever was wealth in the settlement, he had in greater abundance than any other man. They point out still, near Nashville, the field he first tilled, and the spot where he made his wonderful escape from the Indians ; a story I had the pleasure of hearing one of his grandsons tell, but have not the space here to repeat. During one of the long winters,

when an unexpected influx of emigrants had reduced the stock of corn alarmingly low, Colonel Donelson mercifully moved off, with all his corn-consuming host, to Kentucky, and there lived until the season of plenty returned. During this residence in Kentucky, his daughter Rachel gave her heart and hand to Lewis Robards, and the brave old man returned to the Cumberland without her.

Many were the adventures and the exploits of this sturdy pioneer, —this hero, who never suspected that he was a hero. Yet after so many hair-breadth escapes, by flood and field, his time came at last. He was in the woods surveying, far from home. Two young men who had been with him came along and found him near a creek, pierced by bullets; whether the bullets of the lurking savage or the white robber was never known. It was only known that he met a violent death from some ambushed, cowardly villains, white or red; his daughter Rachel always thought the former. She thought no Indians *could* kill her father, who knew their ways too well to be caught by them.

When young Jackson arrived at the settlement, he found the widow Donelson living there in a block-house, somewhat more commodious than any other dwelling in the place; for she was a notable housekeeper, as well as a woman of property. With her then lived her daughter Rachel and her Kentucky husband, Lewis Robards. Robards had bought land five miles from the Lick, and was living with his mother-in-law until the Indians should be sufficiently subdued or pacified to render it safe to live so far from the settlement. Jackson, soon after his arrival, went also to live with Mrs. Donelson as a boarder—an arrangement no less satisfactory to her than to him. It was a piece of good fortune to her to have another man in her spare cabin as a protector against the Indians; while he had found the best boarding place in the settlement—not the least pleasant feature of it being the presence of the gay and lively Mrs. Robards, the best story-teller, the best dancer, the sprightliest companion, the most dashing horsewoman in the western country.

CHAPTER VI.

JACKSON PRACTICES LAW.

THE arrival of the young lawyer at Nashville was most opportune. The only licensed lawyer in West Tennessee was engaged exclusively in the service of debtors, who, it seems, made common cause against the common enemy, their creditors. Jackson came not as a lawyer merely, but as the public prosecutor, and there was that in his bearing which gave assurance that he was the man to issue unpopular writs and give them effect. The merchants and others, who could not collect their debts, came to him for help. He undertook their business, and executed it with a promptitude that secured his career at the bar of Tennessee. Before he had been a month in Nashville, he had issued, it is said, seventy writs to delinquent debtors. He was the man wanted. And this was the first instance of a certain good fortune that attended him all through his life: he was continually finding himself placed in circumstances calculated to call into conspicuous exercise the very qualities in which he excelled all mankind.

Such of the old court records of West Tennessee as have escaped time, fire and vermin, contain just enough about Andrew Jackson to show that he jumped immediately into a large practice. It was customary then for a lawyer to attend every court held in the State. Two months after his arrival in the western country we find him attending court in Sumner county, near the Kentucky border, a day's ride from Nashville. The tattered records of Sumner county contain this entry:—"January 12th, 1789. Andrew Jackson, Esq., produced his license as an attorney-at-law in court, and took the oath required by law." Another entry from the same records is this:—"October 6th, 1790. Andrew Jackson, Esq., proved a bill of sale from Hugh McGary to Gaspar Mansker, for a negro man, which was O. K." [A common western mistake for O. R., which means Ordered Recorded. Hence, perhaps, the saying "O. K."]

The records of the quarter sessions court of Davidson county, the county of which Nashville is the capital, show, that at the April term, 1790, there were one hundred and ninety-two cases on the two dockets (Appearance docket and Trial docket); and that Andrew

Jackson was employed as counsel in forty-two of them. On one leaf of the record of the January term, 1793, there are thirteen suits entered, mostly for debt, in *every one* of which Andrew Jackson was employed. At the April term of the same year, he was counsel in seventy-two out of one hundred and fifty-five cases. In most of these he was counsel for the defence. At the July term of the same year, he was employed in sixty cases out of one hundred and thirty-five; and at the October term, in sixty-one cases out of one hundred and thirty-two. In the four terms of 1794, there were three hundred and ninety-seven cases before the same court, in two hundred and twenty-eight of which Jackson acted as counsel. And during these and later years, he practiced at the courts of Jonesboro', and other towns in East Tennessee.

What, with his extensive practice and his long journeys, he was the busiest of men. Half his time, as I conjecture, must have been spent in traveling. During the first seven years of his residence in Tennessee, he performed the journey through the mountain wilderness that lay between Jonesboro' and Nashville, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, twenty-two times; and this at a time when a man was in peril of his life from the Indians at his own front door. He had rare adventures during those long horseback rides from court-house to court-house—journeys that sometimes kept him camping out in the woods twenty successive nights. The shorter journeys he occasionally performed alone, protected only by the keenness of his eye and ear, passing through regions where he dared not kill a deer or light a fire for fear the smoke or the report of his rifle should convey the knowledge of his presence to some hidden savage. The journeys, from the Cumberland to Jonesboro' and Knoxville, he often made in company with the guard that turned out to conduct parties of emigrants to the western settlements, and sometimes with a smaller party of lawyers and clients.

One lonely night passed in the woods was very vividly remembered by him. He came, soon after dark, to a creek that had been swollen by the rains into a roaring torrent. The night was as dark as pitch, and the rain fell heavily. To have attempted the ford would have been suicidal, nor did he dare to light a fire, nor even let his horse move about to browse. So he took off the saddle, and, placing it at the foot of a tree, sat upon it, wrapped in his blanket, and holding his rifle in one hand and his bridle in the other. All

through the night he sat motionless and silent, listening to the noise of the flood and the pattering of the rain-drops upon the leaves. When the day dawned, he saddled his horse again, mounted, swam the creek, and continued his journey.

Once, as he was about to cross the wilderness, he reached the rendezvous too late, and found that his party had started. It was evening, and he had ridden hard, but there was no hope of catching up, unless he started immediately and traveled all night. With a single guide he took the road, and came up to the camp-fires just before daylight; but his friends had already marched. Continuing his journey, he was startled, when daylight came, to discover the tracks of Indians in the road, who were evidently following the travelers. Equally evident was it to the practiced eyes of these men of the woods, that the Indians outnumbered the whites. They pressed forward, and paused not till the tracks showed that the enemy were but a few minutes in advance of them. Then, the guide refusing to proceed, Jackson divided the stock of provisions equally with him, saw him take his way homeward, and kept on himself toward the Indians, resolved, at all hazards, to save or succor his friends. At length he came to a place where the Indians had left the path, and taken to the woods, with the design, as Jackson thought, of getting ahead of the white party, and lying in ambush for them. He pushed on with all speed, and reached his friends before dark, just after they had crossed a deep, half-frozen river, and were drying their clothes by their camp-fires. He told his news. The march was instantly resumed. All that night and the next day they kept on their way, not daring to rest or halt, and reached, toward evening, the cabins of a company of hunters, of whom they asked shelter for the night. The boon was churlishly refused, and they marched on in the teeth of a driving storm of wind and snow. They ventured to encamp at length. Jackson, who had not closed his eyes for sixty hours, wrapped himself in his blanket, and slept soundly till daylight, when he awoke to find himself buried in snow to the depth of six inches. The party of Indians, meanwhile, had pursued unrelentingly, until, reaching the huts of the inhospitable hunters, they murdered every man of them, and, satisfied with this exploit, left the travelers to complete their journey unmolested.

History records that no less a person than General Robert-

son, the wise and heroic founder of the Cumberland settlements, was attacked and wounded, in his own fields, by the Indians. Jackson was one of the party who pursued the savages on that occasion into their fastnesses. With fourteen companions, he went ten miles into a trackless canebrake, fell upon the Indian camp at break of day, put them to flight without the loss of a man, and captured their weapons.

This it was to be a pioneer lawyer in Tennessee.

Two years passed after Jackson's arrival at Nashville before any thing of great importance occurred to him. He performed his journeys, attended his courts, gained and lost his causes, grew in the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and struck down various and vigorous roots into his adopted soil.

In the year 1791, the prosperous young solicitor, after a courtship of an extraordinary character, was married to Mrs. Rachel Robards, the daughter of that brave old pioneer, John Donelson. We have already recorded that Andrew Jackson, upon reaching Nashville, took board with the widow of that heroic man, with whom, also, resided her daughter Rachel and her husband, Lewis Robards. Mr. Robards, a man of a jealous and quarrelsome disposition, had already been separated from his wife, had rejoined her, and was living unhappily with her, when the youthful Jackson came to reside with Mrs. Donelson. The attentions of the young lawyer to his wife, innocent and ordinary though they were, kindled the jealous anger of Robards to such a degree, that the whole family were rendered miserable by his violence and ill-temper. Terrible scenes occurred between the ill-matched pair, and between Robards and Jackson; and, at length, to the great relief of the entire circle, Robards returned to his former home in Kentucky, leaving his wife with her mother. For some months she lived in peace. At length, a rumor reached Nashville that Robards was about to return, and take his wife to Kentucky. To avoid a calamity so much dreaded, she resolved to accompany a party that was preparing to descend the rivers to Natchez, and there to remain until she was no longer in danger of molestation from her husband. To assist in protecting her from the Indians, Jackson accompanied the party, and having seen her safe at Natchez, returned to his practice at Nashville.

Soon after these events, Robards began proceedings for

divorce, accusing his wife of the grossest infidelity, and implicating Jackson in the crime; and, ere long, the news was brought to Nashville that he had actually obtained a divorce from the legislature of Virginia, a state of which Kentucky was then a part. Upon receiving this intelligence Jackson descended once more to Natchez, offered his hand to the injured woman, who accepted it, and they were married at Natchez by a priest of the Catholic Church. Two years later, information was obtained that, at the time of this marriage, the divorce claimed by Robards, had not been legally completed. It was not until Jackson and Mrs. Robards had been married two years, that the divorce was really granted in a Kentucky court. Upon ascertaining this, Jackson had the marriage ceremony performed a second time, by a Protestant clergyman in the neighborhood of Nashville. The reader need scarcely be reminded that, at that day, many months might pass without the inhabitants of a settlement, so remote as Nashville, receiving news from the older towns, and that, in the absence of certain intelligence, rumor is busy with all her thousand tongues.

Extraordinary as were the circumstances in which this marriage was contracted, it proved to be one of the happiest. Husband and wife loved each other dearly, and continued to testify the love and respect they entertained for one another by those polite attentions which lovers cannot but exchange before marriage and after marriage. Their love grew as their years increased, and became warmer as their blood became colder. No one ever heard either address to the other a disrespectful, an irritating, or unsympathizing word. They were not as familiar as is now the fashion. He remained "Mr. Jackson" to her always; never "General;" still less "Andrew." And he never called her "Rachel," but "Mrs. Jackson," or "wife." The reader may become better acquainted with their domestic life by and by. Meanwhile, let it be understood, that our hero has now a Home, where lives a Friend, true and fond, to welcome his return from wilderness courts; to cheer his stay; to lament his departure, yet give him a motive for going forth; a Home wherein—whatever manner of man he might be elsewhere—he was always gentle, kind, and patient!

He was most prompt to defend his wife's good name. The peculiar circumstances attending his marriage made him touchy on this point. His temper, with regard to other causes of offense, was

tinder; with respect to this, it was gunpowder. His worst quarrels arose from this cause, or were greatly aggravated by it. He became sore on the subject; so that, at last, I think he could scarcely hate any one very heartily without fancying that the obnoxious person had said something, or caused something to be said, which reflected on the character of Mrs. Jackson. For the man who dared breathe her name except in honor, he kept pistols in perfect condition for thirty-seven years.

The social standing of Jackson at Nashville was not, in the slightest degree, affected unfavorably by his marriage. One proof of it is this: in October of this very year he was elected one of the trustees of the Davidson Academy, a body composed of the first men and clergymen of the place. The original record of his election is still legible in the following terms:—

“1791. October 8th.—Board met at Spring Hill. Adjourned to meet at Mr. Clarke’s, in Nashville, at 10 o’clock, Monday, 10th inst.

“Met accordingly.

“Ordered, that *Mr. Andrew Jackson* be appointed a Trustee, in the room of Colonel William Polk, removed.”

As Tennessee prospered (and it prospered rapidly after the Indians were subdued, in 1794), the district attorney could not but prosper with it. He was a prospering man by nature. The land records of 1794, 1795, 1796, and 1797, show that it was during those years that Jackson laid the foundation of the large estate which he subsequently acquired. Those were the days in which a lawyer’s fee for conducting a suit of no great importance might be a square mile of land, or, in western phrase, “a six-forty.” The circulating medium of Europe, says some witty writer, is gold; of Africa, men; of Asia, women; of America, land. Jackson appears frequently in the records of the years named as the purchaser and assignee of sections of land. He bought six hundred and fifty acres of the fine tract which afterward formed the Hermitage farm for eight hundred dollars—a high price for that day. By the time that Tennessee entered the Union, in 1796, Jackson was a very extensive land-owner, and a man of fair estate for a frontier’s man.

The office of public prosecutor, held by Andrew Jackson during the first seven or eight years of his residence in Tennessee, was one that a man of only ordinary nerve and courage could not have

filled. It set in array against him all the scoundrels in the territory. Those were the times when a notorious criminal would defy the officers of justice, and keep them at bay *for years* at a time; when a district attorney who made himself too officious, was liable to a shot in the back as he rode to court; when two men, not satisfied with the court's award, would come out of the court-house into the public square, and fight it out in the presence of the whole population, judge and jury, perhaps, looking on; when the public prosecutor was apt to be regarded as the man whose office it was to spoil good sport, and interfere between gentlemen. Jackson had his share of "personal difficulties," as rough-and-tumble fights are politely termed in that country to this day. One of these, which occurred when he was young in his office, I can relate in very nearly his own words. He told the story, one day, in the White House, to a very intimate friend, who expected to be assailed in the streets for his ardent support of the administration.

"Now, Mr. Blair," said the general, "if any one attacks you, I know how you'll fight with that big stick of yours. You'll aim right for his head. Well, sir, ten chances to one he'll ward it off; and if you *do* hit him, you won't bring him down. No, sir" (taking the stick into his own hands), "you hold the stick *so*, and punch him in the stomach, and you'll drop him. I'll tell you how I found that out. When I was a young man practicing law in Tennessee, there was a big bullying fellow that wanted to pick a quarrel with me, and so trod on my toes. Supposing it accidental, I said nothing. Soon after he did it again, and I began to suspect his object. In a few minutes he came by a third time, pushing against me violently, and evidently meaning *fight*. He was a man of immense size, one of the very biggest men I ever saw. As quick as a flash, I snatched a small rail from the top of the fence, and gave him the point of it full in the stomach. Sir, it doubled him up. He fell at my feet and I stamped on him. Soon he got up *savage*, and was about to fly at me like a tiger. The bystanders made as though they would interfere. Says I, 'Gentlemen, stand back, give me room, that's all I ask, and *I'll* manage him.' With that I stood ready with the rail pointed. He gave me *one* look, and turned away, a whipped man, sir, and feeling like one. So, sir, I say to you, if any villain assaults you, give him the *pint* in his belly."

The effect of such a victory in giving a man influence and *status* in a frontier country can be imagined.

Another stick story is current in Tennessee. The ferry across the Cumberland having been leased for the sum of one hundred dollars per annum, General Daniel Smith remarked, at a meeting of the trustees of the Academy :

"Why, that is enough to pay the ferriage of all the trustees over the river Styx."

"Sticks?" replied Jackson. "I want but *one* stick to make *my* way."

O, those were wild times! Jackson had not been long at the bar before he fought a duel. His antagonist was that Colonel Waightstill Avery, of Morgantown, North Carolina, to whom he had once applied for instruction in the law, and with whom he afterward practiced at the Jonesboro' court. The present Colonel Isaac T. Avery, of Morganton, is a son of that gentleman. Upon applying to him for information, I was gratified to receive, not only an account of the duel, but also some other anecdotes and reminiscences of great interest, throwing light upon our subject, where it needed light most.

"In the trial of a suit one afternoon at Jonesboro," writes Colonel Avery, "General Jackson and my father were opposing counsel. The general always espoused the cause of his clients warmly, and seemed to make it his own. On this occasion, the cause was going against him, and he became irritable. My father rather exultingly ridiculed some legal position taken by Jackson; using, as he afterward admitted, language more sarcastic than was called for. It stung Jackson, who snatched up a pen, and on the blank leaf of a law-book wrote a peremptory challenge, which he delivered there and then. It was as promptly accepted. My father was no duelist; in fact he was opposed to the principle, but with his antecedents, in that age and country, to have declined would have been to have lost caste. The occurrence was not noticed or known in the court-house. They remained until the cause was put to jury, when my father went into the street to look for a friend. After some little time he found General John Adair, who consented to act. The arrangements occupied some further time, and when the parties met, in a hollow north of Jonesboro', it was after sundown. The ground was measured, and the parties were placed. They

fired. Fortunately, neither was hit. General Jackson acknowledged himself satisfied. They shook hands, and were friendly ever after.

"In my twelfth year I was taken to a grammar-school kept by the Rev. Mr. Doak, eight miles from Jonesboro'. My father permitted me to stay with him during those fifteen-day courts, and I saw much of General Jackson then and subsequently. I will give you a characteristic incident which I witnessed.

"I was at Jonesboro' court, at one time, when every house in the town was crowded. About twelve o'clock at night, a fire broke out in the stables of the principal hotel-keeper of the place. There was a large quantity of hay in the stables, which stood in dangerous proximity to the tavern, court-house, and business part of the town. The alarm filled the streets with lawyers, judges, ladies in their night-dresses, and a concourse of strangers and citizens. General Jackson no sooner entered the street than he assumed the command. It seemed to be conceded to him. He shouted for buckets, and formed two lines of men reaching from the fire to a stream that ran through the town; one line to pass the empty buckets to the stream, and the other to return them full to the fire. He ordered the roofs of the tavern and of the houses most exposed to be covered with wet blankets, and stationed men on the roofs to keep them wet. Amidst the shrieks of the women, and the frightful neighing of the burning horses, every order was distinctly heard and obeyed. In the line up which the full buckets passed, the bank of the stream soon became so slippery that it was difficult to stand. While General Jackson was strengthening that part of the line, a drunken coppersmith, named Boyd, who said he had seen fires at Baltimore, began to give orders and annoy persons in the line.

"'Fall into line!' shouted the general.

"The man continued jabbering. Jackson seized a bucket by the handle, knocked him down, and walked along the line giving his orders as coolly as before. *He saved the town!*"

CHAPTER VII.

JACKSON IN CONGRESS.

IN November, 1795, the governor of the territory announced, as the result of a census ordered by the legislature, that Tennessee contained seventy-seven thousand two hundred and sixty-two inhabitants, of whom ten thousand six hundred and thirteen were slaves. He therefore called upon the people to elect delegates to a convention for making a constitution, and named January 11th, 1796, as the day for their assembling at Knoxville. The convention met accordingly, fifty-five members in all, five from each of the eleven counties. The five members sent from Davidson county were John McNairy, ANDREW JACKSON, James Robertson, Thomas Hardeman, and Joel Lewis. Thus we find our young adventurer, after seven years' residence in the territory, associated on equal terms, in a most honorable trust, with the judge of the Superior Court and with the father of the Cumberland settlements. To one of them, at least, he was superior in literary attainments; for General Robertson was taught to read by his wife after his marriage.

The convention met in a small building, which afterward served as a school-house, standing in the outskirts of the new town of Knoxville, surrounded by tall trees of the primeval wilderness.

The building was fitted up for the reception of the important assembly at an expense of twelve dollars and sixty-two cents—ten dollars for seats, and the rest for "three and a half yards of oil cloth," for the covering of the table. But the early proceedings of the convention exhibited a still more remarkable example of economy. The legislature had fixed the compensation of the members at two dollars and a half a day, but had forgotten to appropriate any compensation for the secretary, printer, and door-keeper. The convention, therefore, with curious and quaint disinterestedness, resolved that, inasmuch as "economy is an amiable trait in any government, and, in fixing the salaries of the officers thereof, the situation and resources of the country should be attended to," *therefore*, one dollar and a half per diem is enough for

us, and no more will any of us take, and the rest shall go to the payment of the secretary, printer, doorkeeper, and other officers.

The convention being organized, it was voted that the "House proceed to appoint two members from each county to draft a constitution, and that each county name their members." The members from Davidson county selected Judge McNairy and Andrew Jackson to represent them in this committee. A constitution was soon drafted, and the whole business of the convention concluded in twenty-seven days.

The state was promptly organized. A legislature was elected, and "Citizen John Sevier," we are officially informed, was chosen the first governor. On grounds purely technical, and for reasons chiefly political, the Federalists in Congress delayed the admission of republican Tennessee into the Union; Rufus King, of New York, being a conspicuous opponent, and Aaron Burr a leading advocate of her immediate admission. But, on the 1st of June, 1796, all difficulties were adjusted, and Tennessee became the sixteenth member of the confederacy. William Blount and William Cooke were elected the first United States senators from the new State. Three presidential electors were chosen, who cast the vote of the State for Jefferson and Burr. As yet, Tennessee was entitled to but one member of the House of Representatives. Early in the fall of 1796, Andrew Jackson was elected by the people to serve them in that honorable capacity. Soon after—for the journey was a long one, and more difficult than long—he mounted his horse and set out for Philadelphia, distant nearly eight hundred miles.

Tennessee, at that time, felt herself aggrieved by the general government, and was a claimant for redress. Great expenses had been incurred in sending troops against the Indians, which expenses, it was feared, the general government would object to reimburse, on the ground that it had not authorized, but forbidden, any invasion of the Indian territory. There was also a dispute with the Cherokees upon the everlasting question of boundary, and the government inclined to side with the Indians, and actually did, after Jackson's departure, send troops to Knoxville, to support the Indians in their demands. Andrew Jackson, as I conjecture (in the absence of information), owed the honor of being the first representative of Tennessee in the House of Representatives, to his warm espousal of the claims of the State, and to the fact that

he was supposed to be the very man to support those claims, with spirit and effect, on the floor of Congress.

The member from Tennessee reached Philadelphia at one of those periods of commercial depression to which the country has always been liable. The financial reader is aware that the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England, which lasted twenty-two years, began in February, 1797, about two months after Jackson's arrival in Philadelphia. The depression in Philadelphia was already severe, and the failures were numerous, though the great crash was still a year distant. In all times of public disaster, one of the first of public necessities is a scapegoat, and never so much as when the cause of the general distress is something so simple, and, therefore, so puzzling, as paralysis of business. When the government has any thing to do with the pecuniary affairs of the nation—when the government is the proprietor or manager of the controlling BANK, for example, then the government is invariably the scapegoat. It was so when Jackson, for the first time, came in contact with the great world. He saw the general prostration of credit; and when he sought to know the cause of this dire effect, whether he sought it in conversation with Republican members, or in the flaming and confident organs of his party, he heard and read but this: HAMILTON—PAPER MONEY—OVER-ISSUES—NATIONAL BANK!

On the third day of the session, a quorum of the senate having reached Philadelphia, and both houses being assembled in the representatives' chamber, Jackson saw General Washington, an august and venerable form, enter the chamber and deliver his last speech to Congress; heard him recommend the gradual creation of a navy for the protection of American commerce in the Mediterranean against the pirates of Algiers; heard him modestly—almost timidly—suggest that American manufactures ought to be at least so far encouraged and aided by government as to render the country independent of foreign nations in time of war; heard him recommend the establishment of boards of agriculture, a national university and a military academy; heard him mildly object to the policy of paying low salaries to high officers, to the exclusion from high office of all but men of fortune; and heard him denounce the *spoliations of our commerce by cruisers sailing under the flag of the French republic.*

At that day, it was customary for each house to prepare, and in person deliver, a formal reply to the president's opening speech. It was in connection with the reply of the representatives to the president on this occasion, that the new member from Tennessee is said to have voted to censure General Washington; a charge upon which all the changes were rung in the presidential campaigns of 1824, 1828, and 1832. Let us see how much truth there was in the accusation. I use the words *charge* and *accusation*, because the vote referred to has always been viewed in that light; as though it were not *meritorious* in a representative to censure a popular hero if he honestly deemed his conduct censurable.

An address was drawn up which concluded with a series of paragraphs highly eulogistic, not merely of the retiring president, but of his administration. The more radical democrats, of whom Jackson was one, objected, and, after two days' animated discussion, Edward Livingston brought the debate to an end, by distinctly moving to strike out the words, "wise, firm, and patriotic *administration*;" and to insert in their place, "*Your* firmness, wisdom, and patriotism."

The question was taken on Mr. Livingston's amendment, and decided in the negative. The whole address was then read with the slight amendments previously ordered, and the question was about to be submitted as to its final acceptance, when Mr. Thomas Blount, of North Carolina, demanded the yeas and nays, in order that posterity might see that he did not consent to the address. Posterity, which has nearly forgotten Mr. Blount, will doubtless oblige him so far. The yeas and nays were then taken, with this result: For accepting the address, sixty-seven votes; against its acceptance, twelve. The following gentlemen voted against it: Thomas Blount, Isaac Coles, William B. Giles, Christopher Greenup, James Holland, ANDREW JACKSON, Edward Livingston, Matthew Locke, William Lyman, Samuel Maclay, Nathaniel Macon, and Abraham Venable.

Jackson's vote on this occasion merely shows that in 1796 he belonged to the most radical wing of the Jeffersonian party, the "Mountain" of the house of representatives. His vote does honor to his courage and independence, if not to his judgment.

On Thursday, December 29th, 1796, the member from Tennessee first addressed the house. In 1793, while Tennessee was still a

Territory under the federal government, General Sevier, induced thereto by extreme provocation and the imminent peril of the settlements, led an expedition against the Indians without waiting for the authorization of the general government. One of those who served on this expedition was a young student by the name of Hugh L. White, afterward judge, senator, and candidate for the presidency. Young White killed a great chief, the Kingfisher, in battle. After the return of the expedition, it became a question whether the government would pay the expenses of an expedition which it had not authorized. To test the question, Hugh L. White sent a petition to Congress asking compensation for his services. On the day named above, the subject came before the committee of the whole house; when a report on Mr. White's petition, from the secretary of war, was read. The report recounted the facts, and added, that it was for the house to decide whether the provocation and danger were such as to justify the calling out of the troops. Whereupon, "Mr. A. Jackson," in a few energetic remarks, defended the claims of his fellow-citizens. The debate continued for a considerable time, Jackson occasionally interposing explanations, and replying to the objections of members. The result of his exertions was, that the subject was referred to a select committee of five, Mr. A. Jackson chairman; who reported, of course, in favor of the petitioner, and recommended that the sum of twenty-two thousand eight hundred and sixteen dollars be appropriated for the payment of the troops, which was done.

The member from Tennessee did not again address the house of representatives. His name appears in the records thenceforth only in the lists of yeas and nays.

On the eighth of February, 1797, Jackson saw Mr. Vice-President Adams, in the presence of both houses of Congress, open the packets containing the electoral votes for a successor to General Washington. For Adams, seventy-one; Jefferson, sixty-eight; Thomas Pinckney, fifty-nine; Burr, thirty; with scattering votes for Samuel Adams, Jay, Clinton, and others. The vice-president modestly announced that the "person" who had received seventy-one votes was elected president. A few weeks later, I presume, the honorable member from Tennessee witnessed the inauguration; "scarcely a dry eye but Washington's;" "the sublimest thing yet exhibited in America," said the chief actor in the scene.

Congress adjourned on the third of March, and Andrew Jackson took a final farewell of the house; for at the war session of the following summer he did not appear. His conduct in the house of representatives was keenly approved by Tennesseans. Senator Cocke wrote home during the session: "Your representative, Mr. Jackson, has distinguished himself by the spirited manner in which he opposed the report (of the secretary of war, upon the petition of Hugh L. White). Notwithstanding the misrepresentations of the secretary, I hope the claim will be allowed; if it is, a principle will be established for the payment of all services done by the militia of the territory." When, therefore, the news came, soon after, that Mr. Jackson had been completely successful, and that, in consequence of his exertions, every man in Tennessee, who had done services or lost property in the Indian wars, might hope for compensation from the general government, it may be concluded that the representative was a very popular man.

Accordingly, a vacancy in the senate of the United States occurring this year, Andrew Jackson received the appointment, and returned to Philadelphia in the autumn of 1797, a senator. The session began on the thirteenth of November. On the twenty-second, "Andrew Jackson, appointed a senator by the state of Tennessee, produced his credentials, which were read;" whereupon, "the oath required by law was administered" to him and other new members, by the temporary chairman of the senate—Vice-President Jefferson not having yet arrived.

And that is nearly all we know of the career of Andrew Jackson in the senate at that time. His record is a blank. In the list of yeas and nays, his name never occurs, though that of his colleague is never wanting.

The business of that session was so late in reaching the senate that four months passed before there was a single division of sufficient importance to be recorded in Mr. Benton's voluminous Abridgment. Congress was waiting, the president was waiting, the new army was waiting, the country was waiting, to learn the issue of negotiations with France; to learn whether it was necessary to legislate for peace or for war. The senators from Tennessee, meanwhile, were occupied, so far as they were occupied at all, with the arrangement of the dispute between Tennessee and the general government on the subject of the Cherokee boundary, re-

specting which the new state had sent to Congress a weighty memorial.

In April, 1798, Senator Jackson asked and obtained leave of absence for the remainder of the session. He went home to Nashville, and immediately resigned his seat in the senate. This he did partly because he was worn out with the tedium of that honorable idleness; partly because he felt himself out of place in so slow and "dignified" a body; partly because he was disgusted with the administration and its projects; partly because it was "understood" that, if he resigned, his connection, General Daniel Smith, would be appointed to the vacated seat; but *chiefly* for reasons, personal and pecuniary, which will be explained hereafter.

Of Jackson's mode of life in Philadelphia during his two sessions, we know scarcely any thing. From his letters of a later period I learn that he became acquainted there with that truly remarkable character, William Duane, of the *Aurora*, most potent of republican journals. He formed a very high idea of Mr. Duane's character and talents. Born to fortune in the state of New York, disinherited for marrying a lady of a religion different from that of his family, young Duane had wandered off to the East Indies, where he edited a paper, and took the part of the Sepoys in one of their rebellions against British authority. He was forced to leave the country, and went to England, where he procured employment on the newspaper which is now known as the *London Times*. Returning to his native land, he threw himself into the politics of that turbulent period which followed the French Revolution. He wrote a history of the French Revolution. He wrote learnedly on military subjects. He joined Mr. Bache in the editorship of the *Aurora*, and wrote so powerfully in behalf of Jefferson and republicanism, that he long enjoyed the credit of having effected the first national triumph of the republican party.

With Aaron Burr, who had taken a leading part in advocating the prompt admission of Tennessee into the Union, and who then ranked next to Jefferson in the esteem of republicans, Jackson became acquainted, as a matter of course. Burr was omnipotent with your honest country member. That Jackson was pleased with the man and gratified with his attentions, there is abundant reason to believe. I imagine, too, that the Tennessean caught from Burr something of that winning courtliness of manner for

• which he was afterward distinguished above all the gentlemen of his time, except Tecumseh and Charles X.* Occasionally, I presume, the member from Tennessee might have been seen at the house of Vice-President Jefferson, the great chief of the party to which he was attached. From later letters of Jackson's it is to be inferred that his acquaintance with Mr. Jefferson, at this time, was somewhat intimate.

His most admired acquaintance among the public men of the day appears to have been Edward Livingston, the republican member of the house of representatives from New York; one of the intellectual young men of that time who went along with Jefferson heart and soul in his political opinions. A true democrat, a lover of Jackson—we shall meet him again ere long, and get better acquainted with him before we part.

CHAPTER VIII.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

EARLY in the year 1798, then, Andrew Jackson returned to his home on the banks of the Cumberland, a private citizen, and intending to remain such. But it seems he could not yet be spared from public life. Soon after his return to Tennessee, he was elected by the legislature to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the state; a post which he said he accepted in obedience to his favorite maxim, that the citizen of a free commonwealth should never seek and never decline public duty. The office assigned him was next in consideration, as in emolument, to that of governor; the governor's salary being seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, and the judge's six hundred. He retained the judgeship for six years, holding courts in due succession at Jonesboro', Knoxville, Nashville, and at places of less importance; dispensing the best justice he was master of.

Not a decision of Judge Jackson's is on record. The recorded decisions of the court over which he presided begin with those of

* These two exceptions alone I have heard made by those competent to judge.

Judge Overton, Jackson's successor. To the present bar of Tennessee, therefore, it is as though no Judge Jackson ever sat on the bench; for he is never quoted, nor referred to as authority. Tradition reports that he maintained the dignity and authority of the bench, while he was *on* the bench; and that his decisions were short, untechnical, unlearned, sometimes ungrammatical, and generally right. Integrity is seven-tenths of a qualification for any trust. When not blinded by passion, by prejudice, or by gratitude, Judge Jackson's sense of right was strong and clear. Moreover, the cases that came before the courts of Tennessee at that day were usually such as any fair-minded man was competent to decide correctly. Jackson, I believe, wore a gown while in court, as did also the lawyers at that period, even in far-off Tennessee. This I infer from an entry in the old records of Davidson Academy, which orders the students to wear a gown of light, black stuff, over their clothes, similar to those worn by "professional gentlemen."

It was while Jackson was judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee that his feud with Governor Sevier came to an issue. This affair, considering that one of the belligerents was governor of the state, and the other its supreme judge, must be pronounced one of the most extraordinary of "difficulties."

John Sevier was a man after a pioneer's own heart. Past fifty at the time of which we are writing, he was still the handsomest man in Tennessee; of erect, military bearing; a man of the hunting shirt; easy, affable, generous, and talkative; fond of popularity, and an adept in those arts by which it is won; a prince of the backwoods! For twenty years he was the fighting man of Tennessee, the hope and trust of beleaguered emigrants, and the terror of the marauding savage. He fought in thirty-five battles, and was never wounded and never defeated. Mr. Ramsey tells us that "the secret of his success was the impetuosity and vigor of his charge." "Himself," adds the annalist, "an accomplished horseman, a graceful rider, passionately fond of a spirited charger, always well mounted at the head of his dragoons, he was at once in the midst of the fight. His rapid movements, always unexpected and sudden, disconcerted the enemy, and at the first onset decided the victory."

The immediate occasion of the rupture was this: on his way to Philadelphia in the fall of 1796, Jackson fell in with a young traveler,

who told him there was a company of land speculators in Tennessee, who were forging North Carolina land-warrants, and selling, on various other pretexts, Tennessee lands to which they had no right. Jackson, always strenuous for fair dealing and fair play, thought proper to write to the governor of North Carolina, giving him an account of the young man's statement; and the governor laid the letter before the legislature. An investigation ensued. It was found that the information was not without foundation, and it led to measures which interfered with land speculation in Tennessee, threw some doubt on *all* land titles, and caused large numbers of Tennesseans to look upon Jackson as a man who had done an officious and injurious action. The affair made a great clamor at the time. One man, Stockley Donelson, a connection of Jackson's by marriage, was indicted for conspiracy and fraud, and the torn remains of the indictment are still preserved in the collection of the president of the Tennessee Historical Society. Among those who had unsuspectingly bought and sold the lands *said* to have been fraudulently obtained, was no less a personage than John Sevier, governor of the state. And among the quarrels that grew out of the business, was a most fierce one between him and the innocent cause of all the trouble, Judge Jackson.

First, there was a coolness between the two men; then altercations; then total estrangement; then loud, recriminating talk on both sides, reported to both; then various personal encounters, of which I heard in Tennessee so many different accounts, that I was convinced no one knew any thing about them. At last, in the year 1801, Jackson gained an advantage over Sevier which was peculiarly calculated to wound, disgust, and exasperate the impetuous old soldier, victor in so many battles.

Sevier was then out of office. The major-generalship of militia was vacant, and the two belligerents were candidates for the post, which at that time was keenly coveted by the very first men in the state. Nor was it then merely an affair of title, regimentals, and showy gallopings on the days of general muster. There were then Indians to be kept in awe, as well as constant rumors and threatenings of war with France or England. The office of major-general was in the gift of the field officers, who were empowered by the constitution to select their chief. The canvassings and general agitation which preceded the election on this occasion may be imagined.

The day came. The election was held. There was a tie, an equal number of votes being cast for Jackson and Sevier. In such a conjuncture, the governor of the state, being, from his office, commander-in-chief of the militia, had a casting vote. Governor Roane gave his vote for Jackson, who thus became the major-general, to the discomfiture of the other competitor.

A year or two later, Sevier was a candidate for the governorship again, and a campaign ensued which revived and inflamed all the old animosities. East Tennessee was full of Sevier's partisans, who, in the course of the canvass, imbibed the antipathy of their chief to the favorite of West Tennessee.

In the fall of 1803, while Jackson was on his way from Nashville to Jonesboro', where he was about to hold a court, he was informed by a friend, who met him on the road, that a combination had been formed against him, and that on his arrival at Jonesboro' he might expect to be mobbed. He was sick, at the time, of an intermittent fever, which had so reduced his strength that he was scarcely able to sit on his horse. On hearing this intelligence, he spurred forward, and reached the town; but was so exhausted that he could not dismount without help. Burning with fever, he lay down upon a bed in the tavern. A few minutes after, a friend came in and said that Colonel Harrison and a "regiment of men" were in front of the tavern, who had assembled for the purpose of tarring and feathering him. His friend advised him to lock his door. Jackson rose suddenly, threw his door wide open, and said, with that peculiar emphasis which won him so many battles without fighting,

"Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to wait upon me, and that I hope the colonel's chivalry will induce him to *lead* his men, not follow them."

The regiment, either because they were ashamed to harm a sick man, or afraid to attack a desperate one, thought better of their purpose, and gradually dispersed. Judge Jackson recovered from his fever, held his court as usual, and heard nothing further of any hostile designs at Jonesboro'.

His next court was at Knoxville, the capital of the state, the residence of Governor Sevier, where the legislature was in session. The presence of the legislature, and the convening of the Supreme Court, had filled the town with people. The land fraud excitement

was at its height, as the subject was about to come before the legislature. Judge Jackson arrived in due time, and opened his court without molestation; but as he was leaving the court-house at the end of the first day's session, he found a great crowd assembled in the square before the door, in the midst of which he observed his enemy, the governor, sword in hand, haranguing the excited multitude. The moment Jackson appeared upon the scene, Sevier turned upon him, and poured upon him a volley of vituperation; to which Jackson promptly responded. A wild altercation ensued, in the course of which, it is said, Sevier frequently defied Jackson to mortal combat. They separated at length, and Jackson sent the governor a challenge, which was accepted; but as they could not agree as to the time and place of meeting, the negotiation ended by Jackson suddenly posting Sevier as a coward.

In those mad, fighting times there was in vogue, besides the duel, a kind of informal combat, which was resorted to when the details of a duel could not be arranged. A man might refuse the "satisfaction" of a duel, and yet hold himself bound to *meet* his antagonist at a certain time and place, either alone or accompanied, and "have it out" with him in a rough-and-tumble fight. So, on this occasion, there was an "understanding" that the belligerents were to meet at a designated point just beyond the borders of the state. Jackson was there at the appointed time, accompanied by one friend. The governor, accidentally detained, did not arrive in time. Jackson waited near the spot for two days; but no irate governor appearing above the horizon, he determined to return to Knoxville and compel Sevier to a hostile interview.

He had not gone a mile toward the capital before he descried Governor Sevier approaching on horseback, accompanied by mounted men. Reining in his steed, he sent his friend forward to convey to Sevier a letter which he had prepared during the two days of waiting, in which he recounted their differences from the beginning, stating wherein he conceived himself to have been injured. Sevier declined to receive the letter. On learning this, Jackson appeared to lose all patience, and resolved to end the matter then and there, cost what it might. He rode slowly toward the governor's party until he was within a hundred yards of them. Then, leveling his cane, as knights of old were wont to level their lances, he struck spurs into his horse, and galloped furiously at the gov-

error. Sevier, astounded at this tremendous apparition, and intending, if he fought at all, to fight fairly and on *terra firma*, dismounted; but, in so doing, stepped upon the scabbard of his sword, and fell prostrate under his horse. Jackson, seeing his enemy thus vanish from his sight, reined in his own fiery steed, and gave time for the governor's friends to get between them and prevent a conflict. Through the efforts of some gentlemen in Sevier's party who were friends of both the belligerents, the affair was patched up upon the spot, and the whole party rode toward Knoxville together in amity. Nor was there any renewal of the combat. The anger of the antagonists and their friends found vent in newspaper statements, and after a brief paper war, exhausted itself.

After the explosion of his feud with Governor Sevier, Judge Jackson, never pleased with his office, nor feeling himself adapted to it, became more dissatisfied than ever, and longed to exchange the bench for a place demanding less confinement, and more action. In 1803, the purchase of Louisiana was completed, and Jackson had an expectation of receiving, from President Jefferson, the appointment of governor of that territory. President Jefferson, however, gave the appointment to Mr. W. C. C. Claiborne, with whom General Jackson co-operated in the defence of New Orleans, in the war of 1812. Jackson's resignation of the judgeship was accepted by the legislature, and he found himself, to his unfeigned relief, once more in private life, free to devote himself to his own affairs, which urgently called for his attention. For some years after his retirement from the bench, he was sometimes called, and called himself, *Judge* Jackson. So, at least, I conclude from a pleasant little narrative received from a venerable and most estimable lady of Nashville, which shall conclude and alleviate this warlike chapter.

"It was in 1808," began Mrs. K., "when I was a girl of sixteen, that I first saw General Jackson. It was in East Tennessee, at the house of Captain Lyon, whose family myself and another young lady were visiting. We were sitting at work one afternoon, when a servant, who was lounging at the window, exclaimed, 'Oh, see what a fine, elegant gentleman is coming up the road!' We girls ran to the window, of course, and there, indeed, was a fine gentleman, mounted on a beautiful horse, an upright, striking figure, high jack-boots coming up over the knee, holsters, and every thing hand-

some and complete. He stopped before the door, and said to a negro whom he saw there :

“ ‘ Old man, does Captain Lyon live here ?’

“ ‘ The old man gave the desired information.

“ ‘ Is he at home ?’ inquired the stranger.

“ ‘ He was not at home.

“ ‘ Do you expect him home to-night ?’

“ ‘ Yes ; he was expected every moment. The old man was there waiting to take his horse.

“ ‘ Well, my good boy,’ continued the stranger, ‘ I have come to see Captain Lyon ; and, as he is coming home to-night, I will alight and walk in.’

“ ‘ The old negro, all assiduity and deference, led the horse to the stable, and the stranger entered the house, where we girls were sitting as demurely as though we had *not* been peeping and listening. We all rose as he entered the room. He bowed and smiled, as he said :

“ ‘ Excuse my intruding upon you, ladies, in the absence of Captain Lyon. I am *Judge Jackson*. I have business with Captain Lyon, and am here by his invitation. I hope I do not incommode you.’

“ ‘ We were all captivated by this polite speech, and the agreeable manner in which it was spoken. Soon after, Captain Lyon entered, accompanied by two officers of the army, one of whom was Dr. Bronaugh. We had a delightful evening. I remember Jackson was full of anecdote, and told us a great deal about the early days of Tennessee. Dr. Bronaugh, as it happened, sat next to me, and paid me somewhat marked attentions. The party broke up the next morning, and we saw Judge Jackson ride away on his fine horse, and all agreed that a finer looking man or a better horseman there was not in Tennessee.’ ”

CHAPTER IX.

JACKSON AS A MAN OF BUSINESS.

SOME trade was carried on between the Cumberland settlements and the Atlantic provinces almost from the first. Salt was brought, on pack horses, all the way from Richmond, in Virginia, and from

Augusta, in Georgia, and was sold in Tennessee at ten dollars a bushel. At that day, we are told, the salt gourd was the treasure of every cabin. Iron also, was brought, on pack horses, from the East, and sold at fabulous prices; so that it was used only in the repairing of plows and such other farming utensils as could not be made wholly of wood. Only wooden nails, latches, and hinges were known in the settlements for many years. The hunting-shirts of skins or home-spun cloth, moccasins, hats of home-dressed fur, were generally worn, and rendered dry goods brought from the East unnecessary. But when Jackson came to the Cumberland, in 1788, Nashville was already the center of an active trade, not only with the Eastern States, but with Natchez and New Orleans. "Ten horses, packed with goods from Philadelphia, traveling by slow stages through the length of Virginia, and arriving at the Bluff in the fall of the year 1786, proves that Nashville was not then a 'one horse town,'" says a Tennessee writer.

We have seen General Jackson abruptly resigning the honorable post of senator of the United States. To be a member of Congress, at that day, from a state so remote as Tennessee (six weeks' journey from Philadelphia) absorbed nearly the whole year; and this alone would have rendered such a man as Jackson, formed for activity and keen in the pursuit of fortune, averse to filling the office. Nor was there ever a man less inclined than he to pass the best hours of every day for seven successive months, quiescent in a red morocco chair, playing Senator. In 1798, while still holding his seat in the senate, he succeeded in selling to a merchant of Philadelphia, who desired to invest money in western lands, some thousands of his own wild acres, for the sum of six thousand six hundred and seventy-six dollars. The purchaser was David Allison, then one of the most extensive merchants in the country, a man whose paper, had he lived in our day, would have been styled "gilt-edged." Allison paid for the land in three promissory notes, which were payable, as I conjecture, at intervals of a year or a year and a half. But so high was the credit of Allison, that Jackson was able with these long notes, indorsed by himself, to buy in Philadelphia a stock of goods suitable for the settlements on the Cumberland river. He then resigned his seat in the senate; sent on his goods by wagons to Pittsburg, by flat-boat down the Ohio to Louisville, by wagons again, or pack horses, across the country

to the neighborhood of Nashville; and went home himself to sell them.

He lived then upon a plantation called Hunter's Hill, about thirteen miles from Nashville, and two miles from the "Hermitage" that was to be. He owned there a tract of many thousand acres, of which a part was the subsequent Hermitage farm. A small portion only of his estate was under culture, but his importance in the neighborhood was attested by his living in a frame house, at a time when a house not made of logs was a curiosity. Long ago this mansion was burnt, but there is still standing, or recently was, a small block house near Hunter's Hill, which Jackson is said to have used as a store, and from a narrow window of which he sold goods to the Indians; whose thieving propensities obliged him to exclude them from the interior of the establishment. In the selling of his goods and the general management of his business, he was, for some years, assisted by John Hutchings, a near relation of Mrs. Jackson.

Jackson, as we have seen, accepted the judgeship of the Supreme Court, intending to continue his little store in operation, and to snatch time enough between his courts to make an occasional swift journey to Philadelphia for the purchase of a fresh supply of goods. For a while all went well with him. But, before the first Allison note was due, came the crash and panic of 1798 and 1799, during which David Allison failed. Notice was forwarded to Jackson to provide for the payment of the notes with which he had bought his stock of goods. This was a staggering blow; not only because the amount of the loss was large, but because the notes had to be paid in money, *real* money, money that was current in Philadelphia, which, of all commodities, was the one most scarce in the new states of the far West. To the honor of Andrew Jackson be it recorded, that each of these large notes was paid, principal and interest, on the day of its maturity. To do this cost him a long and desperate effort, one more severe, perhaps, than any other of his whole life, public or private. But it was *done*. In doing it, however, he became involved in various ways. He was an embarrassed and anxious man during the whole period of his judgeship, and found himself, after six years of public service, embarrassed and anxious still.

Andrew Jackson was a man singularly averse to any thing complicated and of all complications the one under which he was most

restive was debt. He *hated* debt. So, about the year 1804, he resolved upon simplifying, or "straightening out" his affairs, and commencing life anew. He resigned his judgeship. He sold his house and improved farm on Hunter's Hill. He sold twenty-five thousand acres, more or less, of his wild lands in other parts of the state. He paid off all his debts. He removed, with his negroes, to the place now known as the Hermitage, and lived once more in a house of logs. He went more extensively into mercantile business than ever. Soon, we find him connected in business with John Coffee; the firm now being Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings. Coffee had before been engaged in business in a neighboring village, and, says tradition, had failed. The store occupied by the firm of Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings was a block-house, standing then, and standing now, on Stone's River, at a place called Clover Bottom, four miles from the Hermitage, and seven from Nashville. The old block-house is now a pile without inhabitant; the mortar is falling out of the interstices; the windows are broken; the roof is rotting away. Coffee (not yet married to Mrs. Jackson's niece) lived in the block-house then, as well as sold merchandise therein, and Jackson rode over in the morning from the Hermitage, served in the store all day, and rode home at night, with the regularity of a man of business. Need I add, that this John Coffee, the partner of Andrew Jackson, was afterward his faithful comrade in the wars—General Coffee, the hero of the twenty-third of December 1814!

Jackson was now a man with many irons in the fire. First, there was his farm, cultivated by slaves, superintended by Mrs. Jackson, in the absence of her lord. The large family of slaves, one hundred and fifty in number, of which he died possessed, were mostly descended from the few that he owned in his storekeeping days. He was a vigilant and successful farmer. To use the language of the South, "He *made* good crops." He was proud of a well cultivated field. Every visitor was invited to go the rounds of his farm, and see his cotton, corn, and wheat, his horses, cows, and mules. He had, also, a backwoodsman's skill in repairing and contriving, and spent many a day in putting an old plow in order, or finishing off a new cabin.

On his plantation he had a cotton-gin, a rarity at that day, upon which there was a special tax of twenty dollars a year. The tax books of Davidson county show that in 1804 there were but twenty-

four gins in the county, of which Andrew Jackson was the owner of one. This cotton-gin served to clean his own cotton, the cotton of his neighbors, and that which he took in exchange for goods.

The business of his store was of several kinds. He sold goods brought from Philadelphia, such as cloth, blankets, calico, and dry goods generally; prices on the Cumberland being about three times those of Philadelphia. Broadcloth bought in Philadelphia for five dollars a yard, Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings sold in their store for fifteen dollars. They also dealt in salt, grindstones, hardware, gunpowder, cow bells, and whatever else the people of the neighborhood wanted. In payment for these commodities, they took, not money, but cotton, ginned and unginned, wheat, corn, tobacco, pork, skins, furs, and, indeed, all the produce of the country. This produce they sent in flat-boats down the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Mississippi to Natchez, where it was sold for the market of New Orleans. It appears, also, that the firm made it a business to build boats for other traders, their situation on a branch of the Cumberland giving them facilities for that. At one time, too, probably before Coffee joined them, Jackson and Hutchings had a branch of their store at Gallatin, the capital of Sumner county, Tennessee, twenty-six miles from Nashville.

General Jackson's fine horses were also a source of profit to him. At that period a good horse was among the pioneer's first necessities and most valued possessions; and, to this day, the horse is a creature of far more importance at the South, where every one rides and must ride on horseback, than at the North, where riding is the luxury of the few.

In the Southern States, too, the horse is chiefly used for the saddle; there being a *servile class* of quadrupeds, mules, namely, to perform the more laborious and less honorable work of the plantation. The consequence is, that the qualities prized in the horse are those which fit him to bear his master along with grace, spirit, and speed; the qualities which are summed up in the expression, thorough-bred. At an early day, therefore, we find the Tennesseans devoting great attention to the rearing of high-bred horses—a business afterward stimulated by their passion for the turf. Soon after Jackson left the bench, he set off for a tour in Virginia, then universally renowned for her breed of horses, for the sole object of procuring the most perfect horse in the country.

The far-famed TRUXTON was the result of this journey; Truxton—winner of many a well-contested race, and progenitor of a line of Truxtons highly prized in Tennessee to this hour.

To all these sources of profit—farm, cotton-gin, store, flat-boat and horse—was added, it is said, an occasional transaction in negroes. There is an odium attached to this business in the slave states, as is well known; and, consequently, the alleged negro trading of General Jackson has excited a great deal of angry controversy. I was myself informed, in a mysterious whisper, by a Southern gentleman in high office, that this was the only “blot” on the character of the General. It is not necessary to investigate a subject of this nature. The simple truth respecting it, I presume, is, that having correspondents in Natchez, and being in the habit of sending down boat-loads of produce, the firm of which he was a member occasionally took charge of negroes destined for the lower country, and, it may be, sold them on commission, or otherwise.

I may state here, that General Jackson took slavery for granted. In no letter of his, of the hundreds I have perused, is there a sentence indicating that he had ever considered the subject as a question of right or wrong. His slaves loved him, and revere his memory. He was the most indulgent, patient, and generous of masters; so indulgent, indeed, that the overseers employed by him in later years, often complained of the consequent laxity of discipline on the estate.

Respecting General Jackson's mode of dealing, we have agreeable information. “A cool, shrewd man of business,” remarked a venerated citizen of Nashville. “He knew the value of an article. He knew his own mind. Hence, he was prompt and decided. No chaffering, no bargaining. ‘I will give or take so much; if you will trade, say so, and have done with it; if not, let it alone.’ A man of soundest judgment, utterly honest, *naturally* honest; would beggar himself to pay a debt, and did so; could not be comfortable if he thought he had wronged any one. He was swift to make up his mind, yet was rarely wrong; but whether wrong or right, hard to be shaken. Still, if convinced that he was in the wrong, no man so prompt to acknowledge and atone. He was a bank hater from an early day. Paper money was an abomination to him, because he regarded it in the light of a promise to pay, that was almost certain, sooner or later, to be broken. For his own part,

law, or no law, he would pay what he owed; he would do what he said he would."

The credit of General Jackson was remarkably high in Tennessee at this time, and continued so to the end of his life. There was never a day when his name to paper did not make it gold.

The store of Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings, it appears, did not prove very profitable. Some bad debts were made, and as there was then no mail between Nashville and the lower country, there was no way of ascertaining beforehand the market price of the commodities brought for transportation to New Orleans. Sometimes the boat-loads of produce reached a gintted market, and there was a heavy loss. Moreover, the enormous cost of bringing goods from Philadelphia to the Cumberland narrowed the "margin" for profit, besides absorbing a large amount of money. The tradition is, that after some years of storekeeping, Jackson sold out to Coffee, taking notes payable at long intervals in payment for his share; that Coffee floundered on awhile himself and lost all he had in the world; that, afterward, Coffee gave up the business, resumed the occupation of surveying, prospered, and married a niece of Mrs. Jackson; that, on the wedding-day, General Jackson did the handsome and dramatic thing—brought out Coffee's notes from his strong box, tore them in halves, and presented the pieces to the bride, with a magnificent bow. Which latter incident has the merit of being entirely probable; for his generosity to the relatives of his wife was boundless.

He was still a keen lover of sport. The people about Nashville increased very rapidly both in numbers and wealth after the new century began. It became a gay and somewhat dissipated place. Billiards, for example, were played to such excess, that the game was suppressed by act of the legislature. The two annual races were the great days of the year. Cards were played wherever two men found themselves together with nothing to do. Betting in all its varieties was carried on continually. Cock-fights were not unfrequent. The whisky bottle—could that be wanting?

In all these sports—the innocent and less innocent—Andrew Jackson was an occasional participant. He played billiards and cards, and both for money. He ran horses and betted upon the horses of others. He was occasionally hilarious over his whisky or his wine, when he came to Nashville on Saturdays. At the cock-pit

no man more eager than he. There are gentlemen of the first respectability now living at Nashville who remember seeing him often at the cock-pit in the public square adjoining the old Nashville inn, cheering on his favorite birds with loudest vociferation.

"Hurrah! my Dominica! Ten dollars on my Dominica!" or, "Hurrah! my Bernadotte! Twenty dollars on my Bernadotte! Who'll take me up? Well done, my Bernadotte! My Bernadotte forever!"

CHAPTER X.

DUEL WITH CHARLES DICKINSON.

THE revolutionary war introduced among the people of rustic America the practice of resorting to arms for the settlement of quarrels. Every man who had worn a sash or even shouldered a musket in that contest, seems to have hugged the delusion that he was thenceforth subject to the code of honor. He retained the title and affected the tone of a soldier. I call it affectation, believing that no man with Saxon blood dominant in his veins ever yet fought a duel without being distinctly conscious that he was doing a very silly thing. Yet there never existed a people so given to dueling and other domestic battling as the people of the South and West from 1790 to 1810. In Charleston, about the year 1800, we are told, there was a club of duelists, in which every man took precedence according to the number of times he had been "out;" so difficult was it for the duelists to support the reproaches of their own good sense. "I believe," says General W. H. Harrison, "that there were more duels in the north-western army between the years 1791 and 1795 than ever took place in the same length of time, and among so small a body of men as composed the commissioned officers of the army, either in America or any other country."

As late as 1834, Miss Martineau tells us there were more duels fought in the city of New Orleans than there are days in the year: "Fifteen on one Sunday morning;" "one hundred and two between the first of January and the end of April."

In the interior settlements, if dueling was rarer, fighting of a less formal and deadly character was so common as to excite scarcely

any notice or remark. It was taken for granted, apparently, that whenever a number of men were gathered together for any purpose whatever, there must be fighting. The meetings of the legislature, the convening of courts, the assemblages out of doors for religious purposes, were all alike the occasion both of single combats and general fights. "The exercises of a market day," says the Rev. Mr. Milburn, "were usually varied by political speeches, a sheriff's sale, *half a dozen free fights* and thrice as many horse swaps."

The intelligent reader will not be misled by these general remarks. The majority of the pioneers, doubtless, lived in peace with their neighbors all the days of their lives. Nor was there any necessity, even for a public man, to fight duels. There was Judge Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, a man of proved courage, who set his face against the practice of dueling from the beginning of his career, and lost nothing either of the good-will or the respect of his neighbors thereby. In 1817, he procured the passage of a stringent law which almost put an end to duels in Tennessee. It must be added, however, that Judge White was an exceptional character. Such was his tenderness of feeling, such his horror of shedding human blood, that he would not permit the annalist of Tennessee to so much as record his youthful exploit of killing the Indian chief, the Kingfisher.

For a man of General Jackson's blood and principles to have lived in the Tennessee of that day without fighting, was impossible. His blood was hot, and his principles were those of a soldier of fifty years ago; principles, remember, to which he was a *convert*, not an heir; and a convert is apt to be over zealous. His good traits, no less than his bad ones, involved him in disputes which, there and then, could end only in fighting. He could not have been Andrew Jackson and not fought.

Let most of the old Jacksonian quarrels pass into oblivion. Some of them, however, were of such a nature, and are so notorious, that they cannot be omitted in any fair account of his career. We have now arrived at one of these. The series of trivial and absurd events which led to the horrible tragedy of the Dickinson duel—events which, but for that tragic ending, would be nothing more than amusing illustrations of the manners of a past age—now claim our serious attention.

It all grew out of a projected horse-race that was never run.

General Jackson, always fond of the turf, as all men of his temperament were, are, and will always be, was in these years particularly devoted to it, because it was a source of profit to him as well as pleasure. The Nashville race-course, too, was then at Clover Bottom, close to his own store, a superb circular field on Stone's river, famous as being the place where old Colonel Donelson, after his adventurous river-voyage, planted his first corn; famous, too, for having borne fine crops of corn for sixty years without rotation. A beautiful field it is, just large enough for a mile course, with the requisite margin for spectators and their vehicles. Here Jackson trained his racing colts; here he tried the paces of his renowned horse, Truxton, when he first brought him home from Virginia; here, every spring and autumn, he attended the races, among the most eager of the motley throng which those great occasions assembled. The ownership of Truxton rendered General Jackson a leader of the turf for some years, as that horse was superior to any other in that part of the great West.

For the autumn races of 1805, a great race was arranged between General Jackson's Truxton and Captain Joseph Ervin's Plowboy. The stakes were two thousand dollars, payable on the day of the race in notes, which notes were to be then due; forfeit, eight hundred dollars. Six persons were interested in this race: on Truxton's side, General Jackson, Major W. P. Anderson, Major Verrell, and Captain Pryor; on the side of Plowboy, Captain Ervin and his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson. Before the day appointed for the race arrived, Ervin and Dickinson decided to pay the forfeit and withdraw their horse, which was done, amicably done, and the affair was supposed to be at an end.

About this time a report reached General Jackson's ears that Charles Dickinson had uttered disparaging words of Mrs. Jackson, which was with Jackson the sin not to be pardoned. Dickinson was a lawyer by profession, but, like Jackson, speculated in produce, horses, and (it is said) in slaves. He was well connected, possessed considerable property, and had a large circle of gay friends. He is represented as a somewhat wild, dissipated young man; yet not unamiable, nor disposed wantonly to wound the feelings of others. When excited by drink, or by any other cause, he was prone to talk loosely and swear violently—as drunken men will. He had the reputation of being the best shot in Tennessee. Upon hearing this report,

General Jackson called on Dickinson and asked him if he had used the language attributed to him. Dickinson replied that if he had, it must have been when he was drunk. Further explanations and denials removed all ill feeling from General Jackson's mind, and they separated in a friendly manner.

A second time, it is said, Dickinson uttered offensive words respecting Mrs. Jackson in a tavern at Nashville, which were duly conveyed by some meddling parasite to General Jackson. Jackson, I am told, then went to Captain Ervin, and advised him to exert his influence over his son-in-law, and induce him to restrain his tongue, and comport himself like a gentleman in his cups. "I wish no quarrel with him," said Jackson; "he is *used* by my enemies in Nashville, who are urging him on to pick a quarrel with me. Advise him to stop in time." It appears, however, that enmity grew between these two men. In January, 1806, when the events occurred that are now to be related, there was the worst possible feeling between them.

I give this account of the origin of the enmity as I have received it from General Jackson's surviving associates. Not that they received it from *him*. General Jackson was so averse to talking of a finished quarrel, that many of his most intimate friends—friends of years' standing—never heard him once allude to this sad business.

Deadly enmity existing between Jackson and Dickinson, a very trivial event was sufficient to bring them into collision. A young lawyer of Nashville, named Swann, misled by false information, circulated a report that Jackson had accused the owners of Plow-boy of paying their forfeit in notes other than those which had been agreed upon; notes less valuable, because not due at the date of settling. The starting of this report led to a most angry and indecent correspondence between Jackson and Swann, and, at length, to Jackson assailing Swann in a bar-room with a walking stick. Into this quarrel, as into a vortex, all the friends of both parties were drawn, and a duel between General Coffee and a young man named Nathaniel McNairy grew out of it, in which Coffee was wounded. General Jackson, in one of his letters to Mr. Swann, went out of his way to assail Charles Dickinson, by name, calling him "a base poltroon and cowardly tale-bearer," requesting Swann to show Dickinson these offensive words, and offering to meet him in the field if he desired satisfaction for the same.

Mr. Swann showed Dickinson this insulting letter, to which Dickinson replied in language far more moderate than that employed by General Jackson. He denied that he was a tale-bearer, and, as to the charge of cowardice, "I think," said he, "it is as applicable to yourself as any one I know." He concluded by saying that he was quite willing, when opportunity served, to exchange shots with Jackson. Having penned this epistle, he started down the river toward New Orleans, and was absent from the scene of contention for some months, during which the quarrel raged on, and the whole correspondence was published in the Nashville newspaper. Dickinson returned, and read all these bitter effusions. One of Jackson's letters spoke of Dickinson as a "worthless, drunken, lying scoundrel." Upon reading the letters, Dickinson published a card, which contained these words:

"I declare him, notwithstanding he is a major-general of the militia of Mero district, to be a worthless scoundrel, 'a poltroon and a coward'—a man who, by frivolous and evasive pretexts, avoided giving the satisfaction which was due to a gentleman whom he had injured. This has prevented me from calling on him in the manner I should otherwise have done, for I am well convinced that he is too great a coward to administer any of those anodynes he promised me in his letter to Mr. Swann."

Jackson instantly challenged Dickinson. The challenge was promptly accepted. Friday, May 30th, 1806, was the day appointed for the meeting; the weapons, pistols; the place, a spot on the banks of the Red River, in Kentucky. The following rules were agreed upon by the seconds: "It is agreed that the distance shall be twenty-four feet; the parties to stand facing each other, with their pistols down perpendicularly. When they are ready, the single word, FIRE, to be given; at which they are to fire as soon as they please. Should either fire before the word is given, we pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly. The person to give the word to be determined by lot, as also the choice of position. We mutually agree that the above regulations shall be observed in the affair of honor depending between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esq."

These preliminaries were completed on Saturday, May 24th. The duel was not to take place till the Friday following. The quarrel thus far had excited intense interest in Nashville, and the succes-

sive numbers of the *Impartial Review* had been read with avidity. The coming duel was no secret, though the time and place were not known to any but the friends of the parties. Bets, I am informed, were laid upon the result of the meeting, the odds being against Jackson. Dickinson himself is said to have bet five hundred dollars that he would bring his antagonist down at the first fire. Another informant says three thousand.

The place appointed for the meeting was a long day's ride from Nashville. Thursday morning, before the dawn of day, Dickinson stole from the side of his young and beautiful wife, and began silently to prepare for the journey. She awoke, and asked him why he was up so early. He replied, that he had business in Kentucky across the Red River, but it would not detain him long. Before leaving the room he went up to his wife, kissed her with peculiar tenderness and said:

“Good-by, darling; I shall be *sure* to be at home to-morrow night.”

He mounted his horse and repaired to the rendezvous, where his second and half a dozen of the gay blades of Nashville were waiting to escort him on his journey. Away they rode, in the highest spirits, as though they were upon a party of pleasure. Indeed, they made a party of pleasure of it. When they stopped for rest or refreshment, Dickinson is said to have amused the company by displaying his wonderful skill with the pistol. Once, at a distance of twenty-four feet, he fired four balls, each at the word of command, into a space that could be covered by a silver dollar. Several times he cut a string with his bullet from the same distance. It is said that he left a severed string hanging near a tavern, and said to the landlord as he rode away,

“If General Jackson comes along this road, show him *that*!”

It is also said, that he laid a wager of five hundred dollars that he would hit his antagonist within half an inch of a certain button on his coat. I neither believe nor deny any of these stories; but so many of the same kind are still told in the neighborhood, that it is safe to conclude that, on this fatal ride, Dickinson *did* affect much of that recklessness of manner which was once supposed to be an evidence of high courage. The party went frisking and galloping along the lonely forest roads, making short cuts that cautious travelers never attempted, dashing across creeks and rivers, and making the woods ring and echo with their shouts and laughter.

Very different was the demeanor of General Jackson and the party that accompanied him. His second, General Thomas Overton, an old revolutionary soldier, versed in the science, and familiar with the practice of dueling, had reflected deeply upon the conditions of the coming combat, with the view to conclude upon the tactics most likely to save his friend from Dickinson's unerring bullet. For this duel was not to be the amusing mockery that some modern duels have been. This duel was to be *real*. It was to be an affair in which each man was to strive with his utmost skill to effect the purpose of the occasion—disable his antagonist and save his own life. As the principal and the second rode apart from the rest, they discussed all the chances and probabilities with the single aim to decide upon a course which should result in the disabling of Dickinson and the saving of Jackson. The mode of fighting which had been agreed upon was somewhat peculiar. The pistols were to be held downward until the word was given to fire; then each man was to fire *as soon as he pleased*. With such an arrangement it was scarcely possible that both the pistols should be discharged at the same moment. There was a chance, even, that by extreme quickness of movement, one man could bring down his antagonist without himself receiving a shot. The question anxiously discussed between Jackson and Overton was this: Shall we try to get the first shot, or shall we permit Dickinson to have it? They agreed, at length, that it would be decidedly better to *let* Dickinson fire first. In the first place, Dickinson, like all miraculous shots, required no time to take aim, and would have a far better chance than Jackson in a quick shot, even if both fired at once. And in spite of any thing Jackson could do, Dickinson would be almost sure to get the first fire. Moreover, Jackson was *certain* he would be hit; and he was unwilling to subject his own aim to the chance of its being totally destroyed by the shock of the blow. For Jackson was resolved on hitting Dickinson. His feelings toward his adversary were embittered by what he had heard of his public practicings and boastful wagers. "I should have hit him, if he had shot me through the brain," said Jackson once. In pleasant discourse of this kind, the two men wiled away the hours of the long journey.

A tavern kept by one David Miller, somewhat noted in the neighborhood, stood on the banks of the Red River, near the ground appointed for the duel. Late in the afternoon of Thursday,

the 29th of May, the inmates of this tavern were surprised by the arrival of a party of seven or eight horsemen. Jacob Smith, then employed by Miller as an overseer, but now himself a planter in the vicinity, was standing before the house when this unexpected company rode up. One of these horsemen asked him if they could be accommodated with lodgings for the night. They could. The party dismounted, gave their horses to the attendant negroes, and entered the tavern. No sooner had they done so, than honest Jacob was perplexed by the arrival of a second cavalcade—Dickinson and his friends, who also asked for lodgings. The manager told them the house was full; but that he never turned travelers away, and if they chose to remain, he would do the best he could for them. Dickinson then asked where was the next house of entertainment. He was directed to a house two miles lower down the river, kept by William Harrison. The house is still standing. The room in which Dickinson slept that night, and *slept* the night following, is the one now used by the occupants as a dining-room.

Jackson ate heartily at supper that night, conversing in a lively, pleasant manner, and smoked his evening pipe as usual. Jacob Smith remembers being exceedingly pleased with his guest, and, on learning the cause of his visit, heartily wishing him a safe deliverance.

Before breakfast on the next morning the whole party mounted and rode down the road that wound close along the picturesque banks of the stream.

About the same hour, the overseer and his gang of negroes went to the fields to begin their daily toil; he, longing to venture within sight of what he knew was about to take place.

The horsemen rode about a mile along the river; then turned down toward the river to a point on the bank where they had expected to find a ferryman. No ferryman appearing, Jackson spurred his horse into the stream and dashed across, followed by all his party. They rode into the poplar forest, two hundred yards or less, to a spot near the center of a level platform or river bottom, then covered with forest, now smiling with cultivated fields. The horsemen halted and dismounted just before reaching the appointed place. Jackson, Overton, and a surgeon who had come with them from home, walked on together, and the rest led their horses a short distance in an opposite direction.

"How do you feel about it now, General?" asked one of the party, as Jackson turned to go.

"Oh, all right," replied Jackson, gayly; "I shall wing him, never fear."

Dickinson's second won the choice of position, and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The astute Overton considered this giving of the word a matter of great importance, and he had already determined *how* he would give it, if the lot fell to him. The eight paces were measured off, and the men placed. Both were perfectly collected. All the politenesses of such occasions were very strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock-coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two. But Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood under the tall poplars on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the moment of doom.

"Are you ready?" said Overton.

"I am ready," replied Dickinson.

"I am ready," said Jackson.

The words were no sooner pronounced than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried, using his old country pronunciation,

"FERE!"

Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his chest. He is surely hit, thought Overton, and in a bad place, too: but no; he does not fall. Erect and grim as Fate he stood, his teeth clenched. He raised his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had unconsciously recoiled a pace or two.

"Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him?"

"Back to the MARK, sir!" shrieked Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg, and stood with his eyes averted from his antagonist. All this was the work of a moment, though it requires many words to tell it.

General Jackson took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger, and discovered that it had stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place, and took aim a second time. He fired. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends rushed toward him, caught him in their arms, and gently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trowsers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. And, here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the *opposite* hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body, below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal.

Overton went forward and learned the condition of the wounded man. Rejoining his principal, he said, "He won't want any thing more of you, General," and conducted him from the ground. They had gone a hundred yards, Overton walking on one side of Jackson, the surgeon on the other, and neither speaking a word, when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood.

"My God! General Jackson, are you hit?" he exclaimed, pointing to the blood.

"Oh! I believe," replied Jackson, "that he has pinked me a little. Let's look at it. But say nothing about it *there*," pointing to the house.

He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating. But the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive Dickinson, the ball had only broken a rib or two, and raked the breast-bone. It was a somewhat painful, bad-looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous, and he was able to ride to the tavern without much inconvenience. Upon approaching the house, he went up to one of the negro women who was churning, and asked her if the butter had come. She said it was just coming. He asked for some buttermilk. While she was getting it for him, she observed him furtively open his coat and look within it. She saw that his shirt was soaked with blood, and she stood gazing in blank horror at the sight, dipper in hand. He caught her eye, and hastily buttoned his coat again. She dipped out a quart measure full of buttermilk, and gave it to him. He drank it off at a draught; then went in, took off his coat, and had

his wound carefully examined and dressed. That done, he dispatched one of his retinue to Dr. Catlett, to inquire respecting the condition of Dickinson, and to say that the surgeon attending himself would be glad to contribute his aid toward Mr. Dickinson's relief. Polite reply was returned that Mr. Dickinson's case was past surgery. In the course of the day, General Jackson sent a bottle of wine to Dr. Catlett for the use of his patient.

But there was one gratification which Jackson could not, even in such circumstances, grant him. A very old friend of General Jackson writes to me thus: "Although the general had been wounded, he did not desire it should be known until he had left the neighborhood, and had therefore concealed it at first from his own friends. His reason for this, as he once stated to me, was, that as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world, and was certain of killing him at the first fire, *he did not want him to have the gratification even of knowing that he had touched him.*"

Poor Dickinson bled to death. The flowing of blood was stanchd, but could not be stopped. He was conveyed to the house in which he had passed the night, and placed upon a mattrass, which was soon drenched with blood. He suffered extreme agony, and uttered horrible cries all that long day. At nine o'clock in the evening he suddenly asked why they had put out the lights. The doctor knew then that the end was at hand; that the wife, who had been sent for in the morning, would not arrive in time to close her husband's eyes. He died five minutes after, cursing, it is said, with his last breath, the ball that had entered his body. The poor wife hurried away on hearing that her husband was "dangerously wounded," and met, as she rode toward the scene of the duel, a procession of silent horsemen escorting a rough emigrant wagon that contained her husband's remains.

The news created in Nashville the most profound sensation. "On Tuesday evening (afternoon) last," said the *Impartial Review* of the following week, "the remains of Mr. Charles Dickinson were committed to the grave, at the residence of Mr. Joseph Ervin, attended by a large number of citizens of Nashville and its neighborhood. There have been few occasions on which stronger impressions of sorrow or testimonies of greater respect were evinced than on the one we have the unwelcome task to record. In the prime of life, and blessed in domestic circumstances with almost every valu-

able enjoyment, he fell a victim to the barbarous and pernicious practice of dueling. By his untimely fate the community is deprived of an amiable man and a virtuous citizen. His friends will long lament with particular sensibility the deplorable event. Mr. Dickinson was a native of Maryland, where he was highly valued by the discriminating and good; and those who knew him best respected him most. With a consort that has to bear with this, the severest of afflictions, and an infant child, his friends and acquaintances will cordially sympathize. Their loss is above calculation. May Heaven assuage their anguish by administering such consolations as are beyond the power of human accident or change."

But the matter did not rest here. Charles Dickinson had many friends in Nashville, and Andrew Jackson many enemies. The events preceding, and the circumstances attending the duel, were such as to excite horror and disgust in many minds. An informal meeting of citizens was held, who could hit upon no better way of expressing their feelings than sending the following memorial to the proprietors of the *Impartial Review*:—"The subscribers, citizens of Nashville and its vicinity, respectfully request Mr. Bradford and Mr. Eastin to put the next number of their paper in mourning as a tribute of respect for the memory, and regret for the untimely death of Mr. Charles Dickinson."

Seventy-three names, many of which were of the highest respectability, were appended to this document. Mr. Eastin had no hesitation in promising to comply with the request.

Upon his couch at the Hermitage General Jackson heard of this movement. With his usual promptitude he dispatched to the editor the following letter:—MR. EASTIN:—I am informed that at the request of sundry citizens of Nashville and vicinity, you are about to dress your paper in mourning 'as a tribute of respect for the memory and regret for the untimely death of Charles Dickinson.' Your paper is the public vehicle, and is always taken as the public will, unless the contrary appears. *Presuming that the public is not in mourning for this event*, in justice to that public, it is only fair and right to set forth the names of those citizens who have made the request. The thing is so novel that names ought to appear that the public might judge whether the true motives of the signers were 'a tribute of respect for the deceased,' or something else that at first sight does not appear."

The editor, with equal complaisance and ingenuity, contrived to oblige all parties. He placed his paper in mourning, he published the memorial, he published General Jackson's letter, and he added to the whole the following remarks: "In answer to the request of General Jackson, I can only observe that, previously, the request of some of the citizens of Nashville and its vicinity had been put to type, and as soon as it had transpired that the above request had been made, a number of the subscribers, to the amount of twenty-six, called and erased their names. Always willing to support, by my acts, the title of my paper—always willing to attend to the request of any portion of our citizens when they will take the responsibility on themselves, induced me to comply with the petition of those requesting citizens, and place my paper in mourning. Impartiality induces me also to attend to the request of General Jackson."

A week or two later, Captain Ervin, the father-in-law of the unfortunate Dickinson, published a brief recapitulation of the quarrel from the beginning, incorporating with his article a final statement by Mr. Thomas Swann. Swann exculpated Dickinson wholly. "I do avow," said he, "that neither Mr. Dickinson nor any other person urged me forward to quarrel with Jackson." He asserted in the most solemn manner that every thing had occurred just as in the published correspondence and affidavits it had appeared to occur. He admitted, however, that there was enmity between Jackson and Dickinson before his own quarrel with Jackson began.

General Jackson's wound proved to be more severe and troublesome than was at first anticipated. It was nearly a month before he could move about without inconvenience, and when the wound healed, it healed falsely; that is, some of the viscera were slightly displaced, and so remained. Twenty years after, this forgotten wound forced itself upon his remembrance, and *kept* itself there for many a year. It was Dickinson's bullet that killed Andrew Jackson at last.

The reader is now in possession of all the attainable information which could assist him in forming a judgment of this sad, this deplorable, this shocking, this wicked affair. Unfortunately, the evidence which makes against Jackson is indubitable, while the extenuating circumstances rest upon tradition only. It is evident that he was deeply imbittered against Dickinson before the affair with Swann began. No man is competent to pronounce decisively upon Jack-

son's conduct in this business, who does not know precisely and completely the cause of that original enmity. A very slight observation of life is sufficient to show that the party most injured is the one that often *appears* to be most in the wrong. A chronic grinding wrong extorts, at length, the wrathful word or the avenging blow. The bystander hears the imprecation, sees the stroke, and knowing nothing that has gone before, condemns the victim and pities the guilty. That Jackson was singularly morbid upon the subject of his peculiar marriage, we shall often observe.

It is not true, as has been alleged, that this duel did not affect General Jackson's popularity in Tennessee. It followed quick upon his feud with Governor Sevier; and both quarrels told against him in many quarters of the state. And though there were large numbers whom the nerve and courage which he had displayed in the duel blinded to all considerations of civilization and morality, yet it is certain that at no time between the years 1806 and 1812, could General Jackson have been elected to any office in Tennessee that required a majority of the voters of the whole state. Almost any well-informed Tennessean, old enough to remember those years, will support me in this assertion. Beyond the circle of his own friends, which was large, there existed a very general impression that he was a violent, arbitrary, overbearing, passionate man.

CHAPTER XI.

GENERAL JACKSON AT HOME.

BETWEEN the fighting of this bloody duel and the beginning of the war of 1812, there is not much to relate of the public life of General Jackson. A few incidents and anecdotes of his private life may detain us a moment from the stirring scenes of his military career.

He removed, as we have before related, from Hunter's Hill, about the year 1804, to the adjoining estate, which he named the Hermitage. The spacious mansion now standing on that estate, in which he resided during the last twenty-five years of his life, was not built

until about the year 1819. A square, two story block-house was General Jackson's first dwelling-place on the Hermitage farm. This house, like many others of its class, contained three rooms; one on the ground-floor, and two up-stairs. To this house was soon added a smaller one, which stood about twenty feet from the principal structure, and was connected with it by a covered passage. This was General Jackson's establishment from 1804 to 1819. These houses are still standing at the Hermitage, though not so close together as they were formerly. The larger block-house stands where it stood when occupied by General Jackson; but has been cut down into a one-story house, and used for the last thirty years as a negro cabin. It does not differ, in any respect, from the ordinary block negro cabins of the South. The interior, never ceiled, is now as black as ebony with the smoke of sixty years. There is the usual trap-door in the middle of the floor for the convenience of stowage under the house, for cellar there is none. There is the usual vast fireplace, capable of a cord of wood; from which Jackson went forth to the wars, haggard and anxious; to which he returned, still haggard, but with the light of victory in his face. The smaller house has been drawn up near the present Hermitage; where it also serves as a negro cabin, and shows its ring of little ebony faces round the generous fire as the stranger peeps in. The building which formerly connected these two stands near by, and is used as a storehouse. "There is nothing but plunder in it," explained one of the negro women.

In an establishment so restricted, General Jackson and his good-hearted wife continued to dispense a most generous hospitality. A lady of Nashville tells me that she has often been at the Hermitage in those simple old times, when there was in each of the four available rooms, not a guest merely, but a *family*; while the young men and solitary travelers who chanced to drop in disposed of themselves on the piazza, or any other half shelter about the house. "Put down in your book," said one of General Jackson's oldest neighbors, "that the general was the prince of hospitality; not because he entertained a great many people; but because the poor, belated peddler, was as welcome as the president of the United States, and made so much at his ease that he felt as though he had got home."

May 29th, 1805, Colonel Burr, then making his first tour of the western country, visited the thriving frontier town of Nashville.

Throughout the West, Burr was received as the great man, and nowhere with such distinction as at Nashville. People poured in from the adjacent country to see and welcome so renowned a personage. Flags, cannons, and martial music contributed to the eclat of his reception. An extemporized but superabundant dinner concluded the ceremonies, in the course of which Burr addressed the multitude with the serious grace that usually marked his demeanor in public. Could Jackson be absent from such an ovation—Jackson, who had been with the great man in Congress, and worked in concert with him for Tennessee? Impossible! On the morning of this bright day General Jackson mounted one of his finest horses, and rode to Nashville attended by a servant leading a milk-white mare. In the course of the dinner General Jackson gave a toast: “Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute;” and when Colonel Burr retired from the apartment, General Overton proposed his health to the company. General Jackson returned home at the close of the day accompanied by Colonel Burr, who was to be his guest during his stay in that vicinity. Burr remained only five days at the Hermitage, but promised to make a longer visit on his return. In the hasty outline of a journal which he kept for the amusement of his daughter, he made this entry concerning his first visit to Nashville:—“Arrived at Nashville on the 29th of May. One is astonished at the number of sensible, well-informed and well-behaved people found here. I have been received with much hospitality and kindness, and could stay a month with pleasure; but General Andrew Jackson having provided us a boat, we shall set off on Sunday, the 2d of June, to navigate down the Cumberland, either to Smithland, at its mouth, or to Eddyville, sixty or eighty miles above; at one of which places we expect to find our boat, with which we intend to make a rapid voyage down the Mississippi to Natchez and Orleans. Left Nashville, on the 3d of June, in an open boat.”

August the 6th, 1805, Burr visited the Hermitage again, on his return from New Orleans, as he had promised. Of this visit, which lasted eight days, we have no knowledge except that derived from Burr's too brief diary:—“Arrived at Nashville on the 6th August. For a week I have been lounging at the house of General Jackson, once a lawyer, after a judge, now a planter; a man of intelligence, and one of those prompt, frank, ardent souls whom I love to meet. The general has no children, but two lovely nieces made a visit of

some days, contributed greatly to my amusement, and have cured me of all the evils of my wilderness jaunt. If I had time I would describe to you these two girls, for they deserve it. To-morrow I move on toward Lexington."

There is no doubt as to the topic upon which Colonel Burr and General Jackson chiefly conversed on this occasion. There was but *one* topic then in the western country—the threatened war with Spain.

Antipathy to Spaniards had been for twenty years a ruling passion with that portion of the western people whose prosperity depended upon their possessing free access to the mouth of the Mississippi. The Spanish authorities on the great river comported themselves so as to keep alive this ill feeling. They were arrogant, mean, and dishonest. A long course of irritating behavior had, at length, brought Spain and the United States to the verge of war. The whole country expected it. The West longed for it. And, perhaps, no man then residing in the valley of the Mississippi looked forward to it with such intensity of desire as Andrew Jackson. No news would have been more welcome at the Hermitage than that General Wilkinson had marched into Texas and begun war. Meanwhile, between Burr and Jackson, as between every other two men that found themselves together, the question was still renewed: Shall we have war with Spain?

Colonel Burr returned to the East. Months passed during which Jackson and Burr occasionally corresponded.

In September, 1806, three months after the duel with Dickinson, Colonel Burr was again the guest of General Jackson. On this occasion he had brought to the western country, and left on Blennerhasset Island, his daughter, Theodosia; intending never again to return to the eastern states. He was in the full tide of preparation for descending to the lower country. The morning after his arrival at the Hermitage, General Jackson, on hospitable thoughts intent, wrote to a friend in Nashville the following note:—"Colonel Burr is with me; he arrived last night. I would be happy if you would call and see the colonel before you return. Say to General O. that I shall expect to see him here on to-morrow with you. Would it not be well for us to do something as a mark of attention to the colonel? He has always and is still a true and trusty friend to Tennessee. If General Robertson is with you when you receive this, be good enough to say to him that Colonel Burr is in the

country. I know that General Robertson will be happy in joining in any thing that will tend to show a mark of respect to this worthy visitant."

The note produced all the effects desired. General Robertson, General Overton, Major W. P. Anderson, and many others of the leading men at Nashville, rode out to the Hermitage to pay their respects to Colonel Burr, and to invite him to their houses. To private attentions was added the honor of an invitation to a public ball. Already, however, some rumors were afloat, attributing to Burr unlawful designs; and there were not wanting those who questioned the propriety of this invitation. But the popularity of Burr and the influence of General Jackson prevailed, and the invitation was given. There are still a few persons living at Nashville who remember this famous ball; remember the hush and thrill attending the entrance of Colonel Burr, accompanied by General Jackson in the uniform of a major-general; and how the company lined the sides of the room, and looked intensely on while the two courtliest men in the world made the circuit of the apartment, General Jackson introducing his guest with singular grace and emphasis. It was a question with the ladies which of the two was the finer gentleman.

After a stay of a few days, Colonel Burr left Tennessee to take up the threads of his enterprise in Kentucky and Ohio.

October passed by. On the 3d of November, General Jackson, in his character of business man, received from Burr some important orders; one for the building, on Stone's River at Clover Bottom, of five large boats, such as were then used for descending the western rivers, and another for the gradual purchase of a large quantity of provisions for transportation in those boats. A sum of money, in Kentucky bank-notes, amounting to three thousand five hundred dollars, accompanied the orders. General Jackson, nothing doubting, and never reluctant to do business, took Burr's letter of directions and the money to his partner, John Coffee, and requested him to contract at once for the boats, and prepare for the purchase of the provisions. Coffee proceeded forthwith to transact the business. I notice, also, that Patton Anderson, one of Jackson's special intimates, was all activity in raising a company of young men to accompany Burr down the river. I observe, too, that Anderson's expenses were paid out of the money sent by Burr to Jackson; at least in

the account rendered to Burr by Jackson and Coffee at the final settlement, there is an item of seven hundred dollars cash paid to Anderson. Anderson succeeded in getting seventy-five young men to enlist in his company.

What with the mustering of recruits, the building of boats and the accumulation of provisions, Clover Bottom—so silent and deserted now, its old wooden bridge across the deep ravine of a river seldom thundering under a vehicle, Jackson's old store standing lone and desolate in a field—must have presented a lively scene in the autumn of 1806.

It was not until the 10th of November, a week after the receipt of Burr's orders and money, that General Jackson, according to his own account, began to think there might be some truth in the reports which attributed to Burr unlawful designs; reports which he had previously regarded only as new evidences of the malice of Burr's political enemies and his own.

To Jackson, as to all others in Nashville, Burr had represented that his first object was the settlement of a great tract of land on the Washita river; but that, if war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was his intention to head an expedition into Texas and Mexico. For his own part, he said, he had little doubt that war was impending; it might be expected at any moment; it might already have begun. The administration, he would insinuate, knew perfectly well where he was, what he was doing and what he intended, though, for reasons of policy, they would not yet suffer their hand to appear. He said nothing about the means he had employed to *precipitate* the war; nothing of Samuel Swartwout's secret mission to General Wilkinson's camp; nothing of the letters in cipher designed to act upon Wilkinson's cupidity and fears; nothing, in fact, of any part of his plans that could excite distrust in the minds of these honest and patriotic pioneers.

But about the 10th of November, while General Jackson and his partners were full of Burr's business, a friend of Jackson's visited the Hermitage, who succeeded in convincing him that some gigantic scheme of iniquity was on foot in the United States; a conspiracy for the dismemberment of the Union; and that it was possible, nay, almost probable, that Colonel Burr's extensive preparations of boats, provisions and men had some connection with this nefarious plan.

He took the proper measures without loss of time. He told Coffee that the boats contracted for and begun must be finished, and the provisions bought must be paid for; but that no new transaction must be entered into by their firm for Aaron Burr until these suspicions were completely removed. He wrote to Burr, acquainting him with what he had heard, and demanding to know the truth. Having been informed by his friend that New Orleans was the preliminary object of the conspirators, he wrote a warning letter to William C. C. Claiborne, the governor of the Orleans territory; he wrote a letter to President Jefferson, offering the services of his division of militia.

To other friends and officials he communicated his suspicions without reserve; particularly to General Overton and General Robertson.

A month went by; during which occurred Burr's arrest in Kentucky, his defence by Henry Clay, and his triumphant acquittal. December 14th Burr was once more in Nashville, intending there to load his boats, and drop down the Cumberland to its mouth, where he was to meet his flotilla from Blennerhasset Island. Thence they were all to float down together to Natchez—to Wilkinson—to Texas—to the halls of the Montezumas—to the throne of Spanish America—to an empire bounded, if bounded at all, by the limits of the valley of the Mississippi; New Orleans its capital, Aaron the First its emperor, the brilliant Theodosia and her boy to succeed him!

Colonel Burr called at the Hermitage; its master was absent. He found Mrs. Jackson cool and constrained. Returning to Clover Bottom he mentioned this unwonted coolness to Coffee, and asked him the reason of it. Coffee explained. "At Clover Bottom," says Coffee, in a formal statement of these affairs, "there was a tavern; and to this place Colonel Burr came and remained about a week, until he had got every thing in readiness for his departure down the river. On his first arrival General Jackson was absent from home; having returned within a few days afterward, the general came, in company with General Overton, to the Clover Bottom, where Colonel Burr resided. An interview took place between them and Colonel Burr, at which they informed him of the suspicions and distrust that were entertained against him. Burr repelled them, and expressed deep regret that there should be any such; and remarked, that he could and would be able to satisfy every dispassion-

ate mind, that his views and objects were friendly to the government, and such as he had represented them to be."

On the 22d of December, in two unarmed boats, Burr and his few followers left Clover Bottom. He had not been gone many hours before the President's proclamation denouncing him reached Nashville, and threw that peaceful town, and all the country round about, into a delirium of excitement. Burr was immediately burnt in effigy in the public square. There was contention which man should surpass all others in the fury of his patriotic zeal.

It fell to the lot of General Jackson, as commanding officer of militia, to take the lead in the measures designed to procure the arrest of Burr and his confederates. The general made great exertions to accomplish this object, but Burr had gone beyond pursuit. It was widely believed at the time that General Jackson was involved in the unlawful part of Burr's schemes, but there was not the slightest ground for such a belief, and nothing can be more complete than the chain of testimony that establishes his innocence. Indeed, General Jackson was far from believing that Burr *had* any unlawful schemes. A few months later we find him at Richmond, whither he had been summoned as a witness in the trial of Burr. There he harangued the crowd in the Capitol square, defending Burr, and angrily denouncing Jefferson as a persecutor. There are those living who heard him do this. He made himself so conspicuous as Burr's champion at Richmond, that Mr. Madison, the secretary of state, took offense at it, and remembered it to Jackson's disadvantage five years later, when he was president of the United States, with a war on his hands. For the same reason, I presume, it was that Jackson was not called upon to give testimony upon the trial. Burr, it seems, was equally satisfied with Jackson. Blennerhasset, in that part of his diary which records his prison interviews with Burr, says: "We passed to the topics of our late adventures on the Mississippi, in which Burr said little, but declared he did not know of any reason to blame General Jackson, of Tennessee, for any thing he had done or omitted. But he declares he will not lose a day after the favorable issue at the capitol (his acquittal), of which he has no doubt, to direct his entire attention to setting up his projects (which have only been suspended) on a better model, 'in which work,' he says, 'he has even here made some progress.'"

Jackson, on his part, went all lengths in defense of Burr; nor

was it possible for him to support any man in any other way. Toward Wilkinson, whom he regarded as the betrayer of Burr, his anger burned with such fury that if the two men had met in a place convenient, the meeting could hardly have had any other result than a—"difficulty." An incident which actually did occur at Richmond, during the trial, suggested this remark. Samuel Swartwout, Burr's confidential secretary, aid-de-camp, ambassador, and factotum, was walking, one day, in a street of Richmond, of which the pavement was too narrow to admit of the convenient passing of two persons. What should he encounter there but the portly person of General James Wilkinson! Swartwout not only refused to give way to the general, but, on finding himself in close proximity to him, fell into a paroxysm of disgust and rage, and *shouldered* the great Wilkinson into the middle of the street. Jackson was wild with delight when he heard of it. There was no man out of his own circle of Tennessee friends, that General Jackson was more affectionately devoted to than he was to Samuel Swartwout; and this peculiar fondness, sustained as it was by Mr. Swartwout's winning cast of character, dated from that *push*. A lucky push it proved for Swartwout twenty years after.

The Hermitage was more a hermitage than ever after these events. The enemies of the Hermit had gained a certain triumph over him. I observe in the list of those who assisted in the burning of Burr's effigy at Nashville, the name of Thomas Swann; which favors the conjecture that the zeal against Burr was, in some degree, a manifestation of enmity to the man who had been so conspicuously his friend. Ill-affected toward his former political associates, an object of distrust or aversion, or both, to the administration, his home enemies cowed, perhaps, by the late duel, but in no degree conciliated, General Jackson now withdrew from commercial business, and devoted himself exclusively to the affairs of his fine plantation; happy in a vocation of which he was master, and which kept him always where alone he was ever contented—at home.

He had, as we have said, a very happy home. Mrs. Jackson, besides being an excellent manager and mistress, was also a kind and jovial soul. She had a wonderful memory, which contained a great store of anecdotes and tales. She could remember the Cumberland settlements from their infancy; had shared the perils of her father's famous river voyage; had lived through that eventful period when

the day was exceptional in which there was no alarm, and the week fortunate when no one was slain by Indians ; had heard her father, and his friend, Daniel Boone, and the other heroes of the wilderness, recount their adventures and escapes. All these things it was her delight to tell to the younger guests of the Hermitage, whose delight it was to hear her. Nor was she so entirely illiterate as has been alleged. I have nine of her letters in my collection, one of which is eight foolscap pages long. The spelling of these epistles is bad, of course, and the grammar not faultless ; but their existence is at least sufficient to refute a common opinion in Tennessee, that Mrs. Jackson could not write. Unlearned, however, she was, in the lore of the schools, though not so in that of the woods, the dairy, the kitchen and the cabin.

Children only were wanting to complete their home. But children were denied them ; a sore grief to both, for both loved children, and desired ever to have them in their house. The circle of Mrs. Jackson's relatives was so extensive that some of her young nephews and nieces were almost always at the Hermitage ; and all her relatives were *his*. He counted it among the chief circumstances of his happiness that, separated as he was from his own kindred by distance, he found in hers all that his heart and home required.

About the year 1809 it chanced that twins were born to one of Mrs. Jackson's brothers, Saverius Donelson. The mother, not in perfect health, was scarcely able to sustain both these new comers. Mrs. Jackson, partly to relieve her sister, and partly with the wish to provide a son and heir for her husband, took one of the infants, when it was but a few days old, home to the Hermitage. The general soon became extremely fond of the boy, gave him his own name, adopted him, and treated him thenceforth, to the last hour of his life, not as a son merely, but as an only son. This boy is the present Andrew Jackson, Esq., of Louisiana, inheritor of the general's estate and name, master of the Hermitage until it recently became the property of the state of Tennessee.

A few years later another little nephew of Mrs. Jackson's, the well-known Andrew Jackson Donelson, became an inmate of the Hermitage, and was educated by General Jackson. The visitor then could often see the general seated in his rocking-chair, with a chubby boy wedged in on each side of him, and a third, perhaps, in his lap, while he was trying to read the newspaper. This man,

so irascible sometimes, and sometimes so savage, was never so much as *impatient* with children, wife or servants. This was very remarkable. It used to astonish people who came for the first time to the Hermitage to find that its master, of whose fierce ways and words they had heard so much, was, indeed, the gentlest and tenderest of men. They discovered, in fact, that there were two Jacksons: Jackson militant and Jackson triumphant; Jackson crossed and Jackson having his own way; Jackson, his mastership unquestioned, and Jackson with a rival near the throne.

That curious tobacco-box story, still often told in Tennessee, and probably founded in truth, if not wholly true, illustrates this trait. The incident occurred at Clover Bottom, on the great day of the races, when the ground was crowded with men and horses. It was customary for the landlord of the tavern there to prepare a table in the open air, two hundred feet long, for the accommodation of the multitude attending. On the day alluded to, several races having been run, there was a pause for dinner, which pause was duly improved. The long table was full of eager diners; General Jackson presiding at one end; a large number of men standing along the sides of the table waiting for a chance to sit down; and all the negroes of the neighborhood employed as waiters who could look at a plate without its breaking itself. A roaring tornado of horse-talk half drowned the mighty clatter of knives and forks. After the dinner had proceeded awhile, it was observed by General Jackson and those who sat near him, that something was the matter near the other end of the table—a fight, probably. There was a rushing together of men, and evident excitement. Now, “difficulties” of this kind were so common at that day, whenever large numbers of men were gathered together, that the disturbance was little more than mentioned, if alluded to at all, at Jackson’s end of the table, where sat the magnates of the race. At length, some one, in passing by, was heard to say, in evident allusion to the difficulty:

“They’ll finish Patten Anderson this time, I *do* expect.”

The whole truth flashed upon Jackson, and he sprang up like a man galvanized. How to get to the instant rescue of his friend! To force a path through the crowd along the sides of the table would have taken time. A moment later and the tall general might have been seen striding toward the scene of danger *on the*

top of the table, wading through the dishes, and causing hungry men to pause astounded, with morsels suspended in air. As he neared the crowd, putting his hand behind him into his coat pocket—an ominous movement in those days, and susceptible of but one interpretation—he opened his tobacco-box, and shut it with a click so loud that it was heard by some of the bystanders.

“I’m coming, Patten!” roared the general.

“Don’t fire,” cried some of the spectators.

The cry of *don’t fire* caught the ears of the hostile crowd, who looked up, and saw a mad Colossus striding toward them, with his right hand behind him, and *slaughter* depicted in every lineament of his countenance. They scattered instantaneously, leaving Anderson alone and unharmed!

CHAPTER XII.

GENERAL JACKSON IN SERVICE.

At the beginning of the war of 1812, there was not a militia general in the western country less likely to receive a commission from the general government than Andrew Jackson. There were unpleasant traditions and recollections connected with his name in Mr. Madison’s cabinet, as we know. Mr. Madison had not forgotten how General Jackson had mounted the stump in Richmond, and denounced the last administration, of which himself was premier, for its “persecution” of Aaron Burr. Still less could he have forgotten that when it was still an open question who should succeed Mr. Jefferson, General Jackson had given his voice for James Monroe, instead of James Madison.

There were those, however, who were strongly convinced that General Jackson was the very man, of all who lived in the valley of the Mississippi, to be intrusted with its defense. Aaron Burr thought so for one. He had just returned to New York, after his four years’ exile, when the war broke out. “There was in Congress with me,” says Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, “a member from New York (Dr. John Sage, of Long Island), who said that on his way

home, after voting for the declaration of war in the Twelfth Congress, he met that extraordinary man, Aaron Burr, in the city of New York, who conversed freely with him on the subject, particularly respecting the gentlemen appointed generals in the army; not one of whom, Burr said, would answer public expectation. Dr. Sage told him that the president thought it best, and in fact indispensable, to select those with some military character from service in the Revolution. I know, said Colonel Burr, that my word is not worth much with Madison; but you may tell him from me that there is an unknown man in the West, named Andrew Jackson, who will do credit to a commission in the army if conferred on him. This remarkable prediction of what was soon verified, and proof of Burr's knowledge of the then obscure individual he recommended to notice, occurred before General Jackson had, probably, ever heard a volley of musket balls, or performed any part to indicate his future military distinction."

Burr uttered this opinion to all his friends at the time. He gave it strong expression at the house of Mr. Martin Van Buren, a rising man at Albany, who had then scarcely heard the name of Andrew Jackson, and was himself little known beyond his own state. "I'll tell you why they don't employ Jackson," said Burr; "it's because he is a friend of mine."

It was General Jackson's promptitude in tendering his services, and the services of his division, and that alone, which softened the repugnance of the president and his cabinet. Whatever may have been the feelings of the administration toward him, its conduct was just and courteous. It accepted him as promptly as he offered himself; employed him the moment there was any thing for him to do; promoted him as soon as he had given fair evidence of capacity; bestowed upon each of his achievements its due of applause. It could have done more, but it was not bound to do more. It could have given him a commission at the commencement of hostilities. But what had General Jackson done to deserve or invite a distinction so marked? Besides, is it not the fate of all nations (except the French) to lose the first campaign of every war, lose a fine army or two, squander some millions of money, throw away some thousands of lives, tarnish the old honors and lessen the ancient prestige, all for the sake of *sparing the feelings* of certain generals, who have proved their unfitness to command to-day by having distinguished

themselves in a war of twenty years ago? Every war develops its own hero.

The war was declared on the 12th of June. Such news is not carried, but flies; and so may have reached Nashville by the 20th. On the 25th, General Jackson offered to the President, through Governor Blount, his own services and those of twenty-five hundred volunteers of his division. A response to the declaration of war so timely and practical, could not but have been extremely gratifying to an administration (never too confident in itself) that was then entering upon a contest to which a powerful minority was opposed; and with a presidential election only four months distant. The reply of the Secretary of War, dated July 11th, was as cordial as a communication of the kind could be. The President, he said, had received the tender of service by General Jackson and the volunteers under his command "with peculiar satisfaction." "In accepting their services," added the Secretary, "the President can not withhold an expression of his admiration of the zeal and ardor by which they are animated." Governor Blount was evidently more than satisfied with the result of the offer; he publicly thanked General Jackson and the volunteers for the honor they had done the State of Tennessee by making it.

Thus, we find General Jackson's services accepted by the President before hostilities could have seriously begun. The summer passed, however, and the autumn came, and still he was at home upon his farm.

After Hull's failure in Canada, fears were entertained that the British would direct their released forces against the ports of the Gulf of Mexico, particularly New Orleans, where General James Wilkinson still commanded. October 21st, the Governor of Tennessee was requested to dispatch fifteen hundred of the Tennessee troops to the reinforcement of General Wilkinson. November 1st, Governor Blount issued the requisite orders to General Jackson, who entered at once upon the task of preparing for the descent of the river with his volunteers.

The tenth of December was the day appointed for the troops to rendezvous at Nashville. The climate of Tennessee, generally so pleasant, is liable to brief periods of severe cold. Twice, within the memory of living persons, the Cumberland has been frozen over at Nashville and as often snow has fallen there to the depth of a

foot. It so chanced that the day named for the assembling of the troops was the coldest that had been known at Nashville for many years, and there was deep snow on the ground. Such was the enthusiasm, however, of the volunteers, that more than two thousand presented themselves on the appointed day. The general was no less puzzled than pleased by this alacrity. Nashville was still little more than a large village, not capable of affording the merest shelter to such a concourse of soldiers; who, in any weather not extraordinary, would have disdained a roof. There was no resource for the mass of the troops but to camp out. Fortunately, the efficient quarter-master, Major William B. Lewis, had provided a thousand cords of wood for the use of the men; a quantity that was supposed to be sufficient to last till they embarked. Every stick of the wood was burnt the first night in keeping the men from freezing. From dark until nearly daylight the general and the quarter-master were out among the troops, employed in providing for this unexpected and perilous exigency; seeing that drunken men were brought within reach of a fire, and that no drowsy sentinel slept the sleep of death.

The extreme cold soon passed away, however, and the organization of the troops proceeded. In a few days the little army was in readiness; one regiment of cavalry, commanded by Colonel John Coffee, six hundred and seventy in number; two regiments of infantry fourteen hundred men in all, one regiment commanded by Colonel William Hall, the other by Colonel Thomas H. Benton. Major William B. Lewis, the general's neighbor and friend, was the quarter-master. William Carroll, a young man from Pennsylvania, a new favorite of the general's; was the brigade inspector. The general's aid and secretary was John Reid, long his companion in the field, afterward his biographer. The troops were of the very best material the state afforded: planters, business men, their sons and grandsons—a large proportion of them descended from revolutionary soldiers who had settled in great numbers in the beautiful valley of the Cumberland. John Coffee was a host in himself; a plain, brave, modest, stalwart man, devoted to his chief, to Tennessee and to the Union. He had been recently married to Polly Donelson, the daughter of Captain John Donelson, who had given them the farm on which they lived.

On the 7th of January, all was ready. The infantry embarked,

and the flotilla dropped down the river. Colonel Coffee and the mounted men marched across the country, and were to rejoin the general at Natchez. "I have the pleasure to inform you," wrote Jackson to the Secretary of War, just before leaving home, "that I am now at the head of 2,070 volunteers, the choicest of our citizens, who go at the call of their country to execute the will of the government, who have no constitutional scruples; and if the government orders, will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American eagle on the ramparts of MOBILE, PENSACOLA, and FORT ST. AUGUSTINE, effectually banishing from the southern coasts all British influence."

Not yet, general, not yet. Two years later, perhaps.

Down the Cumberland to the Ohio; down the Ohio to the Mississippi; down the Mississippi toward New Orleans; stopping here and there for supplies; delayed for days at a time by the ice in the swift Ohio; grounding a boat now and then; losing one altogether;—the fleet pursued its course, crunching through the floating masses, but making fair progress, for the space of thirty-nine days.

The weather was often very cold and tempestuous, and the frail boats afforded only an imperfect shelter. But all the little army, from the general to the privates, were in the highest spirits, and burned with the desire to do their part in restoring the diminished prestige of the American arms; to atone for the shocking failures of the North by making new conquests at the South. On the 15th of February, at dawn of day, they had left a thousand miles of winding stream behind them, and saw before them the little town of Natchez. The fleet came to. The men were rejoiced to hear that Colonel Coffee and his mounted regiment had already arrived in the vicinity.

Here General Jackson received a dispatch from General Wilkinson, requesting him to halt at Natchez, as neither quarters nor provisions were ready for them at New Orleans; nor had an enemy yet made his appearance in the southern waters. Wilkinson added, that he had received no orders respecting the Tennesseans, knew not their destination, and should not think of yielding his command, "until regularly relieved by superior authority." Jackson assented to the policy of remaining at Natchez for further instructions; but, with regard to General Wilkinson's uneasiness on the question of rank, he said, in his reply, "I have marched with the true spirit of a soldier to serve my country at any and every point where service can

be rendered," and "the detachment under my command shall be kept in complete readiness to move to any point at which an enemy may appear, at the shortest notice." So, at Natchez, the troops disembarked, and, encamping in a pleasant and salubrious place, a few miles from the town, passed their days in learning the duties of the soldier.

The month of February passed away and still the army was in camp, employed in nothing more serious than the daily drill. No one knew when they were to move, where they were to go, nor what they were to do. The commanding general was not a little impatient, and even the more placid Colonel Coffee longed to be in action.

At length, on a Sunday morning, toward the end of March, an express from Washington reached the camp, and a letter from the war department was placed in the general's hands. We can imagine the intensity of feeling with which he tore it open and gathered its purport, and the fever of excitement which the news of its arrival kindled throughout the camp. The communication was signed, "J. Armstrong." Eustis, then, was out of office. Yes; he left the department February 4th, and this letter was written by the new secretary two days after. But its contents? Was it the perusal of this astounding letter that caused the general's hair to stand on end, and remain for ever after erect and bristling, *unlike* the quills upon the fretful porcupine? Fancy, if you can, the demeanor, attitude, countenance, of this fiery and generous soldier, as he read, and re-read, with ever-growing wonder and wrath, the following epistle:—

"WAR DEPARTMENT, February 6, 1813.

"SIR:—The causes of embodying and marching to New Orleans the corps under your command having ceased to exist, you will, on the receipt of this letter, consider it as dismissed from public service, and take measures to have delivered over to Major-General Wilkinson all the articles of public property which may have been put into its possession.

"You will accept for yourself and the corps the thanks of the President of the United States.

"I have the honor, etc.,

"J. ARMSTRONG.

"MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON."

Could he believe his eyes? Dismissed? Dismissed where?

Here? Five hundred miles from home? Dismissed without pay, without means of transport, without provision for the sick? How could he dismiss men so far from home, to whom, on receiving them from their parents, he had promised to be a father, and either to restore them in honor to their arms, or give them a soldier's burial?

His resolution was taken on the instant *never* to disband his troops till he had led them back to the borders of their own state!

The very day on which the order arrived, the general issued the requisite directions for the preparation of wagons, provisions and ammunition. On the next day, he dispatched letters, indignant and explanatory, to the secretary of war, to Governor Blount, to the president, and to General Wilkinson. He attributed the strange conduct of the government to every cause but the right one—its own inexperience, and the difficulty of directing operations at places so remote from the seat of government. Armstrong averred that he had dispatched the obnoxious order in the confident expectation of its reaching General Jackson before he had gone far from home; as the extreme severity of the winter, he thought, would inevitably detain the flotilla at the mouth of the Cumberland. There is no good reason *now* to doubt this explanation; though, at the time, it did not look probable. The general thought he saw the sly hand of Wilkinson in the business. "You have it *still* in your power," wrote Wilkinson, "to render a most acceptable service to our government, by encouraging the recruiting service from the patriotic soldiers you command in an appropriate general order." Aha! thought General Hotspur; it's all a scheme, then, of this insidious villain to swell his own force with my gallant Tennesseans. But, by the Eternal,

"I'll keep them all!

By Heaven! he shall not have a Scot of them.

No; if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.

I'll keep them, by this hand!"

And so he did. When a recruiting officer was detected hanging about the camp, the general notified him that if he attempted to seduce one of his volunteers into the regular army, he should be drummed out of the camp in the presence of the entire corps.

At the last moment came the orders of the government (which ought to have accompanied the order to disband), directing the

force under General Jackson to be paid off, and allowed pay and rations for the journey home. It was too late. The general was resolved, whatever might betide, to conduct the men back to their homes, in person, as an organized body. "I shall commence the line of march," he wrote to Wilkinson, "on Thursday, the 25th. Should the contractor not feel himself justified in sending on provisions for my infantry, or the quarter-master wagons for the transportation of my sick, I shall dismount the cavalry, carry them on, and provide the means for their support out of my private funds. If that should fail, I thank my God we have plenty of horses to feed my troops to the Tennessee, where I know my country will meet me with ample supplies. These brave men, at the call of their country, voluntarily rallied round its insulted standard. They followed me to the field; I shall carefully march them back to their homes. It is for the agents of the government to account to the state of Tennessee and the whole world for their singular and unusual conduct to this detachment."

It was on this homeward march that the nickname of "Old Hickory" was bestowed on the general. From the time of leaving Nashville, General Jackson had constantly grown in the confidence and affection of the troops. The man was in his element at last, and his great qualities began to make themselves manifest. Many of the volunteers had heard so much of his violent and hasty temper that they had joined the corps with a certain dread and hesitation, fearing not the enemy, nor the march, nor the diseases of the lower country, so much as the swift wrath of their commander. Some, indeed, refused to go for that reason alone. How surprised were those who entered the service with such feelings to find in General Jackson a father as well as a chief! Jackson had the faculty, which all successful soldiers possess, of completely identifying himself with the men he commanded; investing every soldier, as it were, with a portion of his own personality, and feeling a wrong done to the least of them as done to himself. Soldiers are quick to perceive a trait of this kind. They saw, indeed, that there was a whole volcano of wrath in their general, but they observed that, to the men of his command, so long as they did their duty, and longer, he was the most gentle, patient, considerate, and generous of friends.

This resolve of his to disobey his government for their sakes,

and the manner in which he executed that resolve, raised his popularity to the highest point. When the little army set out from Natchez for a march of five hundred miles through the wilderness, there were a hundred and fifty men on the sick list, of whom fifty-six could not raise their heads from the pillow. There were but eleven wagons for the conveyance of these. The rest of the sick were mounted on the horses of the officers. The general had three excellent horses, and gave them all up to the sick men, himself trudging along on foot with the brisk pace that was usual with him. Day after day he tramped gayly along the miry forest roads, never tired, and always ready with a cheering word for the others. They marched with extraordinary speed, averaging eighteen miles a day, and performing the whole journey in less than a month; and yet the sick men rapidly recovered under the reviving influences of a homeward march. "Where am I?" asked one young fellow who had been lifted to his place in a wagon when insensible and apparently dying. "On your way *home*!" cried the general, merrily; and the young soldier began to improve from that hour, and reached home in good health.

The name of "Old Hickory" was not an instantaneous inspiration, but a growth. First of all, the remark was made by some soldier, who was struck with his commander's pedestrian powers, that the general was "tough." Next it was observed of him that he was as "tough as hickory." Then he was *called* Hickory. Lastly, the affectionate adjective "old" was prefixed, and the general thenceforth rejoiced in the completed nickname, usually the first-won honor of a great commander.

On approaching the borders of the state, the general again offered his services to the government to aid in, or conduct, a new invasion of Canada. His force, he said, could be increased, if necessary; and he had a few standards wearing the American eagle, that he should be happy to place upon the enemy's ramparts. But the desired response came not; and so, on the 22d of May, the last of his army was drawn up on the public square of Nashville waiting only for the word of command to disperse to their homes.

The troops were dismissed, exulting in their commander, and spreading wide the fame of his gallant and graceful conduct. "Long will their general live in the memory of the volunteers of West Tennessee," said the *Nashville Whig*, a day or two after the

troops were disbanded, "for his benevolent, humane, and fatherly treatment to his soldiers; if gratitude and love can reward him, General Jackson has them. It affords us pleasure to say, that we believe there is not a man belonging to the detachment but what loves him. His fellow-citizens at home are not less pleased with his conduct. We fondly hope his merited worth will not be overlooked by the government."

The government, quotha? These events were not regarded at Washington in the light they were at Nashville. Far from it. The "government" came very near making up its mind to let the general *bear* the responsibilities which he had incurred. Colonel Benton says: "We all returned; were discharged; dispersed among our homes, and the fine chance on which we had so much counted was all gone. And now came a blow upon Jackson himself—the fruit of the moneyed responsibility which he had assumed. His transportation drafts were all protested—returned upon him for payment, which was impossible, and directions to bring suit. This was the month of May. I was coming on to Washington on my own account, and cordially took charge of Jackson's case. Suits were delayed until the result of his application for relief could be heard. I arrived at this city; Congress was in session—the extra session of the spring and summer of 1813. I applied to the members of Congress from Tennessee; they could do nothing. I applied to the secretary of war; he did nothing.

"Weeks had passed away, and the time for delay was expiring at Nashville. Ruin seemed to be hovering over the head of Jackson, and I felt the necessity of some decisive movement. I was young, then, and had some material in me—perhaps some boldness; and the occasion brought it out. I resolved to take a step, characterized in the letter which I wrote to the general as '*an appeal from the justice to the fears of the administration.*' I remember the words, though I have never seen the letter since. I drew up a memoir, addressed to the secretary of war, representing to him that these volunteers were drawn from the bosoms of almost every substantial family in Tennessee—that the whole state stood by Jackson in bringing them home—and that the state would be lost to the administration if he was left to suffer. It was upon this last argument that I relied—all those founded in justice having failed.

"It was of a Saturday morning, 12th of June, that I carried this

memoir to the war office, and delivered it. Monday morning I came back early to learn the result of my argument. The secretary was not yet in. I spoke to the chief clerk (who was afterward Adjutant-General Parker), and inquired if the secretary had left any answer for me before he left the office on Saturday. He said no; but that he had put the memoir in his side pocket—the breast-pocket—and carried it home with him, saying he would take it for his Sunday's consideration. That encouraged me—gave a gleam of hope and a feeling of satisfaction. I thought it a good subject for his Sunday's meditation. Presently he arrived. I stepped in before anybody to his office.

“He told me quickly and kindly that there was much reason in what I had said, but that there was no way for him to do it; that Congress would have to give the relief. I answered him that I thought there was a way for him to do it; it was to give an order to General Wilkinson, quarter-master general in the southern department, to pay for so much transportation as General Jackson's command would have been entitled to if it had returned under regular orders. Upon the instant he took up a pen, wrote down the very words I had spoken, directed a clerk to put them into form; and the work was done. The order went off immediately, and Jackson was relieved from imminent impending ruin, and Tennessee remained firm to the administration.”

And so ended this fruitless expedition to Natchez. Fruitless it was of immediate military results. It was more productive, however, of reputation to the general in command than if it had been, in any ordinary degree, successful. It left him a private citizen, indeed; but, for the time, the most beloved and esteemed of private citizens in western Tennessee.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFFRAY WITH THE BENTONS.

It was through an act of good nature that General Jackson was drawn into this disgraceful business. William Carroll (afterward General Carroll), who went down the river with the expedition, in

the capacity of brigade inspector, had but recently come to Nashville from Pittsburgh, where he had been a clerk or partner in a hardware store. He was a tall, well-formed man, much given to military affairs, and thus attracted the notice of General Jackson; who advanced him so rapidly and paid him such marked attentions, as to procure for the young stranger a great many enemies. Carroll, moreover, was not a genuine son of the wilderness. With all his powerful frame and superior stature, there was an expression of delicacy in his smooth, fair countenance that found small favor in the eyes of the rougher pioneers. Perhaps, too, in those days, there was a touch of dandyism in his attire and demeanor. Far different was he from the giant Coffee, man of the mighty arm and massive fist, and thundering voice, and face of bronze, and heart of oak; the backwoodsman's beau ideal of a colonel of hunting-shirted dragoons. Enough. Captain William Carroll had his enemies among the young officers of General Jackson's division.

At length, the foes of Carroll succeeded in their object so far as to embroil the young man with Mr. Jesse Benton, a brother of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, who was away in Washington, saving General Jackson from bankruptcy. Jesse Benton, for many years a resident of Nashville, had a good deal of his brother's fire and fluency, without much of his talent and discretion. He was a well-intentioned, eccentric, excitable man, prone to get himself into awkward scrapes, and to get out of them awkwardly. He challenged Carroll. His social standing was such that his challenge could not be declined, and Carroll was compelled to prepare for a fight.

Unable, it is said, to procure a suitable second in Nashville, Carroll rode out to the Hermitage, stated his perplexity to General Jackson, and asked him to act as his "friend." The general was astonished at the proposal.

"Why, Captain Carroll," said he, "I am not the man for such an affair. I am too old. The time has been when I should have gone out with pleasure; but, at my time of life, it would be extremely injudicious. You must get a man nearer your own age."

Carroll replied that if this had been a quarrel of an ordinary nature he would not have asked General Jackson's assistance. But it was not an ordinary quarrel. There was a conspiracy, he said, among certain young men, to "run him out of the country."

They wanted his commission, and were jealous of his standing with General Jackson.

At the words, "run me out of the country," the general's manner changed.

"Well, Carroll," said he, "you may make your mind easy on *one* point: they sha'n't run you out of the country as long as Andrew Jackson lives in it. I'll ride with you to Nashville, and inquire into this business myself."

Upon inquiry, General Jackson was convinced that Jesse Benton's fiery passions had been played upon by the enemies of Carroll for their own purposes, and that the challenge of that gentleman was something not in the least degree called for by the "laws of honor." He personally remonstrated with Benton, and, as he thought, with good effect. But others gained his ear and confidence, after the general had returned to the tavern, and the result was, that he persisted in fighting. Upon learning this determination, General Jackson declared his purpose to stand by his young friend, Carroll, and to go with him to the field as his second.

The incidents of the duel were so ridiculous that they are still a standing joke in Tennessee. The men were placed back to back, at the usual distance apart. At the word, they were to wheel and fire. The general, on placing his man, said, pointing to Benton,

"You needn't fear *him*, Carroll; he'd never hit you, if you were as broad as a barn-door."

Benton was evidently a little agitated. Indeed, as he afterward confessed to his physician, he had not the duelist's nerve, *i. e.*, he could not quite *conceal* a feeling, common to all duelists when they are placed, that a man who stands eight or ten paces from the muzzle of a loaded pistol which is about to go off, is in a false position.

"FIRE!"

The men wheeled and raised their pistols. Benton fired first, and then stooped or crouched, to receive the fire of his antagonist. The act of stooping caused a portion of his frame, that was always prominent, to be more prominent still. Carroll fired. His ball inflicted a long, raking wound on the part exposed, which would have been safe but for the unlucky stoop. Jackson ran up to his principal, and asked him if he was hit. "No," said he, "I believe not." At that moment, Carroll observed blood on his left hand, and found that he had been shot in the thumb.

"Oh, yes," he added, "he's hit my thumb."

"I told you he would not hurt you," said Jackson; "and he wouldn't have hit you at all if you'd kept your hand at your side, where it ought to have been."

Benton was carried home, and his wound was dressed. He was confined to the house for some weeks.

Meanwhile, Colonel Thomas H. Benton had completed his business at Washington, had sent on to Tennessee the news of his great success, and was about to return home, when he heard of this duel, and heard, too, that General Jackson had gone to the field, not as his brother's friend, but as the second of his brother's antagonist! General Jackson! whom he had so signally served. Soon came wild letters from Jesse, so narrating the affair as to place the conduct of General Jackson in the worst possible light. Officious friends of the Bentons, foes to Jackson and to Carroll, wrote to Colonel Benton in a similar strain, adding fuel to the fire of his indignation. Benton wrote to Jackson, denouncing his conduct in offensive terms. Jackson replied, in effect, that before addressing him in that manner, Colonel Benton should have inquired of *him* what his conduct really had been, not listened to the tales of designing and interested parties. Benton wrote still more angrily. He said that General Jackson had conducted the duel in a "savage, unequal, unfair, and base manner." On his way home through Tennessee, especially at Knoxville, he inveighed bitterly and loudly, in public places, against General Jackson, using language such as angry men *did* use in the western country fifty years ago. Jackson was informed of this. Phrases applied by Benton to himself were reported to him by some of those parasites and sycophants who made it their business to minister to his passions and prejudices; a class of people from whose malign, misleading influence men of intense personality are seldom wholly free.

Jackson had liked Thomas Benton, and remembered with gratitude his parents, particularly his mother, who had been gracious and good to him when he was a "raw lad" in North Carolina. Jackson was, therefore, sincerely unwilling to break with him, and manifested a degree of forbearance which it is a pity he could not have maintained to the end. He took fire at last, threw old friendship to the winds, and swore by the Eternal that he would horsewhip Tom Benton the first time he met him.

The vow had gone forth ; a sacred vow at that day in Tennessee. To all Nashville it was known that General Jackson had promised to whip Thomas Benton "on sight," to use Colonel Coffee's commercial term. Colonel Benton was duly informed of it. Jesse Benton, then nearly recovered from his wound, was perfectly aware of it. The thing was to be *done*. The only question was, When ?

Back from Washington came Colonel Benton, bursting with wrath and defiance, yet resolved to preserve the peace, and neither to seek nor fly the threatened attack. One measure of precaution, however, he did adopt. There were then two taverns on the public square of Nashville, both situated near the same angle, their front doors being not more than a hundred yards apart. One was the old Nashville Inn (burnt in 1856 or 1857), at which General Jackson was accustomed to put up for more than forty years. There, too, the Bentons, Colonel Coffee and all of the general's peculiar friends were wont to take lodgings whenever they visited the town, and to hold pleasant converse over a glass of wine, and to play billiards together—a game pursued with fanatical devotion in the early days of Nashville. By the side of this old inn was a piece of open ground, where cocks were accustomed to display their prowess, and tear one another to pieces for the entertainment of some of the citizens.

On reaching Nashville, Colonel Benton and his brother Jesse did not go to their accustomed inn, but stopped at the City Hotel, to avoid General Jackson, unless he chose to go out of his way to seek them. This was on the 3d of September. In the evening of the same day *it came to pass* that General Jackson and Colonel Coffee rode into town, and put up their horses, as usual, at the Nashville Inn. Whether the coming of these portentous gentlemen was in consequence of the general's having received, a few hours before, an intimation of the arrival of Colonel Benton, is one of those questions which must be left to that already overburdened individual—the future historian. Perhaps it was true, as Colonel Coffee grinningly remarked, that they had come to get their letters from the post-office. They were *there*—that is the main point—and concluded to stop all night. Captain Carroll called in the course of the evening, and told the general that an affair of the most delicate and tender nature compelled him to leave Nashville at dawn of day.

"Go, by all means," said the general. "I want no man to fight *my* battles."

The next morning, about nine, Colonel Coffee proposed to General Jackson that they should stroll over to the post-office. They started. The general carried with him, as he generally did, his riding whip. He also wore a small sword, as all gentlemen once did, and as official persons were accustomed to do in Tennessee, as late as the war of 1812. The post-office was then situated in the public square, on the corner of a little alley, just beyond the City Hotel. There were therefore, two ways of getting to it from the Nashville Inn. One way was to go straight to it, across the angle of the square; the other, to keep the sidewalk and go round. Our two friends took the short cut, walking leisurely along. When they were about midway between their inn and the post-office, Colonel Coffee, glancing toward the City Hotel, observed Colonel Benton standing in the doorway thereof, drawn up to his full height, and looking daggers at them.

"Do you see that fellow?" said Coffee to Jackson, in a low tone.

"Oh, yes," replied Jackson without turning his head, "I have my eye on him."

They continued their walk to the post-office, got their letters, and set out on their return. This time, however, they did not take the short way across the square, but kept down the sidewalk, which led past the front door at which Colonel Benton was posted. As they drew near, they observed that Jesse Benton was standing before the hotel near his brother. On coming up to where Colonel Benton stood, General Jackson suddenly turned toward him, with his whip in his right hand, and, stepping up to him, said,

"Now, you d—d rascal, I am going to punish you. Defend yourself."

Benton put his hand into his breast pocket and seemed to be fumbling for his pistol. As quick as lightning, Jackson drew a pistol from a pocket behind him, and presented it full at his antagonist, who recoiled a pace or two. Jackson advanced upon him. Benton continued to step slowly backward, Jackson close upon him, with a pistol at his heart, until they had reached the back door of the hotel, and were in the act of turning down the back piazza. At that moment, just as Jackson was beginning to turn, Jesse Benton entered the passage behind the belligerents, and, seeing his brother's danger, raised his pistol and fired at Jackson. The pistol was loaded with two balls and a large slug. The slug took effect

in Jackson's left shoulder, shattering it horribly. • One of the balls struck the thick part of his left arm, and buried itself near the bone. The other ball splintered the board partition at his side. The shock of the wounds was such, that Jackson fell across the entry, and remained prostrate, bleeding profusely.

Coffee had remained just outside, meanwhile. Hearing the report of the pistol, he sprang into the entry, and seeing his chief prostrate at the feet of Colonel Benton, concluded that it was *his* ball that had laid him low. He rushed upon Benton, drew his pistol, fired, and missed. Then he "clubbed" his pistol, and was about to strike, when Colonel Benton, in stepping backward, came to some stairs of which he was not aware, and fell headlong to the bottom. Coffee, thinking him *hors du combat*, hastened to the assistance of his wounded general.

The report of Jesse Benton's pistol brought another actor on the bloody scene—Stokely Hays, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson, and a devoted friend to the general. He was standing near the Nashville Inn, when he heard the pistol. He knew well what was going forward, and ran with all his speed to the spot. He, too, saw the general lying on the floor, weltering in his blood. But, unlike Coffee, he perceived who it was that had fired the deadly charge. Hays was a man of a giant's size, and a giant's strength. He snatched from his sword-cane its long and glittering blade, and made a lunge at Jesse with such frantic force, that it would have pinned him to the wall had it taken effect. Luckily the point struck a button, and the slender weapon was broken to pieces. He then drew a dirk, threw himself in a paroxysm of fury upon Jesse, and got him down upon the floor. Holding him down with one hand, he raised the dirk to plunge it into his breast. The prostrate man seized the coat-cuff of the descending arm and diverted the blow, so that the weapon only pierced the fleshy part of his left arm. Hays strove madly to disengage his arm, and in doing so gave poor Jesse several flesh wounds. At length, with a mighty wrench, he tore his cuff from Jesse Benton's convulsive grasp, lifted the dirk high in the air, and was about to bury it in the heart of his antagonist, when a bystander caught the uplifted hand and prevented the further shedding of blood. Other bystanders then interfered; the maddened Hays, the wrathful Coffee, the irate Benton were held back from continuing the combat, and quiet was restored.

Faint from the loss of blood, Jackson was conveyed to a room in the Nashville Inn, his wound still bleeding fearfully. Before the bleeding could be stopped, two mattresses, as Mrs. Jackson used to say, were soaked through, and the general was reduced almost to the last gasp. All the doctors in Nashville were soon in attendance, all but one of whom, and he a young man, recommended the amputation of the shattered arm. "I'll keep my arm," said the wounded man, and he kept it. No attempt was made to extract the ball, and it remained in the arm for twenty years. The ghastly wounds in the shoulder were dressed, in the simple manner of the Indians and pioneers, with poultices of slippery elm, and other products of the woods. The patient was utterly prostrated with the loss of blood. It was two or three weeks before he could leave his bed.

After the retirement of the general's friends, the Bentons remained for an hour or more upon the scene of the affray, denouncing Jackson as an assassin, and a defeated assassin. They defied him to come forth and renew the strife. Colonel Benton made a parade of breaking Jackson's small-sword, which had been dropped in the struggle, and left on the floor of the hotel. He broke it in the public square, and accompanied the act with words defiant and contemptuous, uttered in the loudest tones of his thundering voice. The general's friends, all anxiously engaged around the couch of their bleeding chief, disregarded these demonstrations at the time, and the brothers retired, victorious and exulting.

Shortly after the affray, Colonel Benton went to his home in Franklin, Tennessee, beyond the reach of "Jackson's puppies." He was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the regular army; left Tennessee; resigned his commission at the close of the war; emigrated to Missouri; and never again met General Jackson till 1823, when both were members of the senate of the United States. Jesse Benton, I may add, never forgave General Jackson; nor could he ever forgive his brother for forgiving the general. Publications against Jackson by the angry Jesse, dated as late as 1828, may be seen in old collections of political trash.

About the time of this bloody affray, Commodore Perry gained his victory on Lake Erie. The news, so electric, so revivifying, reached Nashville at a moment when other tidings of a nature far different absorbed the minds of all the inhabitants of the frontier.

When these boyish men fought their silly fight, on the 4th of September, the courier was already on his way from the South with a piece of news that would have stayed their bloody hands had it come in time. If they could but have *known* what was transpiring on the Mobile River! Jackson was deeply to blame for that shameful affray. Judge, from following chapters, whether ever man was so exquisitely punished for a fault as he was for that.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT MIMS.

AUGUST 30th, 1813, was the date of this most terrible event. The place was a fort or stockade-of-refuge, on the shores of Lake Tensaw, in the southern part of what is now the state of Alabama.

One Samuel Mims, an old and wealthy inhabitant of the Indian country, had inclosed with upright logs an acre of land, in the middle of which stood his house, a spacious one story building, with sheds adjoining. The inclosure, pierced with five hundred port-holes, three and a half feet from the ground, was entered by two heavy rude gates, one on the eastern and one on the western side. In a corner, on a slight elevation, a block-house was begun, but never finished. When the country became thoroughly alarmed by the hostility of the Indians, the inhabitants along the Alabama River, few in number and without means of defense, had left their crops standing in the fields and their houses open to the plunderer, and had rushed to the block-houses and stockades, of which there were twenty in a line of seventy miles. The neighbors of Mr. Mims resorted to his inclosure, each family hastening to construct within it a rough cabin for its own accommodation.

As soon as the fort—for fort it was called—was sufficiently prepared for their reception, Governor Claiborne, of New Orleans, dispatched one hundred and seventy-five volunteers to assist in its defense, under the command of Major Daniel Beasley. Already, from the neighborhood, seventy militia-men had assembled at the fort,

besides a mob of friendly Indians, and one hundred and six negro slaves. Upon taking the command, Major Beasley, to accommodate the multitude which thronged to the fort, had enlarged it by making a new line of picketing sixty feet beyond the eastern end, *but left the old line of stockades standing*, thus forming *two* inclosures.

On the morning of the fatal day, though Major Beasley had spared some of his armed men for the defense of neighboring stations, Fort Mims contained no less than five hundred and fifty-three souls, a mass of human beings crowded together in a flat, swampy region, under the broiling sun of an Alabama August. Of these, more than one hundred were white women and children.

Many days had passed—long, hot, tedious days—and no Indians were seen. The first terror abated. The higher officers, it seems, had scarcely believed at all in the hostile intentions of the Creeks, and were inclined to make light of the general consternation. At least, they were entirely confident in their ability to defend the fort against any force that the Indians could bring against it. The motley inmates gave themselves up to fun and frolic. A rumor would occasionally come in with alarming news of Indian movements, and, for a few hours, the old caution was resumed, and the men would languidly work on the defenses. But still the hourly scouts sent out by the commander could discover no traces of an enemy, and the hot days and nights still wore away without alarm.

August 29th, two slaves, who had been sent out to watch some cattle that grazed a few miles from the fort, came rushing breathless through the gate, reporting that they had seen twenty-four painted warriors. A general alarm ensued, and the garrison flew to their stations. A party of horse, guided by the negroes, galloped to the spot, but could neither find Indians, nor discover any of the usual traces of their presence. Upon their return, one of the negroes was tied up and severely flogged for alarming the garrison by what Major Beasley supposed to be a sheer fabrication. The other negro would also have been punished but for the interference of his master, who believed his tale; at which interference the major was so much displeased that he ordered the gentleman, with his large family, to leave the fort on the following morning. Never did such a fatal infatuation possess the mind of a man intrusted with so many human lives.

The 30th of August arrived. At ten in the morning the commandant was sitting in his room writing to Governor Claiborne a letter (which still exists) to the effect that he need not concern himself in the least respecting the safety of Fort Mims, as there was no doubt of its impregnability against any Indian force whatever. Both gates were wide open. Women were preparing dinner. Children were playing about the cabins. Soldiers were sauntering, sleeping, playing cards. The owner of the frightened negro had now consented to his punishment rather than leave the fort, and the poor fellow was tied up expecting soon to feel the lash. His companion, who had been whipped the day before, was out tending cattle at the same place, where again he saw, or thought he saw, painted warriors; and fearing to be whipped again if he reported the news, fled to the next station some miles distant.

All this calm and quiet morning, from before daylight until noon, there lay in a ravine only four hundred yards from the fort's eastern gate, one thousand Creek warriors, armed to the teeth, and hideous with war-paint and feathers. Weathersford, the crafty and able chieftain, had led them from Pensacola, where the British had supplied them with weapons and ammunition, to this well-chosen spot, where they crouched and waited through the long slow morning, with the devilish patience with which savages and tigers *can* wait for their prey. So dead was the silence in the ravine, that the birds fluttered and sang as usual in the branches above the dusky breathing mass. Five prophets with blackened faces, with medicine bags and magic rods, lay among them, ready at the signal to begin their incantations and stimulate the fury of the warriors.

At noon a drum in the fort beat to dinner; officers and men, their arms laid aside, all unsuspecting of danger, were gathering to the meal in various parts of the stockade. That dinner-drum was the signal which Weathersford had cunningly chosen for the attack. At the first tap, the silent ravine was alive with Indians, who leaped up and ran in a tumultuous mass toward the eastern gate of the devoted fort. The head of the throng had reached a field, one hundred and fifty yards across, that lay before the gate, had raised a hideous whoop, and were streaming across the field, before a sentinel saw or heard them. Then arose the terrible cry, *Indians! Indians!* and there was a rush of women and children to the houses, and of men to the gates and loopholes. Major Beasley was

One of the first at the gate, and made a frantic attempt to close it; but sand had washed into the gateway, and ere the obstruction could be removed, the savages poured in, felled the commander to the earth with clubs and tomahawks, and ran over his bleeding body into the fort. He crawled behind the gate, and in a few minutes died, exhorting his men with his last breath to make a resolute resistance. At once the whole of that part of the fort which had been lately added, and which was separated from the main inclosure by the old line of pickets, was filled with Indians, hooting, howling, dancing among the dead bodies of many of the best officers and men of the little garrison. The poor negro, tied up to be whipped for doing all he could to prevent this catastrophe, was killed as he stood waiting for his punishment.

The situation was at once simple and horrible. Two inclosures adjoining, with a line of port-holes through the log partition—one inclosure full of men, women, children, friendly Indians and negroes—the other filled with howling savages, mad with the lust of slaughter; both compartments containing sheds, cabins, and other places for refuge and assault—the large open field without the eastern gate covered with what seemed a countless swarm of naked fiends hurrying to the fort—all avenues of escape closed by Weathersford's foresight and vigilance—no white station within three miles, and no adequate help within a day's march—the commandant and some of his ablest officers trampled under the feet of the savage foe. Such was the posture of affairs at Fort Mims a few minutes after noon on this dreadful day.

The garrison, partly recovering their first panic, formed along the line of port-holes and fired some effective volleys, killing with the first discharge the five prophets who were dancing, grimacing, and howling among the assailants in the smaller inclosure. These men had given out that they were invulnerable. American bullets were to split upon their sacred persons and pass off harmless. Their fall so abated the ardor of the savages that their fire slackened, and some began to retreat from the fort. But new crowds kept coming up, and the attack was soon renewed in all its first fury.

The garrison, with scarcely an exception, behaved as men should do in circumstances so terrible and desperate. One Captain Bailey took the command after the death of Major Beasley, and infused the fire of his own indomitable spirit into the hearts of the whole com-

pany; adding an example of cool valor to encouraging words. The garrison maintained a ceaseless and destructive fire through the port-holes and from the houses. It happened, more than once, that at a simultaneous discharge through a port-hole, both the Indian without and the white man within were killed. Even the boys and some of the women assisted in the defense; and few of the women gave themselves up to terror while there remained any hope of preserving the fort. Some of the old men broke holes in the roof of the large house and did good execution upon the savages outside of the stockade. The noise was terrific. All the Indians who could not get at the port-holes to fight seemed to have passed the hours of this horrible day in dancing round the fort, screaming, hooting, and taunting the inmates with their coming fate.

Amid scenes like these three hours passed, and still the larger part of the fort remained in the hands of the garrison, though many a gallant soldier had fallen, and the rooms of the large house were filled with wounded men and ministering women. The heroic Bailey still spoke cheerily. He said that Indians never fought long when they were bravely met; they would certainly abandon the assault if the garrison continued to resist. He tried to induce a small party to make a sortie, fight their way to the next station, and bring a force to attack the enemy in the rear. Failing in this, he said he would go himself, and began to climb the picketing, but was pulled back by his friends, who saw the madness of the attempt.

About three o'clock the Indians seemed to tire of the long contest. The fire slackened; the howlings subsided; the savages began to carry off the plunder from the cabins in the lesser inclosure; and hope revived in many a despairing heart. But Weathersford, at this hour, rode up on a large black horse, and meeting a throng of the retreating plunderers, upbraided them in an animated speech, and induced them to return with him to the fort and complete its destruction.

And now FIRE was added to the horrors of the scene. By burning arrows and other expedients, the house of Mr. Mims was set on fire, and soon the whole structure, with its extensive out-buildings and sheds, was wrapped in flames; while the shrieks of the women and children were heard, for the first time, above the dreadful din and whoop of the battle. One after another, the smaller buildings caught,

until the whole inclosure was a roaring sea of flame, except one poor corner, where some extra picketing formed a last refuge to the surviving victims. Into this inclosure hurried a crowd of women, children, negroes, old men, wounded soldiers, trampling one another to death—all in the last agonies of mortal terror. The savages were soon upon them, and the work of slaughter—fierce, unrelenting slaughter—began. Children were seized by the feet and their brains dashed out against the pickets. Women were cut to pieces. Men were tomahawked and scalped. Some poor Spaniards, deserters from Pensacola, were kneeling along the pickets, and were tomahawked, one after another, as they knelt. Weathersford, who was not a savage, but a misguided hero and patriot, worthy of Tecumseh's friendship, did what Tecumseh would have done if he had been there: he tried to stop this horrid carnage. But the Indians were delirious and frantic with the love of blood, and would not stay their murderous hands while one of that mass of human victims continued to live.

At noon that day, as we have seen, five hundred and fifty-three persons were inmates of Fort Mims. At sunset, four hundred mangled, scalped and bloody corpses were heaped and strewed within its wooden walls. Not one white woman, not one white child, escaped. Twelve of the garrison, at the last moment, by cutting through two of the pickets, got out of the fort, and fled to the swamp. A large number of the negroes were spared by the Indians and kept for slaves. A few half-breeds were made prisoners. Captain Bailey, severely wounded, ran to the swamp, and died by the side of a cypress stump. A negro woman, with a ball in her breast, reached a canoe on Lake Tensaw, and paddled fifteen miles to Fort Stoddart, and bore the first news of the massacre to Governor Claiborne. Most of the men who fled from the slaughter wandered for days in the swamps and forests, and only reached places of safety, nearly starved, after many a hair-breadth escape from the Indians. Some of them are still living, from whose lips Mr. A. J. Pickett, the historian of Alabama, gathered most of the particulars which have been briefly related here.

The garrison sold their lives as dearly as they could. It is thought that four hundred of Weathersford's band were killed and wounded. That night the savages, exhausted with their bloody work, appear to have slept near the scene of the massacre. Next day they

returned to bury their dead, but fatigued with the number, gave it up, and left many exposed. Ten days after, Major Kennedy reached the spot with a detachment of troops to bury the bodies of the whites, and found the air dark with buzzards, and hundreds of dogs gnawing the bodies. In two large pits the troops, shuddering now with horror, and now fierce for revenge, succeeded at length in burying the remains of their countrymen and countrywomen. Major Kennedy said in his report, "Indians, negroes, white men, women, and children, lay in one promiscuous ruin. All were scalped, and the females of every age were butchered in a manner which neither decency nor language will permit me to describe. The main building was burned to ashes, which were filled with bones. The plains and woods around were covered with dead bodies. All the houses were consumed by fire, except the block-house and a part of the pickets. The soldiers and officers with one voice called on divine Providence to revenge the death of our murdered friends."

Such was the massacre at Fort Mims. The news flew upon the wings of the wind. From Mobile to the borders of Tennessee, from the vicinity of New Orleans almost to the coast of Georgia, there was felt to be no safety for the white man except in fortified posts; nor certain safety even in them. In the country of the Alabama River and its branches, every white man, woman, and child, every friendly half-breed and Indian, hurried to the stockades, or fled in wild terror toward Mobile. "Never in my life," wrote an eye-witness, "did I see a country given up before without a struggle. Here are the finest crops my eyes ever beheld made and almost fit to be housed, with immense herds of cattle, negroes, and property, abandoned by their owners, almost on the first alarm." Within the stockades diseases raged, and hundreds of families, unable to get within those inclosures, lay around the walls, squalid, panic-stricken, sick, and miserable. Parties of Indians roved about the country rioting in plunder. After burning the houses and laying waste the plantations, they would drive the cattle together in herds, and either destroy them in a mass, or drive them off for their future use. The horses were taken to facilitate their marauding, and their camps were filled with the luxuries of the planter's houses. Governor Claiborne, a generous and feeling man, was at his wits' end. From every quarter came the most urgent and pathetic de-

mands for troops. Not a man could be spared, for no one knew where next the exultant savages would endeavor to repeat the catastrophe of Fort Mims; and in the best-defended forts there were five non-combatants to one soldier. For some weeks of the autumn of 1813, it really seemed as if the white settlers of Alabama, including those of Mobile itself, were on the point of being exterminated.

Had Weathersford's force hastened to improve their victory, and marched upon Mobile, ill-garrisoned and crowded with fugitives, it is probable the town would have fallen before them, and a direct communication with the British fleet been established. But an Indian, never very wise, is a drunken fool after victory. He must count and trim his scalps, recount his exploits, secure his plunder, and miss the substantial advantages of his success.

The news of the massacre at Fort Mims was thirty-one days in reaching New York. It is a proof how occupied were the minds of the people in the Northern States with great events, that the dread narrative appeared in the New York papers only as an item of war news of comparatively small importance. The last prodigious acts in the drama of Napoleon's decline and fall were watched with absorbing interest. The news of Perry's victory on Lake Erie had just thrilled the nation with delight and pride, and all minds were still eager for every new particular. Harrison's victory on the Thames over Proctor and Tecumseh soon followed. The lamentable condition of the southern country was therefore little felt at the time beyond the states immediately concerned. Perry and Harrison were the heroes of the hour. Their return from the scene of their exploits was a continuous triumphal fête.

In a room at Nashville, a thousand miles from these splendid scenes, lay a gaunt, yellow-visaged man, sick, defeated, prostrate, with his arm bound up, and his shoulders bandaged, waiting impatiently for his wounds to heal, and his strength to return. Who then thought of *him* in connection with victory and glory? Who supposed that *he*, of all men, was the one destined to cast into the shade those favorites of the nation, and shine out as the prime hero of the war?

CHAPTER XV.

TENNESSEE IN THE FIELD.

THERE must have been swift express riding in those early days of September, and as stealthy as swift through the Indian country; for, on the 18th of the month, nineteen days after the massacre, we find the people of Nashville assembled in town meeting to deliberate upon the event; the Rev. Mr. Craighead in the chair. This was Saturday. A committee, of which Colonel Coffee was a member, was appointed to confer with Governor Blount and General Jackson, and report on the following day. On Sunday morning the citizens were again in session, listening to an eloquent address by the reverend chairman, and to a series of resolutions urging the immediate succor of the southern settlers. It was announced that the governor of the state was favorable to the measure. "We have to regret," said the committee, "the present temporary indisposition of our brave and patriotic General Jackson; but we have the utmost confidence, from his declarations and his convalescent state, to announce that he will be able to command so soon as the freemen of Tennessee can be collected to march against the foe."

The news of the massacre produced everywhere in Tennessee the most profound impression. Pity for the distressed Alabamians, fears for the safety of their own borders, rage against the Creeks, so long the recipients of governmental bounty, united to inflame the minds of the people. But one feeling pervaded the state. With one voice, it was decreed that the entire resources and the whole available force of Tennessee should be hurled upon the savage foe, to avenge the massacre and deliver the southern country.

A most striking narrative of the proceedings of the legislature on this occasion, and of the nerve, vigor, and resolution of the prostrate Jackson, lies before me, from the pen of Mr. Enoch Parsons, a member then of the senate of Tennessee. "I arrived at Nashville," says this gentleman, "on the Saturday before the third Monday in September, 1813. I found in the public square a very large crowd of people, and many fine speeches were making to the people, and the talking part of a war was never better performed.

I was invited out to the place where the orators were holding forth, and invited to address the people. I declined the distinction; the talking ended; and resolutions were adopted, the substance of which was that the enlightened legislature would convene on the next Monday, and they would prepare for the emergency.

"The legislature was composed of twenty senators and forty representatives, some of them old, infirm men. As soon as the houses were organized, at my table I wrote a bill, and introduced it, to call out 3,500 men, under the general entitled to command, and place them in the Indian nation, so that they might preserve the Mississippi territory from destruction, and prevent the friendly Indians from taking the enemy's side, and to render service to the United States until the United States could provide a force. The bill pledged all the revenue of the state for one hundred years to pay the expense, and authorized the governor to borrow money from any source he could, and at the lowest rate he could, to defray the expenses of the campaign. The secretary of state, William G. Blount, Major John Russell, a senator, and myself signed or indorsed the Governor's note for twenty thousand dollars, and the old patriotic State Bank lent the money which the note called for.

"At this time General Jackson was lying, as he had been between ten and twenty days, with the wounds received in the battle with the Bentons and others, and had not been out of his room, if out of his bed. The constitution of the state would not allow the bill to become a law until it had passed in each house three times on different days. The bill was, therefore, passed in each house on Monday, and lay in the senate for Tuesday.

"After the adjournment of the houses on Monday, as I passed out of the senate chamber, I was accosted by a gentleman, and presented with General Jackson's compliments and a request that I should see him forthwith. I had not been to his room since my arrival. I complied with his request, and found he was minutely informed of the contents of the bill I had introduced, and wished to know if it would pass, and said the news of the introduction of the bill had spread all over the city, and that it was called the War Bill or Parsons' Bill. I assured the general it would pass, and on Wednesday would be a law, and I mentioned that I regretted very much that the general entitled to command, and who all would de-

sire should command the forces of the state, was not in a condition to take the field. To which General Jackson replied :

“ ‘The devil in hell, he is not.’

“He gritted his teeth with anguish as he uttered these words, and groaned when he ceased to speak. I told him that I hoped I was mistaken, but that I did not believe he could just then take the field. After some time I left the general. Two hours after, I received fifty or more copies of his orders, which had been made out and printed in the mean time, and ordered the troops to rendezvous at Fayetteville, eighty miles on the way, on Thursday. At the bottom of the order was a note, stating that the health of the commanding general was *restored*.

“That evening or the next day, I saw Dr. May, General Jackson’s principal physician, and inquired of him if he thought General Jackson could possibly march. Dr. May said that no other man could, and that it was uncertain whether, with his spunk and energy, *he* could ; but that it was entirely uncertain what General Jackson could do in such circumstances.

“I felt much anxiety for the country and for the general ; and when the general started, which was, I think, on the day before the law passed, Dr. May went with him and returned in three or four days. I called on Dr. May, upon his return, and inquired how the general had got along. Whereupon the doctor stated, that they had *to stop the general frequently, and wash him from head to foot in solutions of sugar of lead to keep down inflammation ;* and that he was better, and he and his troops had gone on ! The legislature then prefixed a supplemental bill to suspend all actions in which the volunteers were concerned in the courts until their return.”

There, reader, you have ANDREW JACKSON—his real secret, the explanation of his character, of his success, of his celebrity. If any one inquires of you what manner of man Andrew Jackson was, answer him by telling Mr. Parsons’ story.

The 4th of October was the day named in the general’s orders for the rendezvous at Fayetteville, a village near the northern borders of Alabama. Ten days before the day of rendezvous, he dispatched his old friend and partner, Colonel Coffee, with his regiment of five hundred horse, and such mounted volunteers as could instantly join, to Huntsville, in the northern part of Alabama, to restore confidence

to the frontier. Huntsville is a hundred miles or more from Nashville. On the 4th of October, the energetic Coffee had reached the place, his force increased to nearly thirteen hundred men; and volunteers, as he wrote back to his commander, flocking in every hour.

The day named for the rendezvous at Fayetteville was exactly one month from that on which the commanding general received his wounds in the affray with the Bentons. He could not mount his horse without assistance when the time came for him to move toward the rendezvous. His left arm was bound and in a sling. He could not wear his coat-sleeve; nor, during any part of his military career, could he long endure on his left shoulder the weight of an epaulette. Often, in the crisis of a maneuver, some unguarded movement would send such a thrill of agony through his attenuated frame as almost to deprive him of consciousness. It could not have been a pleasant thought that he had squandered in a paltry, puerile, private contest, the strength he needed for the defence of his country. Grievous was his fault; bitter the penalty; noble the atonement.

Traveling as fast as his healing wounds permitted, General Jackson reached Fayetteville on the 7th of October, and found that less than half of the two thousand men ordered out had assembled. But welcome tidings from Colonel Coffee awaited him. Hitherto, he had chiefly feared for the safety of Mobile, and had anticipated a long and weary march into southern Alabama. He now learned from Colonel Coffee's dispatch, that the Indians seemed to have abandoned their designs upon Mobile, and were making their way, in two parties, toward the borders of Georgia and Tennessee. This was joyful news to the enfeebled but fiery commander. "It is surely," he wrote back to Coffee the same evening, "high gratification to learn that the Creeks are so attentive to my situation, as to save me the pain of traveling. I must not be outdone in politeness, and will therefore endeavor to meet them on the middle ground."

A week was passed at Fayetteville in waiting for the troops, procuring supplies, organizing the regiments, and drilling the men; a week of intense exertion on the part of the general, to whom congenial employment brought daily restoration.

At one o'clock on Monday, the 11th of October, an express dashed into camp with another dispatch from Colonel Coffee, announcing

the approach of the enemy. Then was seen the impetuous energy of the general in command. The order to prepare for marching was given *on the instant*. A few minutes later, the express was galloping back to Coffee's camp, carrying a few hasty lines from Jackson, to the effect that, in two hours, he would be in motion with all his available force. Before three, he had kept his word; the army was in full career toward Huntsville. Excited more and more, as they went, by rumor of Indian murders, the men marched with such incredible swiftness, as to reach Huntsville, *thirty-two miles* from Fayetteville, by eight o'clock the same evening! It is hard to believe that an army could march six miles an hour for five hours, but the fact is stated on what may be considered the authority of General Jackson himself. At Huntsville, it was found that the news of the rapid approach of the Indians was exaggerated. The next day, therefore, the force marched leisurely to the Tennessee river, crossed it, and toward evening came up with Colonel Coffee's command, encamped on the south side of the river.

So far all had gone well. There they were, twenty-five hundred of them, in the pleasant autumn weather, upon a high bluff, overlooking the beautiful Tennessee, all in high spirits, eager to be led against the enemy. There were jovial souls among them. David Crockett, then the peerless bear-hunter of the West (to be member of Congress by and by, to be national joker, and to stump the country against his present commander) was there with his rifle and hunting-shirt, the merriest of the merry, keeping the camp alive with his quaint conceits and marvelous narratives. He had a hereditary right to be there, for both his grandparents had been murdered by Creeks, and other relatives carried into long captivity by them.

Merriment, meanwhile, was far from the heart of the general. Grappling now with the chronic difficulty of the campaign, he was torn with impatience and anxiety.

Twenty-five hundred men and thirteen hundred horses on a bluff of the Tennessee, on the borders of civilization, about to plunge into pathless woods, and march, no one knew how far, into the fastnesses and secret retreats of a savage enemy! Such a body will consume ten wagon-loads of provisions every day. For a week's subsistence they require a thousand bushels of grain, twenty tons of flesh, a thousand gallons of whisky, and many hundredweight of

miscellaneous stores. Assemble, suddenly, such a force in the most populous county of Illinois, as Illinois now is, and it would not be a quite easy matter, in the space of seventeen days, to organize a system of supply so that the army could march thirty miles a day into the forest, and be sure of finding a day's rations waiting for them at the end of every day's march. Colonel Coffee, moreover, had been encamped for eight days upon the bluff, had swept the surrounding country of its forage, and gathered in nearly all the provisions it could furnish. All this General Jackson had expected, and hither, accordingly, he had directed the supplies from East Tennessee to be sent.

The contractor had abundant provisions, and instantly set about dispatching them. "I believe," wrote General Cocke (Commander of the forces of East Tennessee) to Jackson, on the 2d day of October, "a thousand barrels of flour can be had immediately. I will send it on to Ditto's landing (Jackson's camp) without delay." To the river's side they were sent promptly enough. But the Tennessee, like most of the western rivers, is not navigable in its upper waters in dry seasons, and the flour which General Jackson expected to find awaiting him at Coffee's bluff, was still hundreds of miles up the river, "waiting for a rise." His whole stock, at present, amounted to only a few days' supply. To proceed seemed impossible. He was bitterly disappointed. Nor was the cause of the delay apparent to him, since the Tennessee, where *he* saw it, flowed by in a sufficient stream. Chafing under the enforced delay, like a war-horse restrained from the charge after the trumpet has sounded, he denounced the contractor and the contract system, and even General Cocke, who, zealous for the service, had gone far beyond the line of his duty in his efforts to forward the supplies.

But General Jackson did better things than these. Perceiving now, only too clearly, that this matter of provisions was to be the great difficulty of the campaign, he sent back to Nashville his friend and quarter-master, Major William B. Lewis, in order that he might have some one there upon whose zeal and discretion he could entirely rely, and who would do all that man could do for his relief. Colonel Coffee, with a body of seven hundred mounted men, he sent away from his hungry camp to scour the banks of the Black Warrior, a branch of the Tombigbee. He gave the infantry who remained as hard a week's drilling as ever volunteers submitted to.

Order arose from confusion; discipline began to exert its potent spell, and the mob of pioneer militia assumed something of the aspect of an army. While he was thus engaged, a friendly chief (Sheloceta) came into camp with news that hostile Creeks, in a considerable body, were threatening a fort occupied by friendly Indians near the Ten Islands of the Coosa. The route thither lying in part up the Tennessee, Jackson resolved, with such provisions as he had, to go and meet the expected flotilla, and, having obtained supplies, to strike at once into the heart of the Indian country, and relieve the friendly fort. He lived, during these anxious days, with an eye ever on the river, heart-sick with hope deferred.

On the 19th of October the camp on the bluff broke up. Three days of marching, climbing, and road cutting, over mountains before supposed to be impassable, brought the little army to Thompson's creek, a branch of the Tennessee, twenty-two miles above the previous encampment. To his inexpressible disappointment, he found there neither provisions nor tidings of provisions. In circumstances so disheartening and unexpected, most men would have thought it better generalship to retreat to the settlements, and wait in safety while adequate arrangements were made for the support of the army. No such thought appears to have occurred to the general. Retreat at that moment would have probably tempted the enemy to the frontiers of Tennessee, and covered them with fire and desolation. Jackson halted his force at Thompson's creek, and while his men were employed in throwing up a fort to be used as a depot for the still expected provisions, he sat in his tent for three days writing letters the most pathetic and imploring. He wrote to General Cocke and Judge Hugh L. White, of East Tennessee; to the governors of Tennessee and Georgia; to the Indian agents among the Cherokees and Choctaws; to friendly Indian chiefs; to General Flourney, of New Orleans; to various private friends of known public spirit; appealing to every motive of interest and patriotism that could influence men, entreating them to use all personal exertions and public authority in forwarding supplies to his destitute army. Give me provisions, was the burden of these eloquent letters, and I will end this war in a month. "There is an enemy," he wrote, "whom I dread much more than I do the hostile Creeks, and whose power, I am fearful, I shall first be made to feel—I mean the meager monster, FAMINE. I shall leave this encampment in the

morning direct for the Ten Islands, and thence, with as little delay as possible, to the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa; and yet I have not on hand two days' supply of breadstuffs."

Colonel Coffee soon after rejoined the general. In twelve days he had marched two hundred miles, burnt two Indian towns, collected three or four hundred bushels of corn, and returned to the Tennessee without having seen a hostile Indian. Runners still arriving from the Ten Islands with entreaties from the friendly Indians for relief, Jackson, with two days' supply of bread and six of flesh, resolved to march, and depend for subsistence upon chance and victory.

Leaving Fort Deposit on the 25th of October, the general marched southward into the enemy's country as fast as the state of his commissariat permitted; halting when his corn quite gave out; marching again when he procured a day's supply; sending out detachments to burn villages and find hidden stores; writing letter after letter, imploring succor from the settlements; always resolute, always in an agony of suspense. On one of these days, Colonel Dyer, who had been sent out with a detachment of two hundred men, returned to camp with twenty-nine prisoners and a considerable supply of corn, the spoils of a burnt village. Other slight successes on the march served to keep the men in good spirits, but were not sufficient to lift for more than a moment the load of care that rested upon the heart of the general. A week brought the whole force, intact, to the banks of the Coosa, within a few miles of the Ten Islands, near which, at a town called Talluschatches, it was now known, a large body of the Indians had assembled.

Talluschatches was thirteen miles from General Jackson's camp. On the 2d of November came the welcome order to General Coffee (he had just been promoted) to march with a thousand mounted men to destroy this town. Late in the same day, the detachment were on the trail, accompanied by a body of friendly Creeks, wearing white feathers and white deers' tails, to distinguish them from their hostile brethren. The next morning's sun shone upon Coffee and his men preparing to assault the town. What followed, let the brave general himself relate.

"I arrived," wrote General Coffee in his official report to Jackson, "within one mile and a half of the town on the morning of the 3d, at which place I divided my detachment into two columns, the right

composed of the cavalry commanded by Colonel Allcorn, to cross over a large creek that lay between us and the towns; the left column was of the mounted riflemen, under the command of Colonel Cannon, with whom I marched myself. Colonel Allcorn was ordered to march up on the right, and encircle one-half of the town, and at the same time the left would form a half circle on the left, and unite the head of the columns in front of the town—all of which was performed as I could wish. When I arrived within half a mile of the town, the drums of the enemy began to beat, mingled with their savage yells, preparing for action. It was after sunrise an hour when the action was brought on by Captain Hammond and Lieutenant Patterson's companies, who had gone on within the circle of alignment, for the purpose of drawing out the enemy from their buildings; which had the most happy effect. As soon as Captain Hammond exhibited his front in view of the town (which stood in an open woodland), and gave a few scattering shot, the enemy formed and made a violent charge on him; he gave way as they advanced, until they met our right column, which gave them a general fire and then charged. This changed the direction of charge completely. The enemy retreated firing, until they got around, and in their buildings, where they made all the resistance that an overpowered soldier could do. They fought as long as one existed; but their destruction was very soon completed. Our men rushed up to the doors of the houses, and in a few minutes killed the last warrior of them. The enemy fought with savage fury, and met death with all its horrors, without shrinking or complaining: not one asked to be spared, but fought as long as they could stand or sit. In consequence of their flying to their houses and mixing with the families, our men, in killing the males, without intention, killed and wounded a few of the squaws and children, which was regretted by every officer and soldier of the detachment, but which could not be avoided.

“The number of the enemy killed was one hundred and eighty-six, that were counted, and a number of others that were killed in the weeds, not found. I think the calculation a reasonable one, to say two hundred of them were killed, and eighty-four prisoners of women and children were taken. Not one of the warriors escaped to carry the news—a circumstance unknown heretofore. We lost five men killed, and forty-one wounded, none mortally, the greater part slightly; a number with arrows. This appears to form a very

principal part of the enemy's arms for warfare, every man having a bow with a bundle of arrows, which is used after the first fire with the gun, until a leisure time for loading offers."

On the evening of the same day, General Coffee having destroyed the town and buried his dead, led his victorious troops back to Jackson's camp, where he received from his general and the rest of the army the welcome that brave men give to brave men returning from triumph. Along with the returning horsemen, joyful with their victory, came into camp a sorrowful procession of prisoners, all women or children, all widows or fatherless, all helpless and destitute. They were humanely cared for by the troops, and soon after sent to the settlements for maintenance during the war.

On the bloody field of Tallusshatches was found a slain mother, still embracing her living infant. The child was brought into camp with the other prisoners, and Jackson, anxious to save it, endeavored to induce some of the Indian women to give it nourishment. "No," said they, "all his relations are dead, kill him too." This reply appealed to the heart of the general. He caused the child to be taken to his own tent, where, among the few remaining stores, was found a little brown sugar. This mingled with water, served to keep the child alive until it could be sent to Huntsville, where it was nursed at Jackson's expense until the end of the campaign, and then taken to the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson received it cordially; and the boy grew up in the family, treated by the general and his kind wife as a son and a favorite. Lincoyer was the name given him by the general. He grew to be a finely formed and robust youth, and received the education usually given to the planters' sons in the neighborhood. Yet, it appears, he remained an Indian to the last, delighting to roam the fields and woods, and decorate his hair and clothes with gay feathers, and given to strong yearnings for his native wilds. At the proper age, the general, wishing to complete his good work by giving him the means of independence, took him among the shops of Nashville, and asked him to choose the trade he would learn. He chose the very business at which Jackson himself had tried his youthful hand—harness making. The apprentice now spent the working days in the shop at Nashville, going to the Hermitage on Sunday evenings, and returning on Monday morning, generally riding one of the general's horses. The work did not agree with him, and he came home sick to the Hermitage, to leave

it no more. His disease proved to be consumption. He was nursed with care and solicitude by good Aunt Rachel, but he sank rapidly, and died before he had reached his seventeenth year. The general sincerely mourned his loss, and often spoke of Lincoyer as a parent speaks of a lost child.

A lady of Nashville tells me, that when, as a little girl, she used to visit the Hermitage with her parents, this Indian boy was her terror; as it was his delight to spring out upon the other children from some ambush about the house, and frighten them with loud yells and horrible grimaces.

It was General Jackson's turn next. Thirty miles from his encampment on the Coosa stood a small fort, into which, as before intimated, a party of a hundred and fifty-four friendly Creeks had fled for safety. The site of this fort is now covered by part of the town of Talladega, the capital of Talladega county, Alabama, a thriving place of two thousand inhabitants, situated on a branch of the Coosa, in the midst of beautiful mountain scenery. This region was, at the time of which we are now writing, literally a *howling* wilderness; for, while General Coffee was returning in triumph from Taluschattee, more than a thousand hostile Creeks suddenly surrounded the friendly fort and invested it so completely that not a man could escape. With only a small supply of corn, and scarcely any water, outnumbered seven to one, and unable to send intelligence of their situation, the inmates of the fort seemed doomed to massacre. The assailants appear to have comported themselves on this occasion in the manner of a cat, sure of her mouse. They whooped and sported around their prey, waiting for terror or starvation to save them the trouble of conquest.

Some days passed. The sufferings of the beleaguered Indians from thirst began to be intolerable. A noted chief of the party resolved upon making one desperate effort to escape and carry the news to Jackson's camp. Enveloping himself in the skin of a large hog, with the head and feet attached, he left the fort, and went about rooting and grunting, gradually working his way through the hostile host until he was beyond the reach of their arrows. Then, throwing off his disguise, he fled with the swiftness of the wind. Not knowing precisely where General Jackson was, he did not reach the camp till late in the evening of the next day, when he came in, breathless and exhausted, and told his story.

This was on the 7th of November, four days after the affair of Talluschatthes, during which the general and the troops had been busy in erecting a fortification, or depot, which was named Fort Strother. The army was still, as it had been from the beginning of the campaign, only a few days removed from starvation. Contractors had been dismissed, new ones appointed, more imploring letters written, and every conceivable effort made, and yet no reliable system had been devised to overcome the inherent difficulties of the work. To the general's other embarrassments was now added the care of the considerable number of wounded and sick, many of whom could not be moved. There was one encouraging circumstance, however. The troops from East Tennessee, under Major-General Cocke and Brigadier-General White, had, at length, reached the vicinity, and a force under General White was expected to join the next day, and to bring with them some supplies. So General White himself had written. Jackson, at the moment when the messenger from the beleaguered fort arrived, was in his tent, closing his reply to the coming general, to whom he imparted the new intelligence and announced his intentions with regard to it, adding that he depended upon *him* (General White) to protect his camp during his own absence from it.

Relying, with the utmost possible confidence, upon General White's arrival, Jackson, with his usual dashing promptitude, issued orders for his whole division, except a few men to guard the post and attend the sick, to prepare for marching that very evening. He had taken the resolution to rush to the relief of the friendly Creeks, justly supposing that the massacre of such a body, within so short a distance of an American army, would intimidate all the friendly Indians, and tend to unite the southern tribes, as one man, against the United States.

At one o'clock in the morning of November the 8th, eight hundred horsemen and twelve hundred foot, under command of General Jackson, stood on the bank of the Coosa, one mile above Fort Strother, ready to cross. The river was wide but fordable for horsemen. Each of the mounted men taking behind him one of the infantry, rode across the river and then returned for another. This operation consumed so long a time that it was nearly four o'clock in the morning before the whole force was drawn up on the opposite bank prepared to move. A long and weary march through a

country wild and uninhabited brought them, about sunset, within six miles of Talladega. There the general thought it best to halt and give repose to the troops, taking precautions to conceal his presence from the enemy.

There was no repose for the general that night. Till late in the evening he remained awake, receiving reports from the spies sent out to reconnoiter the enemy's position, and making arrangements for the morrow's work. At midnight, an Indian came into the camp with a dispatch from General White, announcing, to Jackson's inexpressible astonishment and dismay, that, in consequence of positive orders from General Cocke, he would not be able to protect Fort Strother, but must return and rejoin his general immediately. No other explanation was given. Jackson was in sore perplexity. To go forward was to leave the sick and wounded at Fort Strother to the mercy of any strolling party of savages. To retreat would bring certain destruction upon the friendly Creeks, and, probably, the whole besieging force upon his own rear. In this painful dilemma, he resolved upon the boldest measures, and the wisest—to strike the foe in his front at the dawn of day, and, having delivered the inmates of the fort, hasten from the battle field to the protection of Fort Strother.

Before four in the morning the army was in full march toward the enemy. A sudden and vigorous attack soon put to flight the besieging host, and set free the loyal Creeks, whose delight at their escape is described to have been affecting in the extreme. Besides being nearly dead from thirst, they were anticipating an assault that very day, and had no knowledge of Jackson's approach until they heard the noise of the battle. Fifteen minutes after the action became general, the savages were flying headlong in every direction, and falling fast under the swords of the pursuing troops. The delivered Creeks ran out of the fort, and, having appeased their raging thirst, thronged around their deliverer, testifying their delight and gratitude. The little corn that they could spare the general bought and distributed among his hungry men and horses. He had left Fort Strother with only provisions for little more than one day, and the supply obtained from the Creeks amounted to less than a meal for his victorious army.

The dead honorably buried, and the wounded placed in litters, the troops marched back to Fort Strother the day after the battle. They arrived tired and hungry, yet fondly hoping that, in their ab-

sence, some supplies had been collected. Not a peck of meal, not a pound of flesh had reached the fort; and they found their sick and wounded comrades as hungry as themselves. It was a bitter moment. The general was in an agony of disappointment and apprehension. The men, though returning from victory, murmured ominously. Until this day, the general and his staff had subsisted upon private stores procured and transported at his own expense. Before leaving for Talladega, he had directed the surgeons to draw upon these, if necessary, for the maintenance of the sick, and upon his return he found that all had been consumed, except a few pounds of biscuit. These were immediately distributed among the hungry applicants, not one being reserved for the general. Concealing his feelings, and assuming a cheerful aspect, he went among the men and endeavored to give the affair a jocular turn. He went with his staff to the slaughtering place of the camp, and brought away from the refuse there the means of satisfying his appetite, declaring with a smiling face that tripe was a savory and nutritious article of food, and that for his part he desired nothing better. For several days succeeding, while a few lean cattle were the only support of the army, General Jackson and his military family subsisted upon tripe, without bread or seasoning.

Jackson soon saw the effect of his brilliant success at Talladega. The Hillabee warriors, who had been defeated in that battle, at once sent a messenger to Fort Strother to sue for peace. Jackson's reply was prompt and characteristic. His government, he said, had taken up arms to avenge the most gross depredations, and to bring back to a sense of duty a people to whom it had shown the utmost kindness. When those objects were attained the war would cease, but not till then. "Upon those," he continued, "who are disposed to become friendly, I neither wish nor intend to make war, but they must afford evidences of the sincerity of their professions; the prisoners and property they have taken from us and the friendly Creeks must be restored; the instigators of the war, and the murderers of our citizens, must be surrendered; the latter must and will be made to feel the force of our resentment. Long shall they remember Fort Mims in bitterness and tears."

The Hillabee messenger, who was an old Scotchman, long domesticated among the Indians, departed with Jackson's reply. It was never delivered. Before the message reached the Hillabees an

event occurred which banished from their minds all thought of peace, changing them from suppliants for pardon into enemies the most resolute and deadly of all the Indians in the southern country. General White of East Tennessee, totally unaware of the state of feeling among the Hillabees, nay, supposing them to be inveterately hostile, marched rapidly into their country, burning and destroying. On his way he burnt one village of thirty houses, and another of ninety-three. The principal Hillabee town, whence had proceeded the messenger to Jackson asking peace, and whither that messenger was to return that day, General White surprised at daybreak, killed sixty warriors, and captured two hundred and fifty women and children. Having burnt the town, he returned to General Cocke, supposing that he had done the state some service.

The feelings of the Hillabee tribe may be imagined. *This*, then, is General Jackson's answer to our humble suit! *Thus* does he respond to friendly overtures! They never knew General Jackson's innocence of this deed. From that time to the end of the war, it was observed that the Indians fought with greater fury and persistence than before; for they fought with the blended energy of hatred and despair. There was no suing for peace, no asking for quarter. To fight as long as they could stand, and as much longer as they could sit or kneel, and then as long as they had strength to shoot an arrow or pull a trigger—were all that they supposed remained to them after the destruction of the Hillabees.

General Jackson's grief and rage at this most unfortunate affair were natural and justifiable. Before all the Indian world he stood condemned as a violator of his written word, as a man capable of parleying with a beaten and suppliant enemy for the purpose of striking him an exterminating blow. The effect, too, was disastrous in many ways. It discouraged the friendly Indians, roused the submissive, exasperated the hostile, turned the war into a series of massacres, and prolonged it for many anxious and terrible weeks. What with the submission of the Hillabees, and the brilliant successes, soon after, of the Georgia troops under General Floyd, and the victories of the Louisiana and Mississippi troops under General Claiborne, the war would probably have come to an end with the end of the year 1813, if this new element of despair had not been infused into the savage mind.

CHAPTER XVI.

MUTINY IN THE CAMP.

"AN army like a serpent, goes upon its belly," Frederic of Prussia used to say. "Few men know," Marshal McMahon is reported to have remarked, after one of the late Italian battles, "how important it is in war for soldiers not to be kept waiting for their rations; and what vast events depend upon an army's not going into action before it has had its coffee." I have read somewhere that Napoleon, on being asked what a soldier most needed in war, answered, "A full belly and a good pair of shoes."

We left General Jackson at Fort Strother, giving out his last biscuit to his hungry troops, and appeasing his own appetite with unseasoned tripe. Then followed ten long weeks of agonizing perplexity, during which, though the enemy was unmolested by the Tennessee troops, their general appeared in a light more truly heroic than at any other part of his military life. His fortitude, his will, alone saved the campaign. His burning letters kept the cause alive in the state; his example, resolution, activity, and courage preserved the conquests already achieved, and prepared the way for others that threw them into the shade. The spectacle of a brave man contending with difficulties is one in which the gods were said to take delight. Such a spectacle was exhibited by Andrew Jackson during these weeks of enforced inaction.

Hunger, that great tamer of beasts and men, is precisely the enemy against which amateur soldiers are least able to contend. Lounging and dozing about the camp, unable to make the slightest attempt against the foe, their first love of adventure satisfied, desirous to recount their exploits to friends at home, pining for the abundance they had left, anxious for their farms and families, and angered at the supposed neglect of the state authorities and contractors, the troops became discontented, and began to clamor for the order to return into the settlements. Jackson's force consisted of two kinds of troops, militia and volunteers. It seemed at first a proof of the safety of the purely voluntary principle, that it was among the militia that the discontents took quickest root; the

pride of the volunteers keeping them firm in their duty after the militia were resolved to abandon theirs. It is said, however, that some of the volunteers who, from their having accompanied the general on his fruitless march to Natchez, were looked upon as the *veterans* of the army, were not the last to join the malcontents, nor the most moderate in expressing their feelings. These men spoke with a kind of oracular authority, which had influence with the younger soldiers. Some of the officers, too, overcome by that bane and blight of republican virtue, the lust of popularity, secretly sided with the men, and fomented their mutinous disposition. In secluded places about the camp, by the watch-fires at night, wherever a group of hungry soldiers were together, they talked of their wrongs, of the uselessness of remaining where they were, and how much better it would be for the army to return home for a while, and finish the war under better auspices at a more convenient season.

In circumstances like these revolt ripens apace. Ten days of gnawing hunger and inaction at Fort Strother brought all the militia regiments to the resolution of marching back, in a body, to the settlements, with or without the consent of the commanding general, and a day was fixed upon for their departure. Jackson heard of it in time. On the designated morning, the militia began the homeward movement. But they found a lion in the path. The general was up before them, and had drawn up on the road leading to the settlements the whole body of volunteers, with orders to prevent the departure of the militia, peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. The militia, in this unexpected posture of affairs, renounced their intention, and, obeying the orders of the general, returned to their position and their duty.

It soon appeared, however, that the volunteers were as much chagrined and disappointed at the success of this movement as the militia, and, ere night closed in, resolved themselves to depart on the following day. The general, apprised of their intention, was again early in the field. Imagine the surprise of the volunteers when, on taking the projected line of march, they found drawn up in hostile array to prevent them, the very militia whose departure they had frustrated the day before! The militia stood firm, and the volunteers, not without some grim laughter at this practical retort, returned to their stations. The cavalry, however, having

petitioned the general for permission to retire to Huntsville long enough to recruit their furnished horses, promising to return when that object was accomplished, were allowed to leave. Jackson remained in the wilderness with his thousand infantry, now sullen and enraged, and rapidly approaching the point of downright mutiny.

As was his wont in every crisis, the general tried the effect of a patriotic address. Inviting the officers of all grades to his quarters, he first laid before them the letters last received from Tennessee, which gave assurance that a plentiful supply of provisions was already on the way, and that measures were in operation which would insure a sufficiency in future. He then delivered a warm and energetic speech, extolling their past achievements, lamenting their privations, and urging them still to persevere. The conquests they had already made, he said, were of the greatest importance, and the most dreadful consequences would result from abandoning them. "To be sure," said he in conclusion, "we do not live sumptuously; but no one has died of hunger, or is likely to die; and then how animating are our prospects! Large supplies are at Deposit, and already are officers dispatched to hasten them on. Wagons are on the way: a large number of beeves are in the neighborhood; and detachments are out to bring them in. All these resources can not fail. I have no wish to starve you—none to deceive you. Stay contentedly; *and if supplies do not arrive in two days, we will all march back together*, and throw the blame of our failure where it should properly lie; until then we certainly have the means of subsisting; and if we are compelled to bear privations, let us remember that they are borne for our country, and are not greater than many, perhaps most armies have been compelled to endure. I have called you together to tell you my feelings and my wishes; this evening think on them seriously; and let me know yours in the morning."

The officers returned to their quarters, and consulted with the troops. On this occasion, whether from a spirit of rivalry or the sense of duty, the militia proved more tractable than the volunteers, for on the return of the officers to Jackson's tent, the officers of the volunteer regiments reported that nothing short of an immediate return to the settlements could prevent the forcible departure of their men; but the militia officers declared the willingness of their

troops to remain long enough to ascertain whether supplies could be obtained. "If they can," said they, "let us proceed with the campaign—if not, let us be marched back to where they can be procured."

The general thought it best to take both bodies at their word. He sent one regiment of volunteers to meet the coming provisions, ordering them to return with them as an escort. The other volunteer regiment, shamed by the superior fortitude of the militia, agreed to stay two days longer; and thus the general gained a brief respite from his torturing solicitude. These departing volunteers were the very men whom Jackson had refused to abandon at Natchez, even at the command of the government, and for whose safe return he had pledged and risked his fortune. That they should have been the first, in his sore perplexity, to abandon *him*, was an event which gave him the most acute mortification.

The two days passed. No provisions arrived. The militia demanded the prompt fulfillment of the general's promise. He was now in the dilemma that Columbus *would* have been in if land had not been desiered in three days. He was caught in his own trap. He had fully believed that two days would not pass without the arrival of at least supplies enough to release him from his engagement. All expedients now were exhausted. Overwhelmed with despondency, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, after long brooding over his situation, "If only two men will remain with me, I will *never* abandon the post!" One Captain Gordon replied, in a jocular manner, "You have one, general, let us see if we can not find another." He set about seeking volunteers, and, aided by the general's staff, soon obtained the names of one hundred and nine men who agreed to remain and defend the fort. Rejoicing at this result, the general left Fort Strother in their charge, and marched himself, with the rest of the troops, toward Fort Deposit, upon the explicit understanding that, having met the expected provisions, and having satisfied their hunger, they were to return with the provision train to Fort Strother, and proceed against the enemy. It was to insure the performance of this engagement that he commanded them in person.

Away they marched, haggard and hungry, but in high spirits, and praying Heaven they might *not* meet the coming supplies—so desperate was their desire to return home. To Jackson's inexpressible

joy, and to the dismay of his troops, they had not marched more than twelve miles before they saw approaching them a drove of one hundred and fifty cattle. Halt, kill, and eat, was the word. The slaughtering, the cooking, and the devouring were quickly accomplished; and the army, filled with beef and valor, felt itself able to cope even with General Jackson. To return to Fort Strother was the furthest from their thoughts. When the order to return was given the general himself was not in the immediate presence of the troops, and the order was not obeyed. One company moved off on the homeward road, had gone some distance, and were about to be followed by others, when word was brought to Jackson of the mutiny. Followed by his staff and a few faithful friends, he galloped in pursuit, and came, by a detour, to a part of the road a little in advance of the deserters, where he found General Coffee and a small force. Forming these across the road, he ordered them to fire upon the deserters if they should persist in their attempt to leave. On coming up, the homesick gentlemen gave one glance at the fiery general and the opposing force, and fled precipitately to their stations.

The manner, appearance, and language of General Jackson on occasions like this were literally *terrific*. Few common men could stand before the ferocity of his aspect and the violence of his words. On the present occasion, I presume that the mutineers were put to flight as much by the terrible aspect of the general as by the armed men who were with him. We can fancy the scene—Jackson in advance of Coffee's men, his grizzled hair bristling up from his forehead, his face as red as fire, his eyes sparkling and flashing; roaring out with the voice of a Stentor and the energy of Andrew Jackson, "By the immaculate God! I'll blow the damned villains to eternity, if they advance another step!"

Trusting that the men would now do their duty, the general went among them, leaving General Coffee and his own staff to proceed with the preparations for departure. He found almost the whole brigade infected, and on the point of moving toward home. Upon the instant, he resolved to prevent this, or perish there and then in the path before them. He seized a musket and rode a few paces in advance of the troops. His left arm was still in a sling. Leaning his musket on his horse's neck, he swore he would shoot the first man that attempted to proceed. Meanwhile, General Coffee and

Major Reid, suspecting that something extraordinary was occurring, ran up, and found their general in this attitude, with the column of mutineers standing in sullen silence before him; not a man daring to stir a foot forward. Placing themselves by his side, they awaited the result with intense anxiety. Gradually a few of the troops, who were still faithful, were collected behind the general, armed, and resolved to use their arms in his support. For some minutes the column of mutineers stood firm to their purpose, and it only needed one man bold enough to advance to bring on a bloody scene. They wavered, however, at length, abandoned their purpose, and agreed to return to their duty. It afterward appeared, that the musket which figured so effectually in this scene was too much out of order to be discharged.

The troops were not in the highest spirits, nor in the most amiable humor, as they marched back to Fort Strother, that afternoon. Yet they marched back, and the frontiers were still safe. Jackson did not return with them, but proceeded to Fort Deposit to inspect that post, and personally hasten forward supplies. Prodigious exertions were now put forth. Major Lewis surpassed himself. Two hundred pack horses and forty wagons were taken into service by him. From this time the operations of the army were not seriously impeded by the want of supplies. News now came that the measures so hastily adopted by the state of Tennessee had been approved by the government at Washington, and that the whole force employed had been received into the service of the United States. Jackson rejoined his division in high spirits, and was rejoiced to find that the works at Fort Strother had been vigorously carried on in his absence. Nothing seemed now to oppose the successful prosecution of the war. A few swift marches, a few well-fought engagements, and the troops might return home, the general thought, to receive the applause of the state and the nation. Ordering General Cocke to join him at Fort Strother, with the troops from East Tennessee, he expected nothing but to renew the contest upon their arrival.

But the general was reckoning without his army. The volunteers, penetrated with the spirit of discontent, soon provided themselves with a new argument for abandoning the service. The first days of December were now passing. It was on the 10th of December, 1812, that these volunteers had entered into service; engaging, as

they said, to serve one year. They, accordingly, made no secret of their intention to leave the camp on the 10th of December, 1813. But they were now reckoning without their general, who recalled to their recollection that they had engaged to serve *one year in two!* They had been subject to the CALL of the government for a year, but for more than half of that period they had been at home, pursuing their own affairs. Nothing short, maintained the general, of three hundred and sixty-five days of actual service in the field could release them from their obligation before the 10th of December, 1814.

Such was the new issue between the general and the volunteers. It was warmly argued, with the inevitable effect of confirming each in the opinion that accorded with his desire. The general was clear in the belief that he was in the right; but he seems, from the beginning of this contest, to have seen that it was useless to attempt new enterprises, unless seconded by the alacrity of his men. Therefore, while firmly resisting the departure of the troops, he saw the necessity of procuring new levies from the state, and to this object devoted his energies. General Roberts, Colonel Carroll, and Major Searey, officers high in his confidence, were dispatched to Tennessee to hasten the assembling of a new army; while Jackson wrote letter upon letter to influential friends, urging them to aid the cause by personal efforts.

But to raise a new force and march it a hundred and fifty miles into the Indian country was necessarily a work of considerable time, during which we see the general, some of his best officers away recruiting, and his right arm, General Coffee, sick at Huntsville, contending, almost alone, with a fractious soldiery. Defeated in their previous attempts at forcible departure, these men now tried to move their commander by argument and entreaty. A formal letter from one of the colonels, which Jackson received a few days before the dreaded 10th of December, expressed the feelings of the troops. It made known to him that the whole body of volunteers retained the unalterable opinion that they would be entitled to a legal release on the 10th. "They, therefore, look to their general, who holds their confidence, for an honorable discharge on that day; and that, in every respect, he will see that justice be done them."

An appeal like this was harder for a man of Jackson's cast of character to resist than armed mutiny. He had no choice *but* to

resist it. It was essential to the safety of the frontiers that these men should remain in service, at least until they could be relieved by other troops. Jackson's reply to this letter was moderate and unanswerable.

"The moment," said he, "it is signified to me by any competent authority, even by the governor of Tennessee, to whom I have written on the subject, or by General Pinckney, who is now appointed to the command, that the volunteers may be exonerated from further service, that moment I will pronounce it, with the greatest satisfaction. I have only the power of pronouncing a discharge—not of giving it, in any case; a distinction which I would wish should be borne in mind. Already have I sent to raise volunteers, on my own responsibility, to complete a campaign which has been so happily begun, and thus far, so fortunately prosecuted. The moment they arrive, and I am assured that, fired by our exploits, they will hasten in crowds, on the first intimation that we need their services, they will be substituted in the place of those who are discontented here. The latter will then be permitted to return to their homes, with all the honor which, under such circumstances, they can carry along with them. But I still cherish the hope that their dissatisfaction and complaints have been greatly exaggerated. I cannot, must not believe, that the 'Volunteers of Tennessee,' a name ever dear to fame, will disgrace themselves, and a country which they have honored, by abandoning her standard, as mutineers and deserters; but should I be disappointed, and compelled to resign this pleasing hope, one thing I will not resign—my duty. Mutiny and sedition, so long as I possess the power of quelling them, shall be put down; and even when left destitute of this, I will still be found, in the last extremity, endeavoring to discharge the duty I owe my country and myself."

The afternoon of the 9th ended. The frenzy of the men to return was such, that they were determined not even to wait for the morning; but to march at the very moment their last day's service had been rendered. Jackson was in his tent, not anticipating a movement that evening, when an officer suddenly entered, and informed him that the whole brigade was in mutiny, and preparing to march off in a body. *By the Eternal!* All the tiger in the man was roused in an instant. He dashed upon paper the following order:

"The commanding general being informed that an actual mutiny

exists in the camp, all officers and soldiers are commanded to put it down. The officers and soldiers of the first brigade will, without delay, parade on the west side of the fort, and await further orders."

He further ordered the artillery company, with their two small pieces of cannon, to take positions in front and rear, and the militia to be drawn up on an eminence commanding the road upon which the volunteers intended to march. These orders were obeyed with surprising alacrity, for Jackson was now in that mood that men felt it perilous to resist. The general mounted his horse and rode up to the line of volunteers, as they stood along the western side of the fort, silent, sullen, and determined. He broke at once into an impassioned, yet not angry address. He praised their former good conduct. He dwelt upon the disgrace that would fall upon themselves and their families if they should carry home with them the name of mutineers and deserters. Never should they do it but by passing over his dead body. He would do *his* duty, at any cost; aye, even if he perished there before them, dying honorably at his post. "Reinforcements," said he, "are preparing to hasten to my assistance; it cannot be long before they arrive. I am, too, in daily expectation of receiving information whether you may be discharged or not. Until then you must not, and shall not retire. I have done with entreaty—it has been used long enough—I will attempt it no more. You must now determine whether you will go or peaceably remain. If you still persist in your determination to move forcibly off, the point between us shall soon be decided."

He paused. No one answered; no one moved. "I demand an explicit answer," said the general. There was still no response. He ordered the artillerymen to be ready with their matches, himself remaining in front of the mutineers, and within the line of fire. The men now evidently hesitated. Whispers ran along the line recommending a return to duty. Soon the officers stepped forward and assured the general that the troops were willing to remain at the fort until the arrival of reinforcements, or of the answer to General Jackson's inquiries respecting their term of service. The men were dismissed to their quarters, and the general was once more triumphant.

Jackson had triumphed only so far as to secure the presence of the men at the post. He now made an effort to restore his army to

contentment. The near approach of General Cocke having strengthened his position, he resolved to permit the homesick brigade to march to Tennessee, there to be dismissed or retained as the governor should decide.

General Cocke reached Fort Strother on the 12th of December with his division of two thousand men. Jackson learned, however, that the term of service of more than half of this body was on the very point of expiring, and that none of them had longer than a month to serve. Nor were any of them provided with clothing suitable for a winter campaign. Retaining eight hundred of these troops, who owed still a month's service, Jackson ordered General Cocke to march the rest of his division back to the settlements, there to dismiss them, and to enroll a new force, properly provided, and engaged to serve six months. He addressed the departing troops, entreating them to join the new army as soon as they had procured their clothing, and return to him and aid in completing the conquest of the enemy.

These were dark days for General Jackson. Every thing went wrong. The return of so many troops, bearing with them the feelings they did, giving out that, after enduring privations, gaining victories, and holding the savages in check for two months, they had been refused an honorable dismissal, and sent home almost in disgrace, threw a damper upon the efforts to raise new men, and spread discontent among those already engaged. Even the horsemen of General Coffee, who had been allowed to leave Fort Strother for a while, to recruit their horses at home, could not be induced to return to duty. Assembling at the call of the gallant Coffee, they heard the tale of the returning troops, caught their spirit, became mutinous, riotous, and unmanageable. At length, they broke away in a tumultuous mass toward home. General Coffee galloped in pursuit, accompanied by the eloquent Blackburn, and both addressed the fugitives with all the persuasive energy of which they were capable. But in vain. Nearly to a man the cavalry brigade rode away, rioting and wasting as they went, and were seen as an organized body no more.

Affairs were little better at Jackson's own camp. He had fourteen hundred men at Fort Strother, of whom eight hundred would be free to return home in four weeks. The remaining six hundred were militia who had been called out upon the receipt of the news

of Fort Mims, by an act of the legislature, which, most unfortunately, did not specify *any* time of service. *Three months*, said the militia, is the term established by King Precedent. By no means, replied Jackson; the omission in the act must be supplied by the phrase, *for the war*. The militia were summoned, he maintained, for the purpose of avenging Fort Mims, and conquering a lasting peace. These objects accomplished, the work for which the troops were engaged would be done, and they would be entitled to an honorable discharge. But not till then.

Here were the elements of new discontents and new mutinies. The three months would expire on the 4th of January, and already the latter half of December was gliding away. Thus, in two weeks, Jackson was threatened with the loss of six hundred of his troops; and in four weeks the remaining eight hundred would certainly depart. The campaign was falling to pieces in every direction. Jackson's military career seemed about to close in disgrace, and the glory of the Tennessee volunteers to be extinguished forever.

But this was not all. Disaster menaced every assailable portion of the South-west. Letters came from General Pinckney, the chief in command in that region, ordering General Jackson to hold all his posts, since it had become a matter of the first national importance to deprive the British of their Indian allies.

How anxiously, in such circumstances, General Jackson looked for news from Tennessee may be imagined. Help from that quarter alone could save him; and that help he had implored from Governor Blount, who alone could grant it. The expected dispatch from Nashville reached Fort Strother at length, and proved to be a most disheartening response to Jackson's entreaties. The governor feared to transcend his authority. Having called out all the troops authorized by Congress and the legislature, what could he do more? The campaign had failed, he said, and he advised General Jackson to give up a struggle which could have no favorable issue, and return home to wait until the general government should provide the means requisite for carrying on the war with vigor.

Not for one instant did Jackson concur in this view of the situation. He was of that temper which gained new determination from other men's despair. The last ounce stiffened his back, not broke it. He went to his tent and wrote to the governor the best letter he ever wrote in his life—one of those historical epistles which do

the work of a campaign in rolling back the tide of events. This eloquent epistle convinced and roused Governor Blount. He forthwith ordered a new levy of twenty-five hundred men to rendezvous at Fayetteville on the 28th of January, to serve for three months, and authorized General Cocke to obey Jackson's order for raising a new division of East Tennesseans. The aspect of affairs in the state was immediately changed. The noise of preparation was everywhere heard. There was a furbishing of arms and a tramp of marching men in all quarters of the state. In a few days, the honorable scruples of the governor were completely set at rest by a dispatch from the secretary of war, which more than covered all he had done, and sanctioned any further requisition of men which he might deem necessary. If Jackson could but hold his position a few weeks longer, there was every prospect of his being able once more to act with efficiency.

From the middle of December to the middle of January, General Jackson was called upon to endure every description of mortification and difficulty known to border warfare. On the 4th of January, his six hundred militia, in spite of warning and entreaty, and after scenes of violence similar to those already related, marched homeward. On the 14th, the eight hundred of General Cocke's division, whose term of service then expired, were earnestly besought to remain, if only for twenty days. The savages were in motion again, and threatened the frontiers of Georgia. Jackson implored these men to make *one* excursion into the enemy's country, to strike *one* blow at them for the purpose of, at least, diverting or dividing their force, and giving an easier victory to the Georgia troops. But no; their minds were set resolutely homeward, and away they marched, leaving him with a mere handful of men to guard the post. Moreover, the new recruits could not be induced to engage for six months. Colonel Carroll, rather than bring back no men, had enlisted a body of horse for *two* months only, and General Roberts returned with infantry engaged for three. These men General Jackson was obliged to accept, or be left alone in the wilderness.

On the 15th of January, then, we find the general at Fort Strother, with nine hundred raw recruits, who had come out with the expectation of making a single *raid* into the Indian territory, and then to return to narrate their exploits and draw their pay. Such troops

it is dangerous to keep in inaction for a single week. The regular levies from Tennessee could not be expected for a month to come. The necessity of striking a blow at the exulting enemy was pressing. In these circumstances, Jackson, with the daring prudence that characterized his career, resolved upon instant action, and gave the order to prepare for marching against the foe.

Let us read the general's own official account of this dash into the Indian country: "I took up the line of march on the 17th of January, and on the 18th encamped at Tallageda Fort, where I was joined by* between two and three hundred friendly Indians, sixty-five of whom were Cherokees, the balance Creeks. Here I received your letter of the 9th instant, stating that General Floyd was expected to make a movement from Cowetan the next day, and that in ten days thereafter he would establish a firm position at Tuckbatchee; and also a letter from Colonel Snodgrass, who had returned to Fort Armstrong, informing me that an attack was intended to be soon made on that fort by nine hundred of the enemy. If I could have hesitated before, I could now hesitate no longer. I resolved to lose no time in meeting this force, which was understood to have been collected from New Yoreau, Oakfuskie, and Ufauley towns, and were concentrated in a bend of the Tallapoosa, near the mouth of a creek, called Emuckfau, and on an island below New Yoreau.

"On the morning of the 20th, your letter of the 10th instant, forwarded by M'Candles, reached me at the Hillabee creek; and that night I encamped at Enotachopco, a small Hillabee village about twelve miles from Emuckfau. Here I began to perceive very plainly how little knowledge my spies had of the country, of the situation of the enemy, or of the distance I was from them. The insubordination of the new troops, and the want of skill in most of their officers, also became more and more apparent. But their ardor to meet the enemy was not diminished; and I had sure reliance upon the guards, and upon the company of old volunteer officers, and upon the spies, in all about one hundred and twenty-five. My wishes and my duty remained united, and I was determined to effect, if possible, the objects for which the excursion had been principally undertaken.

"On the morning of the 21st, I marched from Enotachopco as direct as I could for the bend of the Tallapoosa, and about two

o'clock, P. M., my spies having discovered two of the enemy, endeavored to overtake them, but failed. In the evening I fell in upon a large trail, which led to a new road, much beaten, and lately traveled. Knowing that I must have arrived within the neighborhood of a strong force, and it being late in the day, I determined to encamp, and reconnoiter the country in the night. I chose the best site the country would admit, encamped in a hollow square, sent out my spies and pickets, doubled my sentinels, and made the necessary arrangements before dark for a night attack. About ten o'clock at night one of the pickets fired at three of the enemy, and killed one, but he was not found until the next day. At eleven o'clock the spies whom I had sent out, returned with the information that there was a large encampment of Indians at the distance of about three miles, who, from their whooping and dancing, seemed to be apprized of our approach. One of the spies, an Indian, in whom I had great confidence, assured me that they were carrying off their women and children, and that the warriors would either make their escape, or attack me before day. Being prepared at all points, nothing remained to be done but to await their approach, if they meditated an attack, or to be in readiness, if they did not, to pursue and attack them at daylight. While we were in this state of readiness, the enemy, about six o'clock in the morning, commenced a vigorous attack on my left flank, which was vigorously met. The action continued to rage on my left flank, and on the left of my rear, for about half an hour. The brave General Coffee, with Colonel Sitler, the adjutant-general, and Colonel Carroll, the inspector-general, the moment the firing commenced, mounted their horses and repaired to the line, encouraging and animating the men to the performance of their duty. So soon as it became light enough to pursue, the left wing having sustained the heat of the action, and being somewhat weakened, was reinforced by Captain Ferrill's company of infantry, and was ordered and led on to the charge by General Coffee, who was well supported by Colonel Higgins and the inspector-general, and by all the officers and privates who composed that line. The enemy was completely routed at every point, and the friendly Indians joining in the pursuit, they were chased about two miles with considerable slaughter.

"The chase being over, I immediately detached General Coffee with four hundred men, and all the Indian force, to burn their en-

campment; but it was said by some to be fortified. I ordered him in that event not to attack it until the artillery could be sent forward to reduce it. On viewing the encampment and its strength, the general thought it most prudent to return to my encampment, and guard the artillery thither. The wisdom of that step was soon discovered—in half an hour after his return to camp a considerable force of the enemy made its appearance on my right flank, and commenced a brisk fire on a party of men who had been on picket guard the night before, and were then in search of the Indians they had fired upon, some of whom they believed had been killed. General Coffee immediately requested me to let him take two hundred men and turn their left flank, which I accordingly ordered; but, through some mistake, which I did not then observe, not more than fifty-four followed him, among whom were the old volunteer officers. With these, however, he immediately commenced an attack on the left flank of the enemy; at which time I ordered two hundred of the friendly Indians to fall in upon the right flank of the enemy, and coöperate with the general. This order was promptly obeyed, and on the moment of its execution, what I expected was realized. The enemy had intended the attack on the right as a feint, and expecting to direct all my attention thither, meant to attack me again, and with their main force, on the left flank, which they had hoped to find weakened and in disorder: they were disappointed. I had ordered the left flank to remain firm in its place, and the moment the alarm gun was heard in that quarter, I repaired thither, and ordered Captain Ferrill, part of my reserve, to support it. The whole line met the approach of the enemy with astonishing intrepidity, and having given a few fires, they forthwith charged with great vigor. The enemy fled with precipitation, and were pursued to a considerable distance by the left flank and the friendly Indians, with a galling and destructive fire. Colonel Carroll, who ordered the charge, led on the pursuit, and Colonel Higgins and his regiment again distinguished themselves.

“In the mean time General Coffee was contending with a superior force of the enemy. The Indians whom I had ordered to his support, and who had set out for this purpose, hearing the firing on the left, had returned to that quarter, and when the enemy were routed there, entered into the chase. That being now over, I forthwith ordered Jim Fife, who was one of the principal commanders of the friendly

Creeks, with one hundred of his warriors, to execute my first order. So soon as he reached General Coffee, the charge was made and the enemy routed; they were pursued about three miles, and forty-five of them slain, who were found. General Coffee was wounded in the body, and his aid-de-camp, A. Donelson, killed, together with three others. Having brought in and buried the dead, and dressed the wounded, I ordered my camp to be fortified, to be the better prepared to repel any attack which might be made in the night, determining to make a return march to Fort Strother the following day. Many causes concurred to make such a measure necessary, as I had not set out prepared, or with a view to make a permanent establishment. I considered it worse than useless to advance and destroy an empty encampment. I had, indeed, hoped to have met the enemy there, but having met and beaten them a little sooner, I did not think it necessary or prudent to proceed any farther—not necessary, because I had accomplished all I could expect to effect by marching to their encampment; and because if it was proper to contend with and weaken their forces still farther, this object would be more certainly attained by commencing a return, which, having to them the appearance of a retreat, would inspire them to pursue me. Not prudent—because of the number of my wounded; of the reinforcements from below, which the enemy might be expected to receive; of the starving condition of my horses, they having had neither corn nor cane for two days and nights; of the scarcity of supplies for my men, the Indians who joined me at Talladega having drawn none, and being wholly destitute; and because if the enemy pursued me, as it was likely they would, the diversion in favor of General Floyd would be the more complete and effectual. Influenced by these considerations, I commenced my return march at half after ten on the 23d, and was fortunate enough to reach Enotachopco before night, having passed, without interruption, a dangerous defile occasioned by a hurricane. I again fortified my camp, and having another defile to pass in the morning, across a deep creek, and between two hills which I had viewed with attention as I passed on, and where I expected I might be attacked, I determined to pass it at another point, and gave directions to my guide and fatigue men accordingly. My expectation of an attack in the morning was increased by the signs of the night, and with it my caution. Before I moved the wounded from the interior of my camp I had my front

and rear guards formed, as well as my right and left columns, and moved off my center in regular order, leading down a handsome ridge to Enotachopeo creek, at a point where it was clear of reed, except immediately on its margin. I had previously issued a general order, pointing out the manner in which the men should be formed in the event of an attack on the front or rear, or on the flanks, and had particularly cautioned the officers to halt and form accordingly, the instant the word should be given.

“The front guard had crossed with part of the flank columns, the wounded were over, and the artillery in the act of entering the creek, when an alarm gun was heard in the rear. I heard it without surprise, and even with pleasure, calculating with the utmost confidence on the firmness of my troops, from the manner in which I had seen them act on the 22d. I had placed Colonel Carroll at the head of the center column of the rear-guard; its right column was commanded by Colonel Perkins, and its left by Colonel Stump. Having chosen the ground, I expected there to have entirely cut off the enemy, by wheeling the right and left columns on their pivot, recrossing the creek above and below, and falling in upon their flanks and rear. But, to my astonishment and mortification, when the word was given by Colonel Carroll to halt and form, and a few guns had been fired, I beheld the right and left columns of the rear guard precipitately give way. This shameful retreat was disastrous in the extreme; it drew along with it the greater part of the center column, leaving not more than twenty-five men, who, being formed by Colonel Carroll, maintained their ground as long as it was possible to maintain it; and it brought consternation and confusion into the center of the army; a consternation which was not easily removed, and a confusion which could not be soon restored to order. There was then left to repulse the enemy, the few who remained of the rear-guard, the artillery company, and Captain Russell’s company of spies. They, however, realized and exceeded my highest expectations. Lieutenant Armstrong, who commanded the artillery company in the absence of Captain Deaderick (confined by sickness), ordered them to form and advance to the top of the hill, whilst he and a few others dragged up the six-pounder. Never was more bravery displayed than on this occasion. Amidst the most galling fire from the enemy, more than ten times their number, they ascended the hill, and maintained their position until their

piece was hauled up, when, having leveled it, they poured upon the enemy a fire of grape, reloaded and fired again, charged and repulsed them.

"The most deliberate bravery was displayed by Constantine Perkins and Craven Jackson, of the artillery, acting as gunners. In the hurry of the moment, in separating the gun from the limbers, the rammer and picker of the cannon were left tied to the limber. No sooner was this discovered, than Jackson, amidst the galling fire of the enemy, pulled out the ramrod of his musket and used it as a picker; primed with a cartridge and fired the cannon. Perkins having pulled off his bayonet, used his musket as a rammer, drove down the cartridge; and Jackson using his former plan, again discharged her. The brave Lieutenant Armstrong, just after the first fire of the cannon, with Captain Hamilton, of East Tennessee, Bradford, and M'Gavock, all fell, the lieutenant exclaiming as he lay, '*My brave fellows, some of you may fall, but you must save the cannon.*' About this time, a number crossed the creek and entered into the chase. The brave Captain Gordon, of the spies, who rushed from the front, endeavored to turn the flank of the enemy, in which he partially succeeded, and Colonel Carroll, Colonel Higgins, and Captains Elliot and Pipkins, pursued the enemy for more than two miles, who fled in consternation, throwing away their packs, and leaving twenty-six of their warriors dead on the field. This last defeat was decisive, and we were no more disturbed by their yells. I should do injustice to my feelings if I omitted to mention that the venerable Judge Cocke, at the age of sixty-five, entered into the engagement, continued the pursuit of the enemy with youthful ardor, and saved the life of a fellow-soldier by killing his savage antagonist.

"In these several engagements, our loss was twenty killed and seventy-five wounded, four of whom have since died. The loss of the enemy can not be accurately ascertained; one hundred and eighty-nine of their warriors were found dead; but this must fall considerably short of the number really killed. Their wounded can only be guessed at."

The conduct of General Coffee in the second engagement was eminently praiseworthy. Wounded in the first battle, he was carried to the scene of the second on a litter. When the retreat of the rear-guard threw the army into confusion and peril, he mounted

his horse and rode wherever the danger was greatest, inspiring the men by his presence, his words, and his example, and contributing most powerfully to restore the fortunes of the day.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FINISHING BLOW.

THE excursion over, and the new levies from Tennessee approaching, Jackson dismissed his victorious troops, whose term of service was about to expire. He bade them farewell in an address abounding in kind and flattering expressions; and they left him feeling all that soldiers usually feel toward the general who has led them to victory.

The return of these troops, animated by such sentiments, gave a new impetus to the cause in Tennessee, and fired the troops who were on their way to the seat of war with new zeal. From all quarters came volunteers, hurrying toward the standard of the successful general, whose prospects now brightened with every day's dispatches. On the 3d of February came news that two thousand East Tennesseans were far on their way to join him. A day or two after a dispatch informed the general that nearly as many West Tennessee troops had reached Huntsville and waited his orders. On the 6th, marched into Fort Strother the thirty-ninth regiment of United States infantry, six hundred strong, under Colonel Williams, a most important acquisition. Into this regiment one SAM HOUSTON had recently enlisted as a private soldier, and made his way to the rank of ensign; the same Sam Houston who was afterward president of Texas and senator of the United States.

In addition to this most important reënforcement, there came in, soon after, a part of General Coffee's old brigade of mounted men, and a troop of dragoons from East Tennessee. The Choctaw Indians now openly joined the peace party, and asked orders from General Jackson. There was no lack of men of any description. Long before February closed, Jackson was at the head of an army of five thousand men, all within a few days' march of Fort Strother,

waiting only till the general could accumulate twenty days' rations to march in, and strike, as they hoped, a finishing blow at the enemy.

Six weeks of intense labor, on the part of the general and his army, were required to complete the preparations for the decisive movement. The middle of March had arrived. The various divisions of the army were assembled at Fort Strother, and the requisite quantity of provisions had been accumulated. A system of expresses had been established for the conveyance of information to General Pinckney and Governor Blount. With much difficulty, one man had been found competent to beat the ordinary calls on the drum, and this one drum was the sole music of the army. Deducting the strong guards to be left at the posts already established, the force about to march against the enemy amounted to about three thousand men.

The attention of the reader is now to be directed to a remarkable "BEND" of the river Tallapoosa, about fifty-five miles from Fort Strother, the scene, for so many weeks, of General Jackson's strenuous endeavors.

The Tallapoosa and the Coosa are the rivers which unite in the southern part of Alabama, and form the Alabama river. The bend of which we speak is about midway between the source and the mouth of the Tallapoosa. It occurs where the stream is not fordable during the spring rains, but is not wide enough to present a very serious obstacle to an Indian swimmer. From the shape of this peninsula the Indians called it Tohopeka, which means horse-shoe. It contains a hundred acres of land, since a cotton field. The neck, or isthmus, is about three hundred and fifty yards across. The ground rises somewhat from the edge of the water. It was a wild, rough piece of ground, abounding in places which would afford covert to an Indian warrior. At the time of which we write, the surrounding country, for a hundred miles or more, was a nearly unbroken wilderness of forest, swamp, and cane, marked only by the trail of wild beasts and the "trace" of wild men. As well from its situation as its form, this place was entitled to be styled the heart of the Indian country.

Here it was that the evil genius of the Creeks prompted them to assemble the warriors of all the tribes residing in that vicinity, to make a stand against the great army with which, their runners told

them, General Jackson was preparing to overrun the Indian country. The long delays at Fort Strother had given them time to prepare for his reception, and they had well improved that time. Across the neck of the peninsula they had built (of logs) a breastwork of immense strength, pierced with two rows of port-holes. The line of defense was so drawn that an approaching enemy would be exposed both to a direct and a raking fire. Behind the breastwork was a mass of logs and brushwood, such as Indians delight to fight from. At the bottom of the peninsula, near the river, was a village of huts. The banks of the river were fringed with the canoes of the savage garrison, so that they possessed the means of retreat, as well as of defense. The greater part of the peninsula was still covered with the primeval forest. Within this extensive fortification were assembled about nine hundred warriors of various Creek tribes, and about three hundred women and children.

The Indian force was small to defend so extensive a line of fortification. But a variety of circumstances conspired to give the savage garrison confidence; such as, the impregnable strength of the breastwork, its peculiar construction, the facilities afforded in the interior of the bend for the Indian mode of fighting, the partial successes gained by the Indians at Emuckfaw and Enotachopco—of which they continually boasted, averring that they had made “Captain Jackson” run—and, above all, the positive and reiterated predictions of their prophets. Three of the most famous of the prophets were there, performing their incantations day and night, and keeping alive that religious fury which had played so great a part in previous battles. And besides, in case the breastwork *were* carried, and the bend overrun, how easy to rush to the canoes and paddle across the river, laughing at their baffled assailants as they vanished into the woods on the opposite shore! So thought the *Creeks*.

Jackson was eleven days in marching his army the fifty-five miles of untrodden wilderness that lay between Fort Strother and the Horseshoe bend of the Tallapoosa. Roads had to be cut, the Coosa explored, boats waited for and rescued from the shoals, high ridges crossed, Fort Williams built and garrisoned to keep open the line of communication, and numerous other difficulties overcome, before he could penetrate to the vicinity of the bend. It was early in the morning of March the 27th that—with an army diminished by gar-

risoning the posts to two thousand men—he reached the scene and prepared to commence operations.

Perceiving, at one glance, that the Indians had simply penned themselves up for slaughter, his first measure was to send General Coffee, with all the mounted men and friendly Indians, to cross the river two miles below, where it was fordable, to take a position on the bank opposite the line of canoes, and so cut off the retreat. This was promptly executed by the ever-reliable Coffee, who soon announced by a concerted signal that he had reached the station assigned him. Jackson then planted his two pieces of cannon—one a three the other a six-pounder—upon an eminence eighty yards from the nearest point of the breastwork, whence, at half-past ten in the morning, he opened fire upon it. His sharp-shooters, also, were drawn up near enough to get an occasional shot at an Indian within the bend.

A steady fire of cannon and rifles was kept up in front for two hours, without producing any hopeful beginning of a breach in the breastwork. The little cannon balls buried themselves in the logs, or in the earth between them, without doing decisive harm. The Indians whooped in derision as they struck and disappeared.

Meanwhile, General Coffee, not content to remain inactive, hit upon a line of conduct that proved eminently effective. He sent some of the best swimmers among his force of friendly Indians across the river, to cut loose and bring away the canoes of the beleaguered Creeks. That done, he used the canoes for sending over a party of men under Colonel Morgan, with orders, first, to set fire to the cluster of huts at the bottom of the bend, and then to rush forward and attack the Indians behind the breastwork.

This was gallantly done. The force under Jackson soon perceived, from the smoke of the burning huts, and from the rattling fire behind the breastwork, that General Coffee was up and doing. Soon, however, that fire was observed to slacken, and it became apparent that Morgan's force was too small to do more than distract and divide the attention of the assailed. This, however, alone, was an immense advantage. Jackson's men saw it, and clamored for the order to assault. The general hesitated many minutes before giving an order that would inevitably send so many of his brave fellows to their account, and the issue of which was doubtful. The order came at length, and was received with a general shout.

The thirty-ninth regiment, under Colonel Williams, the brigade of East Tennesseans under Colonel Bunch, marched rapidly up to the breastwork and delivered a volley through the port-holes. The Indians returned the fire with effect, and, muzzle to muzzle, the combatants for a short time contended. Major L. P. Montgomery, of the thirty-ninth, was the first man to spring upon the breastwork, where, calling upon his men to follow, he received a ball in his head and fell dead to the ground. At that critical moment, young Ensign Houston mounted the breastwork. A barbed arrow pierced his thigh; but, nothing dismayed, this gallant youth, calling his comrades to follow, leaped down among the Indians, and soon cleared a space around him with his vigorous right arm. Joined in a moment by parties of his own regiment, and by large numbers of the East Tennesseans, the breastwork was soon cleared, the Indians retiring before them into the underbrush.

The wounded ensign sat down within the fortification, and called a lieutenant of his company to draw the arrow from his thigh. Two vigorous pulls at the barbed weapon failed to extract it. In a fury of pain and impatience, Houston cried, "Try again, and if you fail this time, I will smite you to the earth." Exerting all his strength, the lieutenant drew forth the arrow, tearing the flesh fearfully, and causing an effusion of blood that compelled the wounded man to hurry over the breastwork to get the wound bandaged. While he was lying on the ground under the surgeon's hands, the general rode up, and recognizing his young acquaintance, ordered him not to cross the breastwork again. Houston begged him to recall the order, but the general repeated it peremptorily and rode on. In a few minutes the ensign had disobeyed the command, and was once more with his company, in the thick of that long hand-to-hand engagement which consumed the hours of the afternoon.

Not an Indian asked for quarter, nor would accept it when offered. From behind trees and logs; from clefts in the river's banks; from among the burning huts; from chance log-piles; from temporary fortifications; the desperate red men fired upon the troops. A large number plunged into the river and attempted to escape by swimming; but from Coffee's men on one bank, and Jackson's on the other, a hailstorm of bullets flew over the stream, and the painted heads dipped beneath its blood-stained ripples. The battle became, at length, a slow, laborious slaughter. From all parts of the penin-

sula resounded the yells of the savages, the shouts of the assailants, and the reports of the fire-arms; while the gleam of the uplifted tomahawk was seen among the branches.

Toward the close of the afternoon it was observed that a considerable number of the Indians had found a refuge under the bluffs of the river, where a part of the breastwork, the formation of the ground, and the felled trees, gave them complete protection. Desirous to end this horrible carnage, Jackson sent a friendly Indian to announce to them that their lives should be spared if they would surrender. They were silent for a moment, as if in consultation, and then answered the summons by a volley, which sent the interpreter bleeding from the scene. The cannon were now brought up, and played upon the spot without effect. Jackson then called for volunteers to charge; but the Indians were so well posted, that for a minute no one responded to the call. Ensign Houston again emerges into view on this occasion. Ordering his platoon to follow, but not waiting to see if they would follow, he rushed to the overhanging bank, which sheltered the foe, and through openings of which they were firing. Over this mine of desperate savages he paused, and looked back for his men. At that moment he received two balls in his right shoulder; his arm fell powerless to his side; he staggered out of the fire; and lay down totally disabled. His share in that day's work was done.

Several valuable lives were afterward lost in vain endeavors to dislodge the enemy from their well-chosen covert. As the sun was going down, fire was set to the logs and underbrush, which overspread and surrounded this last refuge of the Creeks. The place soon grew too hot to hold them. Singly, and by twos and threes, they ran from the ravine, and fell as they ran, before the fire of a hundred riflemen on the watch for the starting of the game.

The carnage lasted as long as there was light enough to see a skulking or a flying enemy. It was impossible to spare. The Indians fought after they were wounded, and gave wounds to men who sought to save their lives; for they thought that if spared they would be spared only for a more painful death. Night fell at last, and recalled the troops from their bloody work to gather wounded comrades, and minister to their necessities. It was a night of horror. Along the banks of the river, all around the bend, Indians, the wounded and the unhurt, were crouching in the clefts, under the

brushwood, and, in some instances, *under the heaps of slain*, watching for an opportunity to escape. Many did escape, and some lay until the morning, fearing to attempt it. One noted chief, covered with wounds, took to the water in the evening, and lay beneath the surface, drawing his breath through a hollow cane, until it was dark enough to swim across. He escaped, and lived to tell his story and show his scars, many years after, to the historian of Alabama, from whom we have derived the incident. In the morning, parties of the troops again scoured the peninsula, and ferreted from their hiding-places sixteen more warriors, who, refusing still to surrender, were added to the number of the slain.

Upon counting the dead, five hundred and fifty-seven was found to be the number of the fallen enemy within the peninsula. Two hundred more, it was computed, had found a grave at the bottom of the river. Many more died in the woods attempting to escape. Jackson's loss was fifty-five killed, and one hundred and forty-six wounded; of whom more than half were friendly Indians. The three prophets of the Creeks, fantastically dressed and decorated, were found among the dead. One of them, while engaged in his incantations, had received a grape-shot in his mouth, which killed him instantly.

One would have expected General Jackson to pause in his operations after such an affair as that of the Horseshoe. Nothing was further from his thoughts. "In war," his maxim was, "till every thing is done, nothing is done." On the morning after the battle he began at once to prepare for a retrograde movement as far as Fort Williams, the fort which he had built on his march from Fort Strother. He had brought with him into the heart of the wilderness but seven days' provisions. Before pushing his conquests further, it was necessary both to procure supplies and place his long train of wounded in a place of safety and comfort. He was up betimes, therefore, and passed a busy morning. His dead were sunk in the river to prevent their being scalped by the returning savages. Litters were prepared for the wounded. A brief, imperfect account of the battle was dispatched to General Pinckney. Before the sun was many hours on his course, all things were in readiness, and the army set out on its return.

Five days' march brought them to Fort Williams. There the wounded were cared for, the friendly Indians dismissed, and the

troops publicly thanked, praised, and congratulated. The praise of the general was the theme of every tongue.

Provisions were not too abundant there in the wilderness, and supplies were brought in with incredible difficulty and toil. Jackson's next object was to form a junction with the southern army at the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, the holy ground of the Creeks, which their prophets told them no white man could tread and live. He had been assured by General Pinckney that as soon as the junction of the two armies was effected all difficulty with regard to provisions would be at an end, as superabundant supplies had been provided by the general government. Moreover, it was on this holy ground that the only body of Creeks that still maintained a hostile attitude were assembled.

For five days the troops rested from their labors at Fort Williams. Then they set out on their march through the pathless wilderness, leaving behind wagons and baggage, each man carrying eight days' provisions upon his back. Floods of rain converting swamps into lakes, rivulets into rivers, creeks into torrents, retarded their progress, and gave the Indians time to disperse. The latter days of April, however, found the troops on the holy ground, where a junction with part of the southern army was effected.

But the war was over. The power of the Creeks was broken; half their warriors were dead, the rest were scattered, and subdued in spirit. Fort Mims was indeed avenged. Jackson's amazing celerity of movement, and particularly his last daring plunge into the wilderness, and his triumph over obstacles that would have deterred even an Indian force, quite baffled and confounded the unhappy Creeks. Against such a man they felt it vain to contend. The general had no sooner reached the holy ground and procured for his tired and hungry men the supplies they needed, than the chiefs began to come into his camp and supplicate for peace. His reply to them was brief and stern. They must give proof, he said, of their submission, by returning to the north of his advanced post—Fort Williams. *There* they would be treated with, and the demands of the government made known to them. But first they must bring in Weathersford, who had led the attack on Fort Mims, and who could on no conditions be forgiven the part he had taken in that fearful massacre. It was not then known that that heroic chief had risked his own life in attempting to save the women and children at Fort

Mims. The whole army felt their revenge incomplete while he lived.

In a few days fourteen of the leading chiefs had given in their submission, and taken up their sorrowful march toward the designated place. Those of the fallen tribe who despaired of making terms, and those whose spirit was not yet completely crushed, fled into Florida, and there sowed the seed of future wars, the end of which had not been reached while these pages were still under the writer's hands.

Weathersford spared his brother chiefs the hazard of attempting his capture. His well-known surrender was the most striking incident of the war of 1812. Indeed, I know not where, in ancient legend or modern history, in epic poem or tragic drama, to find a scene more worthy to be called *sublime* than that which now occurred between this great chief and the conqueror of his tribe. And, though it reads more like a scene in one of our Indian plays than the record of a fact, it has the advantage of being perfectly well attested. There are gentlemen still living in Alabama, who, as neighbors and friends of Weathersford, had learned to confide in his word, who heard the story from his own lips; and there are many in Tennessee and elsewhere who heard it told by General Jackson and by members of his military family.

Weathersford's father was one of the class called, in the olden time, Indian-country men, that is, white inhabitants of the Indian country. He was a roving trader among the Creeks; married an Indian woman of the fierce Seminole tribe; accumulated property; possessed, at length, a plantation and negroes; became noted as a breeder of fine horses, and won prizes on the Alabama turf. His son William inherited his father's property, his father's love of horses, his father's thrift and strength of character; but he drew from his Seminole mother something of the fierceness and taciturn grandeur of demeanor which belonged to the chiefs of her warlike tribe. He identified himself at all times with the Indians; his tastes and pursuits were Indian; he gloried in being an Indian chief. He hunted the bear with the passion and skill of Tecumseh and David Crockett. In his person was united the regularity of features of the white man with the tall, straight, all-enduring frame, and dusky complexion of the Indian. His eyes were particularly fine and piercing. He could assume an overaweing dignity of

manner, and before the glance of his fiery anger few men could stand. The white men who were in later years his neighbors and associates, represent him to have been a man of honor and humanity. They looked upon him as a patriot who had done what he could to preserve the independent sovereignty of his tribe, and whose hands were unstained by blood dishonorably shed.

That bold march across the wilderness brought the conqueror of the Creeks to the holy ground itself, and, at his approach, the force under Weathersford melted away, leaving him alone in the forest with a multitude of women and children, whom the war had made widows and orphans, and who were perishing for want of food. To this sad extremity had Weathersford brought the tribe. Then it was that he gave that shining example of humanity and heroism that ought to immortalize his name. He might have fled with others of the war party to Florida, where welcome and protection awaited him. He chose to remain, and to attempt by the sacrifice of his own life to save from imminent starvation the women and children whose natural protectors he had led or urged to their death.

• Mounting his gray steed he directed his course to Jackson's camp, in the peninsula formed by the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa. The general had planted his colors upon the site of the old French fort Toulouse, erected by Governor Bienville, a hundred years before. The French trenches were cleared of the accumulated rubbish of a century, a stockade was erected in the American manner, and the place named Fort Jackson. The two rivers approach at that point to within six hundred yards of each other, and then diverging, unite four miles below.

The hunting instinct must have been strong indeed in Weathersford, for when he was only a few miles from Fort Jackson, a fine deer crossing his path and stopping within shooting distance, he could not resist the temptation, but shot the deer and placed it on his horse behind the saddle. Reloading his rifle with two balls, for the purpose, as he afterward said, of shooting the Big Warrior (a leading chief of the peace party) if he should give him any cause, he pursued his journey, and soon reached the advanced outposts of the American camp. With the politeness natural to the brave he inquired of a group of soldiers where General Jackson was. They gave him some jesting reply, but an old man standing near pointed

to the general's tent, and the fearless chief rode up to it. Before the entrance of the tent sat the Big Warrior, who, on seeing Weathersford, cried out in an insulting tone,

"Ah! Bill Weathersford, have we got you at last?"

With a glance of fire at the insulter, Weathersford replied,

"You —— traitor! if you give me any insolence, I will blow a ball through your cowardly heart!"

General Jackson now came running out of the tent, accompanied by Colonel Hawkins, the agent of the Creeks.

"How dare you," exclaimed the general, in a furious manner, "ride up to my tent after having murdered the women and children at Fort Mims?"

Weathersford's reply, according to his own recollection of it, was as follows:

"General Jackson, I am not afraid of you. I fear no man, for I am a Creek warrior. I have nothing to request in behalf of myself. You can kill me if you desire. But I come to beg you to send for the women and children of the war party, who are now starving in the woods. Their fields and cribs have been destroyed by your people, who have driven them to the woods without an ear of corn. I hope that you will send out parties, who will conduct them safely here, in order that they may be fed. I exerted myself in vain to prevent the massacre of the women and children at Fort Mims. I am now done fighting. The Red Sticks are nearly all killed. If I could fight you any longer, I would most heartily do so. Send for the women and children. They never did you any harm. But kill me, if the white people want it done."

When he ceased to speak, a great crowd of officers and soldiers had gathered round the tent. Accustomed now for many months to associate the name of Weathersford with the oft-told horrors of the massacre, and imperfectly comprehending what was going forward, the troops cast upon the chief glances of hatred and aversion. Many of them cried out,

"Kill him! kill him! kill him!"

"Silence," exclaimed Jackson, and the clamor was hushed.

"Any man," added the general, with great energy, "who would kill as brave a man as this, would rob the dead!"

He then invited Weathersford to alight and enter his tent, which the chief did, bringing in with him the deer he had killed on the

way, and presenting it to the general. Jackson accepted the gift, invited Weathersford to drink a glass of brandy, and entered into a frank and friendly conversation with him. The remainder of the interview rests upon the authority of Major Eaton, who, Mr. Pickett thinks, based this portion of his narrative "entirely upon camp gossip." Eaton must have heard the story many times from Jackson himself, and, though he may have added to the tale a slight presidential campaign flavor, there is no good reason to doubt its general correctness.

"The terms upon which your nation can be saved," said the general, "have been already disclosed: in that way, and none other, can you obtain safety. If you wish to continue the war," Jackson added, "you are at liberty to depart unharmed, but if you desire peace, you may remain, and you shall be protected."

Weathersford replied that he desired peace in order that his nation might be relieved of their sufferings, and the women and children saved. "There was a time," he said, "when I had a choice, and could have answered you; I have none now—even hope has ended. Once I could animate my warriors to battle, but I can not animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice: their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatchee, Ennuckfau, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. Whilst there were chances of success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other; but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man; I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to: whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you shall find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge; and to this they must not, and shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go, and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They *shall* listen to it."

The interview concluded. For a short time Weathersford remained at Fort Jackson, and then retired to his plantation upon Little River.

When the war was over, Weathersford again became a planter, and lived many years, in peace with white men and red, upon a good farm, "well supplied with negroes," in Monroe county, Alabama. "He maintained," adds the historian of that state, "an excellent character, and was much respected by the American residents for his bravery, honor, and strong native good sense. He died in 1826, from the fatigue produced by a 'desperate bear hunt.'"

With the establishment of Fort Jackson in the holy ground, at the confluence of the two rivers, General Jackson's task was nearly done. For a few days he was busy enough in receiving deputations of repentant and crest-fallen chiefs, and in sending out strong detachments of troops to scour the country in search of hostile parties, if any such still kept the field. No hostile parties were found.

The friendly Creeks, however, gave some trouble by their excess of zeal. Attributing the calamities brought upon their tribe to the massacre at Fort Mims, they were bent upon putting to death every man that had taken part in that scene of horrors. Bodies and single individuals of the hostile portion of the tribe were waylaid and killed by roving companies of their own countrymen. A war of extermination would have ensued, had not General Jackson, in his decisive manner, announced that any of the friendly party who should molest a Red Stick after he had surrendered, and while he was obeying the orders of the general, should be treated as enemies of the United States. This stayed the work of blood, and the Indians continued to repair to the northern part of Alabama, which had been assigned for their temporary residence. Fort Jackson completed the line of posts which separated them from the hostile Indians, the hostile British, and the sympathizing Spaniards of Florida.

In the beginning of May, 1814, a few days after the news of the battle of the Horseshoe reached Washington, a brigadier-generalship fell vacant, which the president was induced to offer to General Jackson. Before it was known whether the offer would be accepted, the unhappy misunderstanding between the secretary of war and General William Henry Harrison resulted in the resignation of that brave officer and honest gentleman. Whether it was

the haste of the secretary to *shelve* an officer disagreeable to him, or the growing eclat of Jackson's victories, or both of these causes together, that induced the government to accept the resignation, and offer the vacancy to Jackson, is a matter of no importance now. The thing was done. Jackson received the offer of the brigadiership; and while he was considering the question of acceptance or rejection, the mail of the day following brought him the second offer, which he accepted promptly and gladly. It was a reward which he desired and felt to be due to his standing and services. The *National Intelligencer* of May 31st, 1814, contained the announcement in the usual form:—

“Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, is appointed major-general in the army of the United States, vice William Henry Harrison resigned.”

The emoluments of his new rank were of importance to General Jackson, for he was by no means a rich man in 1814. The pay of a major-general in the army of the United States was twenty-four hundred dollars a year; with allowances for rations, forage, servants and transportation, that swelled the income to an average of about six thousand five hundred dollars. It was never less than six thousand dollars.

The legislature of Mississippi territory, about the same time, voted General Jackson a sword, which was the first of the many similar gifts bestowed upon him during his military career.

It is worthy of remark, in view of succeeding events, that no less than six generals had stood between Jackson and the likelihood of *his* being intrusted with the defense of the South-west. First, General Wilkinson was transferred from New Orleans to the North-west, where his failure was signal. Next, Brigadier-General Hampton resigned. Third, Major-General William Henry Harrison resigned. Fourth, General Flourney, who succeeded Wilkinson at New Orleans, resigned. Fifth, General Howard, of Kentucky, who was dispatched to succeed Flourney, died before reaching his post. Sixth, General Gaines, sent from Washington in haste when the first alarm for New Orleans was felt by the administration, did not arrive till all was over. And all these singular and unexpected changes occurred within the space of a very few months.

The effects of Jackson's eight months' service upon his health

were permanently injurious. In reading of his exploits, we figure to ourselves a man in the enjoyment of the full tide of health. How different was the fact! From the moment of his being wounded in the affray with the Bentons, to the close of the war, he was so much an invalid, that a man of less strength of will would probably have yielded to the disease, and spent his days in nursing it. Chronic diarrhœa was the form which his complaint assumed. The slightest imprudence in eating or drinking brought on an attack, during which he suffered intensely. While the paroxysm lasted, he could obtain relief only by sitting on a chair with his chest against the back of it, and his arms dangling forward. In this position he was sometimes compelled to remain for *hours*. It often happened that he was seized with the familiar pain while on the march through the woods at the head of the troops. In the absence of other means of relief, he would have a sapling half severed and bent over, upon which he would hang with his arms downward, till the agony subsided. The only medicine that he took, and his only beverage then, was weak gin and water. The reader is, therefore, to banish from his imagination the popular figure of a vigorous warrior galloping in the pride of his strength upon a fiery charger: and put in the place of it, a slight attenuated form, a yellowish, wrinkled face, the dark blue eyes of which were the only feature that told any thing of the power and quality of the man. In great emergencies, it is true, his *will* was master, compelling his impaired body to execute all its resolves. But the reaction was terrible sometimes: days of agony and prostration following an hour of anxiety or exertion. He gradually learned, in some degree, to manage and control his disease. But, all through the Creek war, and the New Orleans campaign, he was an acute sufferer, more fit for a sick chamber than the forest bivouac or the field of battle. There were times, and critical times, too, when it seemed impossible that he could go on. But, at the decisive moment, he always rallied, and *would* do what the decisive moment demanded.

General Jackson rested from his labors three weeks. As soon as his acceptance of the major-generalship reached Washington, he was ordered to take command of the southern division of the army, if division it could be called, which consisted of three half-filled regiments. He was ordered to halt, on his way to the southern

coast, long enough to form a definite treaty with the Creeks, or rather to announce to them the terms upon which the United States would consent to a permanent peace. Colonel Hawkins, who had been the agent for the Creeks since the days of General Washington, was associated with the general in this business. On the 10th of July, General Jackson, with a small retinue, reached the holy ground once more, the place appointed for meeting the chiefs; where he assumed the command of the troops, and prepared to begin the negotiation.

The instructions from the secretary of war set forth that terms were to be *dictated* to the Creeks, as to a conquered people. The commissioners were to *demand*, first, an indemnification for the expenses incurred by the United States in the prosecution of the war, by such a cession of land as might be deemed an equivalent; secondly, a stipulation on the part of the Creeks that they would cease all intercourse with any Spanish garrison or town, and not admit among them any agent or trader who did not derive his authority or license from the United States; thirdly, an acknowledgment of the right of the United States to open roads through the Creek territory, and to establish such military posts and trading houses as might be necessary and proper; and, lastly, the surrender of the prophets and instigators of the war.

An outline of a treaty, in accordance with these principles, was promptly submitted by the commissioners to the council of chiefs; an engagement being added, that, in consideration of the destitute condition of the tribe, supplies would be furnished by the United States until the maturity of the next crop. After a delay of a whole month in negotiation, the treaty was signed by the chiefs and the commissioners, and General Jackson, accompanied by his staff and a few troops, directed his steps toward Mobile. Rumors of the great British expedition against New Orleans already alarmed the southern country. British troops indeed were already in Florida.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEFENSE OF MOBILE.

It may have surprised the reader that a commander so remarkable for celerity of movement as General Jackson, should have lingered a whole month at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, concluding a treaty with the Creeks. But that was by no means his principal employment there, as shall now be shown.

All that summer he had had a watchful, and frequently a wrathful eye on Florida. That the flying Creeks should have been afforded a refuge in that province, first moved him to anger; for it was the nature of Andrew Jackson to *finish* whatever he undertook. He went, as Colonel Benton often remarked, for "a clean victory or a clean defeat." As long as there was, anywhere on earth, *one* Creek maintaining an attitude of hostility against the United States, he felt his work incomplete, and regarded any man, or governor, as an enemy who gave that solitary warrior aid and comfort. Being a man with less of the spirit of the circumlocution office in him than any other individual then extant; a man, in fact, with not a shred of red tape in his composition, the impulse of his mind was to march straight into the heart of Florida, and extinguish the hostile remnant of the Creeks without more ado. That, however, was a measure of which he was not ready to assume the whole responsibility yet.

Even on his way from the Hermitage to Fort Jackson, a rumor reached his ears that a British vessel was at Appalachicola, landing arms for distribution among the Indians. His first act, therefore, on arriving at the treaty ground, was to select, by the aid of Colonel Hawkins, some trustworthy Indians to send to Appalachicola, to ascertain what was going on there. Before they returned, a piece of very tangible evidence of the truth of the rumor reached him in the form of a new musket, of English manufacture, which had been given to a Creek of the peace party by a friend of his at Appalachicola, only a week before. We can imagine the feelings and the manner of Jackson as he handled, examined, and descanted upon this shining weapon. The owner of the musket, upon being

questioned, stated that a party of British troops *were* at Appalachi-cola, giving out arms and ammunition to all of the hostile Indians that applied for them.

In fifteen days the friendly Indians returned to Fort Jackson, confirming the testimony of the new musket and its proprietor. Soon came rumors that a large force of British were expected at Pensacola, and, at length, positive information of the landing of Colonel Nichols, of the welcome he had received from the Spanish governor, and of his extraordinary proceedings.

Florida must be ours was thenceforth the burthen of General Jackson's secret thoughts, communicated only to two or three of his most confidential officers. *Florida must be ours* was the burthen of his letters to the secretary of war. "If the hostile Creeks," he wrote to the secretary, "have taken refuge in Florida, and are there fed, clothed, and protected; if the British have landed a large force, munitions of war, and are fortifying and stirring up the savages; will you only say to me, raise a few hundred militia, which can be quickly done, and with such regular force as can be conveniently collected, make a descent upon Pensacola, and reduce it? If so, I promise you the war in the south shall have a speedy termination, and English influence be forever destroyed with the savages in this quarter."

The answer of Secretary Armstrong to this letter, whether from accident or design will never be known, was *six months* on its way from Washington to the hands of General Jackson. It reached him at New Orleans when the campaign and the war were over. It gave him all the authority he desired.

"If this letter," he would say in after years, "or any hint that such a course would have been even winked at by the government, had been received, it would have been in my power to have captured the British shipping in the bay. I would have marched at once against Barrancas, and carried it, and thus prevented any escape; but, acting on my own responsibility against a neutral power, it became essential for me to proceed with more caution than my judgment or wishes approved, and consequently important advantages were lost, which might have been secured."

Colonel Nichols, taking no precautions whatever to conceal his designs, but rather courting publicity, General Jackson was kept well informed of what was transpiring in Florida. Early in Sep-

tember it was noised about in Pensacola, and soon reported to General Jackson, that Colonel Nichols had hostile designs upon Mobile. The general's mind, from that moment, was made up. He would dally no longer with a secretary of war a month distant; he would take the responsibility; he would fight the southern campaign himself, as best he could, orders or no orders. Already he had written to the governors of Tennessee, Louisiana, and Mississippi, urging them to complete the organization of their militia; "for," said he, "there is no telling when or where the spoiler may come." "Dark and heavy clouds," he said in another letter, "hover around us. The energy and patriotism of the citizens of your states must dispel them. Our rights, our liberties, and free Constitution, are threatened. This noble patrimony of our fathers must be defended with the best blood of our country: to do this, you must hasten to carry into effect the requisition of the secretary of war, and call forth your troops without delay."

On the 9th of September, Colonel Butler, Jackson's adjutant-general, who had been sent to Tennessee to hasten the organization of the new levies in that state, received the welcome order from Jackson to call out the troops, and march them, with all dispatch, southward toward Mobile. The call was obeyed with far greater alacrity than that of the last year, when the massacre of Fort Mims was to be avenged. General Coffee was promptly in the field once more. Such was the eagerness of the Tennesseans to share a campaign with General Jackson, that considerable sums, ranging from thirty to eighty dollars, were paid for the privilege of being substitutes for those who could not go. On the appointed day, two thousand men appeared at the rendezvous, well armed and equipped, ready to march with General Coffee, four hundred miles, to the scene of expected combat. At the same time a small body of recruits for the regular army set out from Nashville toward Mobile. Colonel Butler, as soon as he had completed his business in Tennessee, hurried forward to conduct to the same place the forces stationed at the posts which had been established during the late Creek war.

Mobile, that is now a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, yielding the precedence among the cotton marts of the world only to its great neighbor, New Orleans, was an insignificant village of a hundred and fifty houses when Jackson arrived there to defend it in the latter part of August, 1814. Like Pensacola, it derived what-

ever importance it had from the bay at the head of which it was situated, and the great river system of which that bay is the outlet.

The coast of the Gulf of Mexico is curiously adapted by nature for the purposes of defense. Broad, lake-like bays protect some parts of the coast by their shallowness. The bays into which the rivers flow have a general resemblance to the bay of Mobile, which runs up thirty miles inland, and has an average breadth of twelve miles. A cluster of small, low islands lie off the entrance to this fine sheet of water, and a long strip of an island slants across the entrance, serving as a breakwater to the mighty billows of the Gulf, and rendering the bay at once safe, easily defended, and difficult of access. A long, low, sandy peninsula reaches out from the mainland toward this island, and terminates in Mobile Point, close to which runs the narrow channel, and the only channel by which vessels of any magnitude can enter the bay. Place twenty well-served and well-protected pieces of cannon upon Mobile Point, and you are master of a hundred miles of Gulf coast, of Mobile, and of all that fertile region watered by the great rivers that unite to flow into Mobile Bay. It was as lonely, silent, and desolate a shore, down there at the mouth of the bay, as ever disheartened an invading host.

When General Jackson reached Mobile, he found it little better prepared for defense against any but an Indian foe, than if war were unknown to the civilized part of mankind. There were some block-houses and stockades in the town, but no structure that could resist artillery. Nor, indeed, was there need of any, for the place was to be defended or lost at Mobile Point, thirty miles down the bay. If Colonel Nichols and Captain Percy had touched at the Point on their way to Pensacola, and landed two hundred men there, they would have given General Jackson much more trouble than they did. There was nothing to hinder their doing so at the time.

To Mobile Point Jackson repaired soon after his arrival at Mobile. There he found the remains of that fortification which will be known to posterity as Fort Bowyer, though the name has since been most unpatriotically and immorally changed to Fort Morgan. Incomplete, and yet falling into ruin, without a bombproof, and mounting but two twenty-four pounders, six twelves, and twelve smaller pieces, it was plain that Fort Bowyer was Mobile's chance

of safety. It had been untenanted for a year or more, and contained nothing of the means of defense except cannons and cannon balls. For the information of unprofessional readers, it is enough to say that the fort was a semicircular structure, with such additional out-works as were necessary to enable it to command the all-important channel, the peninsula, and the open sea. It was surrounded by a ditch twenty feet wide. Its weak point was similar to that by which Fort Ticonderoga was once taken: it was overlooked by some tall hillocks of sand within cannon range.

Into this fort General Jackson, with all haste, threw a garrison of one hundred and sixty men, commanded by Major Lawrence of the second regiment of United States infantry (a relative of "Don't give up the Ship"), as gallant a spirit as ever stood to his country's defense. A large proportion of the little garrison were totally ignorant of gunnery, and had to learn the art by practicing it in fighting the enemy. The first twelve days in September were employed by them in repairing the essential parts of the fortification, while General Jackson was busy on shore dispatching provisions and ammunition, and counting over and over again the days that must elapse before he could reasonably expect the arrival of reinforcements.

No signs of an enemy appeared till the morning of the 12th of September, when an out-sentinel came running in with the report that a body of British marines and Indians had landed on the peninsula, within a few miles of the fort. Colonel Nichols, it afterward appeared, was the commander of this detachment, which consisted, according to American writers, of one hundred and thirty marines and six hundred Indians; according to James, the English historian, of sixty marines and one hundred and twenty Indians. Captain Woodbine commanded the Indian part of this force. Toward evening of the same day four British vessels of war hove in sight, and came to anchor near the coast, six miles from the Point. These proved to be the *Hermes*, Captain Percy, twenty-two guns; the *Sophia*, in command of Captain Lockyer, eighteen guns; the *Carson*, twenty guns; and the *Childers*, eighteen guns; the whole under the command of Captain Percy.

Night fell upon the fleet, the land force and the anxious garrison, without any movement having been attempted on either side. The garrison slept upon their arms, every man at his post.

The next day a reconnoitering party approached within three-quarters of a mile and then retired. A little after noon Colonel Nichols drew a howitzer, the only one he had with him, behind a mound seven hundred yards from the fort. He fired three shells and a cannon-ball, which splintered a piece of timber that crowned part of the rampart, but did no other damage. The garrison, without being able to see the enemy, fired a few shots in the direction of the mound. Under cover of other sand-hills, Nichols then withdrew his party to a point a mile and a half distant, where he appeared to be throwing up a breastwork. Three well-aimed shots from the fort again dispersed the party, and drove them beyond range, within which they did not return that day. Later in the afternoon several small boats put off from the ships, and attempted to sound the channel near Mobile Point. A few discharges of ball and grape drove them off also, and they returned to the ships. Night again closed in upon the scene, and the garrison again went to sleep upon their arms, encouraged and confident.

As soon as it was light enough to discern distant objects on the following morning, the enemy was seen at the same place, still engaged, as it seemed, in throwing up works, the ships remaining at their former anchorage. As the morning wore away without any further movement, Major Lawrence concluding that the enemy designed to take the fort by regular approaches, thought it most prudent to send an express to General Jackson, informing him of the enemy's arrival, and asking a reinforcement. It so chanced that Jackson had set out on that very morning to visit the fort, and had sailed to within a few miles of it when he met the boat bearing Major Lawrence's message. Back to Mobile he hurried, his barge-men straining every nerve. He reached the town late at night, where he instantly mustered a body of eighty men, under the command of Captain Laval, hurried them on board a small brig, and saw them off toward Mobile Point before he left the shore. At the fort the whole day passed in inaction. Night came on apace, and once more the beleaguered garrison lay upon their arms, wondering what the morrow would bring forth.

Day dawned upon the 15th of September. Straining eyes from the summit of the fort sought to penetrate the morning mist. Gradually the low, dark line of the enemy's bivouac, and then the dim outline of the more distant ships, became visible. There they

were, unchanged from the day before. Are we to have another day, then, of puzzle and inactivity? As the morning cleared it was observed that there was an unwonted stir and movement among the enemy. There was a marching hither and thither upon the peninsula; boats were passing and repassing between the shore and the ships; and all those nameless indications were noticed which announce that something absorbing and decisive is on foot. There is a magnetism in the very air on such occasions which conveys an intimation of coming events to the high-strained nerves of belligerent men. Still, hour after hour passed on, and the ships lay at anchor, and the busy troops upon the shore made no advance.

An hour before noon the wind, which had been fresh, fell to a light breeze, favorable for a movement of the squadron. The ships now weighed anchor, and stood out to sea; the little garrison looking out over the ramparts and through the port-holes with an interest that no human being, who has never taken part in such a scene, can begin to imagine. For nearly three hours the ships beat up against the light wind, away from the fort, till they were hull-down in the blue gulf. Have they given it up, then, without a trial? At two o'clock in the afternoon they were observed to tack, get before the wind, and bear down toward the fort in line of battle, the *Hermes* leading. The suspense was over. They were going to attack! In two hours they will be upon us!

Then Major Lawrence, in the true spirit of a classical hero, called his officers together to concert the requisite measures. "DON'T GIVE UP THE FORT," was adopted as the signal for the day, and it did but express the unanimous feeling of the garrison. The officers, while agreeing to defend the fort as long as it was tenable, defined, also, the terms upon which alone the survivors should surrender. These were the words of their resolution, deliberately concluded upon while the fleet was approaching, and the force on the peninsula was preparing for simultaneous attack:—

"That in case of being, by imperious necessity, compelled to surrender (which could only happen in the last extremity, on the ramparts being entirely battered down, and the garrison almost wholly destroyed, so that any further resistance would be evidently useless), no capitulation should be agreed on, unless it had for its fundamental article that the officers and privates should retain their arms and their private property, and that on no pretext should the

Indians be suffered to commit any outrage on their persons or property; and unless full assurance were given them that they would be treated as prisoners of war, according to the custom established among civilized nations."

The officers ratified this resolution by an oath, each man solemnly swearing to abide by it in any and every extremity. Now, every man to his post, and Don't give up the Fort!

At four o'clock the *Hermes* came within reach of the fort's great guns. A few shots were exchanged with little effect. One by one the other vessels came up and gave the garrison some practice at long range; but no great harm was done them. At half-past four Captain Percy, like the gallant sailor that he was, ran the *Hermes* right into the narrow channel that leads into the bay, dropped anchor within musket shot of the fort, and turned his broadside to its guns. The other vessels followed his brave example and anchored in the channel, one behind the other, all within reach of the long guns of the fort, though considerably more distant from them than the *Hermes*.

Then arose a thundering cannonade. Broadside after broadside from the ships; the fort replying by a steady, quick fire, that was better and better directed as the fight went on. Meanwhile Captain Woodbine, from behind a bluff in the shore, opened fire from his howitzer; but a few shots from the fort's south battery silenced him, and compelled him for a time to keep his distance.

For an hour the firing continued on both sides without a moment's pause; the fleet and the fort enveloped in huge volumes of smoke, lighted up by the incessant flash of the guns. At half-past five, the halliards of the *Hermes'* flag were severed by a shot, and the flag fell into the hell of fire and smoke below. Major Lawrence, thinking possible the ship might have surrendered, ceased his fire. A silence of five minutes succeeded the dreadful roar; at the expiration of which a new flag fluttered up to the mast-head of the commodore's ship, and the *Sophia* that lay next her renewed the strife by firing a whole broadside at once. In the interval every gun in the fort had been loaded, and the broadside was returned with a salvo that shook the earth. A most furious firing succeeded, and continued for some time longer without any important mishap occurring on either side.

At length, a shot from the fort, a lucky shot indeed for the little

garrison, cut the cable of the *Hermes*! The current of the channel in which she lay caught her heavy stern, and turned her bow-foremost to the fort, where she lay for twenty minutes raked from bow to stern by a terrible fire. At this time it was that the flag-staff of the fort was shot away. The ships, it is to be presumed, either because they did not perceive the absence of the flag, or because they knew the cause of its absence, redoubled their firing at the moment; while Captain Woodbine and his whooping savages, supposing the fort had surrendered, ran up to seize their prey. A few discharges of grape drove the Indians howling back behind the hillocks out of sight, and another flag, fastened hastily to a sponging rod, was raised above the ramparts.

The *Hermes*, totally unmanageable, her decks swept of every man and every thing, drifted slowly along with the current for half a mile, and then ran aground. Still exposed to the fire, and damaged in every part by the hail of shot she had received, it was impossible either to save or fight her. Captain Percy, therefore, got out his wounded men, transferred them to the *Sophia*, set his ship on fire, and abandoned her to her fate. Then the *Sophia*, which was also severely crippled, contrived with difficulty to get out of range. The two other vessels, which were not seriously harmed, hoisted sail, and departed to their old anchorage off the coast. The fort guns continued to play upon the *Hermes* till dark, when the fire burst through her hatches, and lighted up the scene with more than the brilliancy of the day. At eleven o'clock she blew up with an explosion that was heard by General Jackson at Mobile, thirty miles distant.

When the next day dawned, Nichols, Woodbine, marines, Indians, had vanished from the peninsula. The three vessels were still in sight, but early in the afternoon they weighed anchor, stood to sea, and were seen no more.

Then the heroic little garrison came forth exulting from their battered walls, surveyed the scene of the late encounter, and reckoned up their victory. Four of their number lay dead within the fort. Four others were wounded in the battle. Six men had been injured by the bursting of some cartridges. Both of the great twenty-four pounders were cracked beyond using. Two guns had been knocked off their carriages; one had burst; one had been broken short off by a thirty-two pound ball. The walls of the fort showed the

holes and marks of three hundred balls, and the ground about the fort was plowed into ridges. Though but twelve pieces had been brought to bear upon the fleet, the stock of cannon-balls had been diminished by seven hundred. The wreck of the gallant *Hermes* lay near by, her guns visible in the clear water of the channel.

The garrison were ignorant, as yet, of the name, the force, and the loss of the enemy. They knew not whence they had come, whither they were gone, nor how soon they might return in greater numbers to renew the attack. In the course of the day, two marines, deserters from the party under Colonel Nichols, came in, and gave the eager garrison all the information they desired. They reported the British loss at one hundred and sixty-two killed and seventy wounded. This was an exaggeration. The real loss of the English, as officially given by themselves, was thirty-two killed and forty wounded. Among the wounded was Colonel Nichols himself, who lost an eye in one of his reconnoiterings. The deserters stated that the ships had returned to Pensacola, leaving the marines and Indians to march back to the same place as best they could.

But where was the brig with Captain Laval's eighty men, whom General Jackson had sent to reënforce Fort Bowyer? The adventures of that vessel were remarkable, almost to the degree of being ludicrous.

Arriving in the vicinity of the fort as the battle was beginning, and unable to land his men in such a storm of cannon-balls as soon swept the peninsula, Captain Laval withdrew his vessel to a sheltered part of the shore, a few miles distant, intending to wait till the darkness of the night should enable him to land and march in. Unluckily, he withdrew to too remote a place for him to comprehend the issue of the strife. Night came, but not darkness. The conflagration that illumined the scene of contest Captain Laval concluded must be the burning of the resinous pine timbers that formed part of the fortifications. And when the great explosion occurred, lifting the little brig half out of water, nothing was more natural than for him to suppose that the *fort* had blown up, and that the garrison was taken or destroyed. Regarding the capture of the brig as inevitable if he remained where he was till daylight, Laval hoisted sail, and made a swift voyage of it back to Mobile and General Jackson.

A day of more agonizing anxiety Jackson never passed than the 15th of September, 1814. Compelled to remain inactive, knowing well the importance to the campaign of the result of that day's work, aware of the enemy's superior force, and of the garrison's inexperience, he paced the shore of Mobile Bay, not without fear that the next news from the Point would loom up from the horizon in the form of a British fleet in full sail toward the town. The dull thunder of the explosion only told him that *something* had occurred at the mouth of the bay. On the morning of the 16th the brig hove in sight, and Laval's crushing intelligence was soon reported to the general. At first, he would not believe it. He declared that the explosion had come from the water, not the shore. Yielding, at length, to the united force of strong probability and positive testimony, he resolved, on the instant, to retake Mobile Point at every hazard. Retaken it must be, or the campaign was lost; retaken it must be, or the Creek war had been fought in vain; retaken it must be, or the arrogant boasting of Colonel Nichols was made good. The requisite orders were issued; the troops were mustering. And it was in the midst of preparation for speedy departure down the peninsula that an express arrived from Major Lawrence with the glorious truth of yesterday's events, thrilling every heart in Mobile, and sending the troops rejoicing back to their quarters.

CHAPTER XIX.

JACKSON EXPELS THE ENGLISH FROM PENSACOLA.

AFTER the defense of Fort Bowyer, General Jackson had to endure six weeks of most intolerable waiting. Nothing could be done before the arrival of the troops from Tennessee. To the tedium of delay was added a torturing uncertainty with regard to the nature, the extent, the proximity of the impending danger. If a powerful expedition *should* arrive, which rumor with a thousand tongues foretold, to which so many probabilities pointed, New Orleans was open to its approach, and Fort Bowyer, with its battered ramparts and cracked guns, could make but a poor and brief resistance. It

is not surprising that during these weeks, the chronic malady under which the general suffered should have given him many a pang, and frequently laid him prostrate for many successive hours. His attenuated form and yellow, haggard face, struck every one with surprise who saw him then for the first time.

And what news is this which comes, on one of the last days of September, from Fort Jackson, toward which the general was looking for the arrival of the Tennessee troops? Another mutiny! A revival of the old dispute about the length of the term of service! Two hundred men, of those who had been called out three months before to garrison the post, defying all authority, went off rioting and tumultuous toward home! This mutiny, occurring at such an important crisis, at a station that lay in the path by which the new levies would necessarily march, kindled in Jackson's breast such rage and disgust as nothing could appease. He was absent in body from the fort, but he soon, by his orders and dispatches, made himself so powerfully present in spirit, that a large number of the deserters, if deserters they were, voluntarily returned to duty, for fear that worse might befall them. Worse did befall them. Jackson resolved to prosecute the affair to the utmost. A court-martial was ordered; nearly two hundred men were placed under arrest; the trials proceeded.

On the 25th of November, came, at length, an express from General Coffee, announcing his arrival on the Mobile River, with an army of twenty-eight hundred men. The next day Jackson joined him and took the command. Including the troops led by General Coffee, the garrison of Mobile, a body of mounted Mississippians, and a small number of Creek Indians, General Jackson found himself, by the 1st of November, in command of an army of four thousand men; of whom, perhaps, one thousand were troops of the regular service. A large proportion of the volunteers, not less than fifteen hundred, were mounted. It is mentioned as a signal proof of their zeal in the service, that they willingly left their horses to pasture on the Mobile River, and served as infantry during the subsequent operations; forage being scarce on the way they were next to go.

General Jackson had resolved, without waiting for any further development of the enemy's plans, to "rout the English out of Pensacola," as he was wont to express it. The press and the peo-

ple of the southern states had been clamoring for this, with increasing vehemence and unanimity, ever since they had heard of the landing of Colonel Nichols. Jackson was nothing loth. In the whole range of military enterprise, no expedition could have been suggested which he would have undertaken with so keen a zest as a march upon Pensacola.

The treasure-chest being empty, Jackson was compelled to purchase supplies, partly with money of his own, and partly on the credit of the government. On the 3d of November, rations for eight days having been distributed, he marched, with three thousand men, unincumbered with baggage, toward Pensacola, and halted, on the evening of the 6th, within a mile and a half of the place.

Not less prudent than impetuous on great occasions, Jackson immediately sent forward Major Piere, of the forty-fourth infantry, with a flag, to confer with Governor Maurequez. He was ordered to give a friendly and candid explanation of the object of General Jackson; which was, not to make war upon a neutral power, nor to injure the town, nor needlessly to alarm the subjects of the Spanish king; but merely to deprive the enemies of the United States of a refuge and basis of offensive operations. Major Piere was also to demand the immediate surrender of the forts, which General Jackson pledged himself to hold only *in trust*, and to restore uninjured as soon as the present peril of the Gulf ports was passed.

As the major approached Fort St. Michael, bearing the flag of truce, he was fired upon; upon which he retired, and reported the fact to the general. Jackson then rode forward and discovered, upon inspecting the fort, that it was garrisoned both by British and Spanish troops, though only the Spanish ensign now floated from the flagstaff. Ordering the troops to bivouac for the night, he resolved, on the following day, to storm the town. Upon reflecting, however, that the firing upon the flag was probably the work of the English part of the garrison, he made another attempt in the course of the evening to reach the governor and bring him to terms. A Spanish corporal had been taken on the march, to whom Jackson now intrusted a message to the governor, asking an explanation of the insult to the flag. Late in the evening, the corporal returned with a verbal communication from the governor, to the effect that

he was powerless in the hands of the British, who alone had been concerned in firing upon the flag of truce, and that he would gladly receive any overtures the American general might be pleased to make. Jackson, rejoicing in the prospect of a bloodless and speedy success, at once dispatched Major Piere again to the town, who was soon in the governor's presence, performing his mission. Jackson had hastily written a letter to Maurequez, summing up his demands and purposes in his brief, decisive way. "I come," said he, "not as the enemy of Spain; not to make war, but to ask for peace; to demand security for my country, and that respect to which she is entitled and must receive. My force is sufficient, and my determination taken, to prevent a future repetition of the injuries she has received. I demand, therefore, the possession of the Barrancas, and other fortifications, with all your munitions of war. If delivered peaceably, the whole will be receipted for and become the subject of future arrangement by our respective governments; while the property, laws, and religion of your citizens shall be respected. But if taken by an appeal to arms, let the blood of your subjects be upon your own head. I will not hold myself responsible for the conduct of my enraged soldiers. One hour is given you for deliberation, when your determination must be had."

The governor left Major Piere alone, and consulted with his officers. He returned after a short absence, and said, apparently with reluctance, for the man was in a sore strait between two, and cared only for the preservation of his town, that the terms proposed by General Jackson could not be acceded to. In the small hours of the morning, Major Piere returned to the general, and reported the governor's answer.

"Turn out the troops," was Jackson's sole commentary upon the events of the night.

An hour before daylight, the men were under arms and ready to advance. They had slept upon the main road leading into the town, a road commanded by Fort St. Michael, and exposed to the full force of a cannonade of seven British men-of-war that lay at anchor in the harbor. But let the general himself state the events of the morning:

"On the morning of the 7th," he wrote to Governor Blount a few days after, "I marched with the effective regulars of the third, thirty-ninth, and fourth infantry, part of General Coffee's brigade,

the Mississippi dragoons, and part of the West Tennessee regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hammonds (Colonel Lowry having deserted and gone home), and part of the Choctaws, led by Major Blue, of the thirty-ninth, and Major Kennedy, of Mississippi Territory. Being encamped on the west of the town, I calculated they would expect the assault from that quarter, and be prepared to rake me from the fort, and the British armed vessels, seven in number, that lay in the bay. To cherish this idea, I sent out part of the mounted men to show themselves on the west, while I passed in rear of the fort, undiscovered, to the east of the town. When I appeared within a mile, I was in full view. My pride was never more heightened than in viewing the uniform firmness of my troops, and with what undaunted courage they advanced, with a strong fort ready to assail them on the right, seven armed vessels on the left, strong block-houses and batteries of cannon in their front, but they still advanced with unshaken firmness, and entered the town, when a battery of two cannon was opened upon the centre column, composed of regulars, with ball and grape, and a shower of musketry from the houses and gardens. The battery was immediately stormed by Captain Laval and his company, and carried, and the musketry was soon silenced by the steady and well-directed fire of the regulars."

In storming the battery, Captain Laval fell severely wounded, but the troops pressed forward into the town, and took a second battery before the party posted in it could more than three times reload. There was still some firing from behind houses and garden walls, when the governor, in utter consternation, ran out into the streets bearing a white flag to find the general. He came up first with Colonel Williamson and Colonel Smith, commanding the dismounted troops, to whom he addressed himself with faltering speech, entreating them to spare the town, and promising to consent to whatever terms the general in command might propose. Jackson, who had halted for a moment at the spot where Captain Laval had fallen, soon rode up, and hearing what had occurred, proceeded to the governor's house, where he received in person the assurance that all the forts should be instantly surrendered.

Hostilities ceased. Owing to what General Jackson styled "Spanish treachery," but probably to the confusion and bewilderment that prevailed, and the consequent misunderstanding of or-

ders ; or perhaps to the irresolution of the governor and his desire to stand excused in the eyes of his English friends, the forts were *not* instantly surrendered. More than once in the course of the day, Jackson, exasperated at the delay, was about to open fire upon them. But, one by one, the forts were given up, and late in the evening the town was fully his own.

The town, but not the *port*—which was far more important. Fort Barrancas, six miles distant, which commanded the mouth of the harbor, was in the hands of the English, and gave complete protection to their fleet. Maurequez had given a written order for its surrender, addressed to the nominal commandant, and Jackson was prepared to march, with the dawn of the next day, to receive it, if the order were obeyed ; to carry it by storm, if it were not.

He was still in hopes that by the prompt seizure of Fort Barrancas he could catch the British fleet as in a trap, and either force it to surrender, or do it terrible damage if it should attempt to escape. But before the dawn of day a tremendous explosion was heard in the direction of the mouth of the harbor. Then another explosion, not so loud ; and, a few seconds later, a third. There was little doubt what had occurred. Early in the morning a party that was sent out to reconnoiter returned with the intelligence that Fort Barrancas was a heap of ruins, and that the British vessels had disappeared from the bay. Colonel Nichols, Captain Woodbine, the garrison, and some hundreds of friendly Indians, had gone off with the ships, leaving their friend Maurequez to settle with the American general as best he could.

The sudden departure of the British fleet was not less alarming than disappointing to the general. Whither had they gone ? The most probable supposition was that they were hastening away to attack Fort Bowyer and capture Mobile in the absence of the troops ! To retain Pensacola, in the circumstances, was equally needless and impossible. Sending off a dispatch to warn the garrison of Fort Bowyer of their danger, the general at once prepared to evacuate the town, and fly to the defense of Mobile. The next morning he was in full march. Not a man had been lost. Less than twenty of the troops had been wounded, of whom Captain Laval alone was obliged to be left behind to the care of Governor Maurequez. The gallant captain received every attention which his situation required. He recovered from his wound, and still lives,

an honored citizen of Charleston, to tell the story of his own and his general's exploits.

Jackson waited in the vicinity of Mobile for ten days in expectation of the arrival of Colonel Nichols. That officer did not appear, and from the top of Fort Bowyer no approaching fleet was descried. At length came intelligence that Nichols, Woodbine, and their Indians, had been landed at Appalachicola, where they were fortifying a position in all haste. Against them Jackson dispatched a body of troops and friendly Creeks, under Major Blue, who, after many remarkable adventures and some severe fighting, drove the savages into the interior, and Colonel Nichols from the peninsula.

General Jackson, now freed from apprehension for the safety of Mobile, could direct all his thoughts to the defense of New Orleans. He left Mobile in command of General Winchester of the regular army. Fort Bowyer was still intrusted to the brave Major Lawrence. General Coffee was ordered to move by easy marches toward New Orleans; choosing the roads and the course that promised the best forage. On the 22d of November, the general, without any escort but his staff, mounted horse and rode off in the same direction. He had a journey before him of a hundred and seventy miles, over the roads of forty-five years ago. Riding a little more than seventeen miles a day, he arrived within one short stage of New Orleans on the 1st of December.

CHAPTER XX.

JACKSON'S FIRST MEASURES AT NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS was all unprepared for defense against a powerful foe. When the first rumor of the approaching invasion reached the city, Edward Livingston, the leading lawyer of the state, caused a meeting of the citizens of New Orleans to be convened at Tremoulet's coffee-house, to concert measures for defense. The meeting occurred on the 15th of September. Upon taking the chair, Livingston presented a series of spirited resolutions, breathing union and defiance, and supported them by a speech of stirring elo-

quence. They were passed by acclamation. A committee of public defense, nine in number, with Edward Livingston at its head, was appointed, and directed to prepare an address to the people of the state. The publication of the address, and the gift of a saber to the commandant of Fort Bowyer, were the only acts of the committee of public defense that I find recorded. It may have induced the formation of new uniformed companies of volunteers; it may have stimulated the militia to a more vigorous drill; it may have induced the governor to convene the legislature; but its main effect was upon the feelings and the fears of the people.

On the 5th of October the legislature, in obedience to the summons of Governor Claiborne, assembled at New Orleans. Factionous and incredulous of danger, it did nothing, it attempted nothing for the defense of the city. Disputes of the most trivial character engrossed the minds of the members. One faction so hated the governor that it was enough for him to propose or desire a measure for them to vote it down. A committee was named to inquire what was needful to be done for defense, but four weeks passed away before it reported, and then there was no need of its reporting. Thanks were voted to General Jackson for his recent services, and then the vote was reconsidered. It was proposed that the members should take an additional oath of fidelity to the United States; and after wasting precious days in debate, the question was postponed. No money was appropriated; no new forces were raised; no law designed to annoy the enemy or preserve the city was passed.

Their leaders thus divided and inert, what could be expected of the people? It was a time of universal fault-finding. The people denounced the legislature. The legislature accused the governor. The governor divided the blame between the legislature and the people. The Creoles said the Americans were mere adventurers, who would not fight for the soil they did not love. The Americans had faith neither in the efficiency nor the loyalty of the Creoles. Both Americans and Creoles distrusted the floating population of Irish and French emigrants. All had some fear of an insurrection of the slaves. Every man had his scheme, or his system of measures, which, he *knew*, would save the city, if it were adopted. But none could bring any plan to bear, or get all the opportunity he wanted for making it known. In a word, there was no central power or man in New Orleans in whom the people sufficiently confided, or who pos-

essed the requisite lawful authority, to call out the resources of the state and direct them to the single object of defeating the expected invader. There was talent enough, patriotism enough, zeal enough. The uniting MAN alone was wanting; a man of renown sufficient to inspire confidence—a man unknown to the local animosities, around whom all parties could rally without conceding any thing to one another.

Jackson has come! There was magic in the news. Every witness, living and dead, testifies to the electric effect of the general's quiet and sudden arrival. There was a truce at once to indecision, to indolence, to incredulity, to factious debate, to paltry contentions, to wild alarm. He had come, so worn down with disease and the fatigue of his ten days' ride on horseback that he was more fit for the hospital than the field. But there was that in his manner and aspect which revealed the master. That will of his triumphed over the languor and anguish of disease, and every one who approached him felt that the man for the hour was there.

He began his work without the loss of one minute. The unavoidable formalities of his reception were no sooner over than he mounted his horse again, and rode out to review the uniformed companies of the city. These companies consisted then of several hundred men, the *élite* of the city—merchants, lawyers, the sons of planters, clerks and others, who were well equipped, and not a little proud of their appearance and discipline. The general complimented them warmly, addressed the principal officers, inquired respecting the numbers, history, and organization of the companies, and left them captivated with his frank and straightforward mode of procedure.

The new aide-de-camp, Mr. Livingston, as he rode from the parade-ground by the general's side, invited him home to dinner. The general promptly accepted the invitation. It chanced that the beautiful and gay Mrs. Livingston, the leader of society then at New Orleans, both Creole and American, had a little dinner party that day, composed only of ladies, most of whom were young and lively Creole belles. Mr. Livingston had sent home word that General Jackson had arrived, and that he should ask him to dinner; a piece of news that threw the hospitable lady into consternation. "What shall we do with this wild general from Tennessee?" whispered the girls to one another; for they had all conceived that General Jackson, however becomingly he might comport himself

in an Indian fight, would be most distressingly out of place at a fashionable dinner party in the first drawing-room of the most polite city in America. He was announced. The young ladies were seated about the room. Mrs. Livingston sat upon a sofa at the head of the apartment, anxiously awaiting the inroad of the wild fighter into the regions sacred hitherto to elegance and grace. He entered. Erect, composed, bronzed with long exposure to the sun, his hair just beginning to turn gray, clad in his uniform of coarse blue cloth and yellow buckskin, his high boots flapping loosely about his slender legs, he looked, as he stood near the door of the drawing-room, the very picture of a war-worn noble warrior and COMMANDER. He bowed to the ladies magnificently, who all rose at his entrance, as much from amazement as from politeness. Mrs. Livingston advanced toward him. With a dignity and grace seldom equaled, never surpassed, he went forward to meet her, conducted her back to her sofa, and sat by her side. The fair Creoles were dumb with astonishment. In a few minutes dinner was served, and the general continued, during the progress of the meal, to converse in an easy, agreeable manner, in the tone of society, of the sole topic of the time, the coming invasion. He assured the ladies that he felt perfectly confident of defending the city, and begged that they would give themselves no uneasiness with regard to that matter. He rose soon from the table and left the house with Mr. Livingston. In one chorus, the young ladies exclaimed to their hostess :

“Is *this* your backwoodsman? Why, madam, he is a prince!”*

Returning to his quarters, the general summoned the engineers resident in the city; among others, Major Latour, afterward the historian of the campaign. The vulnerable points and practicable approaches were explained and discussed, and the readiest mode of defending each was considered and determined upon. Every bayou connecting the city with the adjacent bays, and through them with the Gulf of Mexico, was ordered to be obstructed by earth and sunken logs, and a guard to be posted at its mouth to give warning of an enemy's approach. It was determined that the neighboring planters should be invited to aid in the various works by gangs of slaves. Young gentlemen pressed to head-quarters offering to serve

* To a lady present at the dinner party the reader is indebted for this pretty story.

as aids to the general. Edward Livingston, whose services in that capacity had been previously offered and accepted, was with the general from the first, doing duty as aid-de-camp, secretary, translator, confidential adviser, and connecting link generally between the commander-in-chief and the heterogeneous multitude he had come to defend. Never before, in the space of a few hours, did such a change come over the spirit of a threatened and imperiled city. The work to be done was ascertained and distributed during that afternoon and evening; and it could be said that before the city slept, every man in it able and willing to assist in preparing for the reception of the enemy, whether by mind or muscle, had his task assigned him, and was eager to enter upon its performance.

The demeanor of General Jackson on this occasion was such as to inspire peculiar confidence. It was that of a man entirely resolved, and entirely certain of being able to do what he had come to do. He never admitted a doubt of defeating the enemy. For his own part, he had but one simple plan to propose, nor would hear of any other; to make all the preparations possible in the time and circumstances; to strike the enemy wherever, whenever, in what force soever, he might appear; and to drive him back headlong into the sea, or bring him prisoner to New Orleans. A spirit of this kind is very contagious, particularly among such a susceptible and imaginative people as the French Creoles—a people not wise in council, not gifted with the instinct of legislation, but mighty and terrible when strongly commanded. The new impulse from the general's quarters spread throughout the city. Hope and resolution sat on every countenance.

Jackson was up betimes on the following morning, and set out in a barge, accompanied by aids and engineers, to see with his own eyes the lower part of the river. The principal mouth of the Mississippi was naturally but erroneously the first object of his solicitude, and he had dispatched Colonel A. P. Hayne from Mobile to the Balize, to ascertain whether the old fort there commanded the mouth of the river, and whether it could be made available for preventing the entrance of a hostile fleet. Colonel Hayne reported it useless. Some miles higher up the river, however, at a point where the navigation was peculiarly difficult, was Fort Philip, which it was supposed, and the event proved, could be rendered an impassable barrier to the enemy's ships. Thither Jackson repaired. He

perceived the immense importance of the position, and, with the assistance of Major Latour, drew such plans, and suggested such alterations of the works, as made the fort entirely equal to the defense of the river. The stream, as every one knows, is narrow and swift, and presents so many obstacles to the ascent of large vessels, that an enemy unprovided with steamboats, would scarcely have attempted to reach New Orleans by the river, even if no fort was to be passed. Jackson returned to the city after six days' absence, with little apprehension of danger from that quarter.

Desirous of seeing every thing for himself, he proceeded immediately upon a rapid tour of inspection along the borders of Lake Pontchartrain and Lake Borgne, those broad, shallow bays which afford to the commerce of New Orleans so convenient a back gate. He visited every bayou and fortification, suggesting additional works, and stimulating the zeal of the people. He had then completed the first survey of his position, and, upon the whole, the result was assuring. He thought well of his situation. At least he had little fear of a surprise.

One glance at the lake approaches to the crescent city before we proceed. Lake Pontchartrain is land-locked, except where a narrow strait connects it with Lake Borgne. That strait was defended by a fortification which, it was hoped, was capable of beating off the enemy. But not by that alone. Lake Borgne, too shallow for the admission of large sea-going vessels, would be crossed by the enemy, if crossed at all, in small coasting craft or ships' boats. Accordingly, on that lake Commodore Patterson had stationed a fleet of gun-boats, six in number, carrying in all twenty-three guns, and one hundred and eighty-two men, the whole under the command of Lieutenant Thomas Ap Catesby Jones. Lieutenant Jones was ordered to give prompt notice of the enemy's coming, and if threatened with attack to retire before the enemy, and lead him on to the entrance of the strait that led into Lake Pontchartrain, and there anchor, and fight to the last extremity. With the peculiar advantages of position which the place afforded, it was confidently expected that he would be able to defeat any force of small craft that the enemy were likely to have at command.

It is evident that Lake Pontchartrain was universally regarded at the time as the most natural and obvious means of reaching the city, and the gun-boats were chiefly relied upon for its defense.

Upon them, too, the general mainly relied for the first information of the enemy's arrival. If the gun-boats failed, the fort upon the strait was open to attack. If the gun-boats failed, the vigilance of the pickets at the mouths of the bayous was the sole safeguard against a surprise. If the gun-boats failed, Lake Borgne offered no obstacle to the approach of an enemy, except its shallowness and its marshy shores. If the gun-boats failed, nothing could hinder the enemy from gaining a foothold within a very few miles of the city, unless the sentinels should descry their approach in time to send ample notice to the general. While the gun-boats continued to cruise in the lake, the city had a certain ground of security, and could sleep without fear of waking to find British regiments under its windows.

But where was the army with which General Jackson was to execute his design of hurling into the Gulf of Mexico the invading host? Let us see what forces he had, and what forces he expected.

The troops then in or near New Orleans, and its sole defenders as late as the middle of December, were these: two half-filled, newly-raised regiments of regular troops, numbering about eight hundred men; Major Planché's high-spirited battalion of uniformed volunteers, about five hundred in number; two regiments of state militia, badly equipped, some of them armed with fowling-pieces, others with muskets, others with rifles, some without arms, all imperfectly disciplined; a battalion of free men of color; the whole amounting to about two thousand men. Two vessels-of-war lay at anchor in the river, the immortal little schooner *Carolina* and the ship *Louisiana*, neither of them manned, and no one dreaming of what importance they were to prove. Commodore Patterson and a few other naval officers were in the city ready when the hour should come, and, indeed, already rendering yeoman's service in many capacities. General Coffee, with the army of Pensacola, was approaching the city by slow marches, contending manfully with an inclement season, swollen streams, roads almost impassable, and scant forage. He had three hundred men, nearly a tenth of his force, sick with fever, dysentery, and exhaustion. But he was coming. General Carroll, burning with zeal to join his old friend and commander, had raised a volunteer force in Tennessee early in the autumn, composed of men of substance and respectability, and, af-

ter incredible exertions and many vexatious delays, had got them afloat upon the Cumberland. The state had been so stripped of arms that Carroll's regiment had not a weapon to every ten men. So many men had gone to the wars from Tennessee, that Peter Cartwright, that valiant son of the Methodist church militant, found his congregations thin, and his gatherings of new members far below the average—"So many of our members," he says, "went into the war, and deemed it their duty to defend our common country under General Jackson." An extraordinary rise of the Cumberland, such as seldom occurs in November, enabled General Carroll to make swift progress into the Ohio, and thence into the Mississippi, where another piece of good fortune befell him, so important that it may almost be said to have saved New Orleans. He overtook a boat load of muskets, which enabled him to arm his men, and drill them daily in their use on the roofs of his fleet of arks.

Two thousand Kentuckians, under General Thomas and General Adair, were also on their way down the Mississippi; the worst provided body of men, perhaps, that ever went fifteen hundred miles from home to help defend a sister state. A few rifles they had among them, but no clothing suitable for the season, no blankets, no tents, no equipage. Besides food, they were furnished with just one article of necessity, namely, *a cooking kettle to every eighty men!* In a flotilla of boats, hastily patched together on the banks of the Ohio, they started on their voyage, carrying provisions enough for exactly half the distance. They were agreeably disappointed, however, in their expectation of living a month on half rations, by overtaking a boat loaded with flour; and, thus supplied, they went on their way, ragged but rejoicing.

Such was General Jackson's situation—such the posture of affairs in New Orleans—such the means and prospects of defense—on the fourteenth of December: two or three thousand troops in the city; four thousand more within ten or fifteen days' march; six gun-boats on Lake Borgne; two armed vessels on the river; a small garrison of regulars at Fort St. Philip; another at the fort between the two lakes; the obstruction of the bayous still in progress; the citizens hopeful and resolute, most of them at work, every man where he could do most for the cause; the general returning to his quarters from his tour of inspection.

CHAPTER XXI.

APPROACH OF THE BRITISH.

At the western extremity of the island of Jamaica there are two headlands, eight miles apart, which inclose Negril Bay, and render it a safe and convenient anchorage. If the good Creoles of New Orleans could have surveyed, from the summit of one of those headlands, the scene which Negril Bay presented on the twenty-fourth of November, 1814, it is questionable if General Jackson could have given them the slightest confidence in his ability to defend their native city. The spectacle would have given pause even to the general himself.

It was the rendezvous of the British fleet designed for the capture of New Orleans. The day just named was the one appointed for its final inspection and review, previous to its departure for Lake Borgne. A fleet of fifty armed vessels, many of them of the first magnitude, covered the waters of the bay, and the decks of the ships were crowded with red-coated soldiers. The four regiments, numbering, with their sappers and artillerymen, three thousand one hundred men, who had fought the battle of Bladensburg, burnt the public buildings of Washington, and lost their general near Baltimore, the summer before, were on board the fleet. Four regiments, under General Keane, had come from England direct to reënforce this army. Two regiments, composed in part of negro troops, supposed to be peculiarly adapted to the climate of New Orleans, had been drawn from the West Indies to join the expedition. The fleet could furnish, if required, a body of fifteen hundred marines. General Keane found himself, on his arrival from Plymouth, in command of an army of seven thousand four hundred and fifty men, which the marines of the fleet could swell to eight thousand nine hundred and fifty. The number of sailors could scarcely have been less than ten thousand, of whom a large portion could, and did, assist in the operations contemplated.

Here was a force of nearly twenty thousand men, a fleet of fifty ships, carrying a thousand guns, and perfectly appointed in every particular, commanded by officers some of whom had grown gray in victory. And this great armament was about to be directed

against poor, swamp-environed New Orleans, with its ragged, half-armed defenders floating down the Mississippi, or marching wearily along through the mire and flood of the Gulf shores, commanded by a general who had seen fourteen months' service, and caught one glimpse of a civilized foe. The greater part of General Keane's army were fresh from the fields of the Peninsula, and had been led by victorious Wellington into France, to behold and share in that final triumph of British arms. To these Peninsular heroes were added the ninety-third Highlanders, recently from the Cape of Good Hope, one of the "praying regiments" of the British army, as stalwart, as brave, as completely appointed a body of men as had stood in arms since Cromwell's Ironsides gave liberty and greatness to England. Indeed, there was not a regiment of those which had come from England to form this army which had not won brilliant distinction in strongly-contested fields. The *élite* of England's army and navy were afloat in Negril Bay on that bright day of November, when the last review took place.

The scene can be easily imagined—the great fleet of ships spread far and wide over the bay, gay with flags, and alive with throngs of red uniforms; boats rowed with the even stroke of men-of-war'smen gliding about among the ships, or going rapidly to and from the shore. On board all was animation and movement. The most incorrigible croaker in the fleet could not, as he looked out upon the scene on that bright day of the tropical winter, have felt a doubt that the most easy and complete success awaited the enterprise. As every precaution had been taken to conceal the destination of the expedition, the officers expected to find the city wholly unprepared for defense. To occupy, not to conquer Louisiana, was supposed to be but the preliminary business of the army. From New Orleans, as the basis of operations, they expected to ascend the Mississippi, pushing their conquests to the right and left, and, effecting a junction with the army of Canada, to overawe and hem in the western states. So certain were they of taking New Orleans, that several gentlemen, with their families, were on board the fleet who had been appointed to civil offices in the city of New Orleans. Among others, a collector for the port, accompanied by his five beautiful daughters. Many wives of officers were on board, anticipating a pleasant winter among the gay Creoles of the Crescent City. Music, dancing, dramatic entertainments, and all the diver-

sions of shipboard, were employed to relieve the monotony of the voyage.

The day after the review, the *Tonnant*, the *Ramilies*, and two of the brigs weighed anchor and put to sea. The next morning the rest of the fleet followed.

Three weeks of pleasant sailing in those tropical seas brought the fleet to the entrance of Lake Borgne, the shallowness of which forbade its nearer approach. The American gun-boats were desered, and it was seen at once by the British admiral that offensive operations were impossible, as long as that little fleet commanded the lake. A force of fifty large open boats, containing a thousand men, under Captain Lockyer, were dispatched from the British fleet against the gun-boat flotilla. A dead calm prevented its retreat, and there was no resource but to fight, in the open lake, this great armament. A most gallant and resolute defense was made by Lieutenant Jones and the men under his command; but nothing could avail against a force so overwhelmingly superior, and the little fleet was compelled to surrender.

This obstacle removed, the British commander prepared to transport his army across the broad expanse of the lake to the vicinity of New Orleans, a distance of eighty miles. An advance party of sixteen hundred men found their way unobserved, to the mouth of the Bayou Bienvenue, a sluggish creek, about twenty miles below the city. This spot had early attracted the attention of General Jackson. It was, and is, a lonely, desolate place, resorted to only by fishermen and tourists. A little colony of Spanish fisherman had built a few rude huts there for their accommodation during the fishing season. A picket, consisting of a sergeant, eight white men and three mulattoes, had been stationed in the village by General Villeré, a planter of the neighborhood, to whom Jackson had assigned the duty of guarding the spot. No one anticipating danger in that quarter, the picket gradually relaxed their vigilance. Two British officers, Captain Spencer of the Carron and Lieutenant Peddie of the army, disguised in blue shirts and old tarpaulins, landed without exciting suspicion, bought over the Spanish fishermen and their boats, rowed up the bayou, reached the firm land along the banks of the great river, and drank of its waters. Having carefully noted all the features of the scene, questioning the negroes and others whom they met, they returned to Pine Island,

whence they guided the advance of the British army to the fatal plain.

It is denied by all American writers that the picket at the fisherman's village was surprised in the manner stated by English historians. Mr. Alexander Walker, who collected his information from the men themselves, gives this account of what transpired on the night of the landing:

"Nothing occurred to attract the notice of this picket until about midnight on the 22d, when the sentinel on duty in the village called his comrade, and informed him that some boats were coming up the bayou. It was no false alarm. These boats composed the advanced party of the British, which had been sent forward from the main body of the flotilla, under Captain Spencer, to reconnoiter and secure the village.

"The Americans, perceiving the hopelessness of defending themselves against so superior a force, retired for concealment behind the cabin, where they remained until the barges had passed them. They then ran out and endeavored to reach a boat by which they might escape. But they were observed by the British, who advanced toward them, seized the boat before it could be dragged into the water, and captured four of the picket. Four others were afterward taken on land. Of the four remaining, three ran into the cane-brake, thence into the prairie, where they wandered about all day, until, worn down with fatigue and suffering, they returned to the village, happy to surrender themselves prisoners. One only escaped, and after three days of terrible hardships and constant perils, wandering over trembling prairies, through almost impervious cane-brakes, swimming bayous and lagoons, and living on reptiles and roots, got safely into the American camp."

Having effected a landing, the British army led by General Keane himself, began a slow and toilsome march toward the city. An English officer describes the advance in a highly interesting manner. "It was not," he says, "without many checks that we were able to proceed. Ditches frequently stopped us by running in a cross direction, too wide to be leaped, and too deep to be forded; consequently, on all such occasions, the troops were obliged to halt, till bridges were hastily constructed of such materials as could be procured and thrown across. Having advanced in this manner for several hours, we at length found ourselves approaching a more cul-

tivated region. The marsh became gradually less and less continuous, being intersected by wider spots of firm ground; the reeds gave place by degrees to wood, and the wood to inclosed fields. Upon these, however, nothing grew, harvest having long ago ended. They accordingly presented but a melancholy appearance, being covered with the stubble of sugar-cane, which resembled the reeds which we had just quitted in every thing except altitude. Nor as yet was any house or cottage to be seen. Though we knew, therefore, that human habitations could not be far off, it was impossible to guess where they lay, or how numerous they might prove; and as we could not tell whether our guides might not be deceiving us, and whether ambuscades might not be laid for our destruction, as soon as we should arrive where troops could conveniently act, our march was insensibly conducted with increased caution and regularity.

“But in a little while some groves of orange-trees presented themselves, on passing which two or three farm-houses appeared. Toward these our advanced companies immediately hastened, with the hope of surprising the inhabitants, and preventing any alarm from being raised. Hurrying on at double-quick time, they surrounded the buildings, succeeded in securing the inmates, and capturing several horses; but, becoming rather careless in watching their prisoners, *one man contrived to effect his escape*. Now, then, all hope of eluding observation might be laid aside. The rumor of our landing would, we knew, spread faster than we could march, and it only remained to make that rumor as terrible as possible.

“With this view the column was commanded to widen its files, and to present as formidable an appearance as could be assumed. Changing our order, in obedience to these directions, we marched, not in sections of eight or ten abreast, but in pairs, and thus contrived to cover with our small division as large a tract of ground as if we had mustered thrice our present numbers. Our steps were likewise quickened, that we might gain, if possible, some advantageous position, where we might be able to cope with any force that might attack us; and, thus hastening on, we soon arrived at the main road, which leads directly to New Orleans. Turning to the right, we then advanced in the direction of that town for about a mile, when, having reached a spot where it was considered that we might encamp in comparative safety, our little column halted, the men piled their arms, and a regular bivouac was formed.

“The country where we had now established ourselves was a narrow plain of about a mile in width, bounded on one side by the Mississippi, and on the other by the marsh from which we had just emerged. Toward the open ground, this marsh was covered with dwarf-wood, having the semblance of a forest, rather than a swamp; but on trying the bottom it was found that both characters were united, and that it was impossible for a man to make his way among the trees, so boggy was the soil upon which they grew. In no other quarter, however, was there a single hedge-row, or plantation of any kind, excepting a few apple and other fruit-trees in the gardens of such houses as were scattered over the plain, the whole being laid out in large fields for the growth of sugar-cane, a plant which seems as abundant in this part of the world as in Jamaica.

“Looking up toward the town, which we at this time faced, the marsh is upon your right, and the river upon your left. Close to the latter runs the main road, following the course of the stream all the way to New Orleans. Between the road and the water is thrown up a lofty and strong embankment, resembling the dykes in Holland, and meant to serve a similar purpose; by means of which the Mississippi is prevented from overflowing its banks, and the entire flat is preserved from inundation. But the attention of a stranger is irresistibly drawn away from every other object to contemplate the magnificence of this noble river. Pouring along at the prodigious rate of four miles an hour, an immense body of water is spread out before you, measuring a full mile across, and nearly a hundred fathoms in depth. What this mighty stream must be near its mouth I can hardly imagine, for we were here upward of a hundred miles from the ocean.”

The spot upon which, at noon on the twenty-third of December, the British advance halted and stacked their arms, was eight miles below the city, and, at the moment of the halt, General Jackson had received no intimation even of the landing of an enemy. If General Keane had pushed on, he could have taken New Orleans without firing a shot. For, although General Coffee and General Carroll had reached the town, the troops under their command were so widely scattered, in and above the city, that an adequate force could not have been assembled in time to resist the onset of the foe.

But mark: “*one man contrived to effect his escape,*” records the

British officer whose narrative we have quoted above. How many a gallant life hung upon the chances of that one man's capture! How many a wife, mother, sweetheart, over the sea, had been spared the desolation of their lives had one of the shower of bullets, amid which he fled, have stopped his flight! How differently it might have fared with New Orleans, with General Jackson with the invading army, if the news from the Villeré plantation had been delayed but a few hours!

The individual invested with such sudden and extreme importance was young Major Gabriel Villeré the son of General Villeré, a Creole planter of ancient lineage, upon whose plantation the British were then halting. Major Villeré it was who had stationed the picket at the mouth of the bayou by which the English troops had gained the banks of the Mississippi, and stood now upon the high road leading to the prize they were in search of, and within a few miles of it. He made all haste to New Orleans, joined on his way by two friends, and proceeded to head-quarters. Judge Walker thus relates their interview with the general: "During all the exciting events of this campaign Jackson had barely the strength to stand erect without support; his body was sustained alone by the spirit within. Ordinary men would have shrunk into feeble imbeciles or useless invalids under such a pressure. The disease contracted in the swamps of Alabama still clung to him. Reduced to a mere skeleton, unable to digest his food, and unrefreshed by sleep, his life seemed to be preserved by some miraculous agency. There, in the parlor of his head-quarters in Royal street, surrounded by his faithful and efficient aids, he worked day and night, organizing his forces, dispatching orders, receiving reports, and making all the necessary arrangements for the defense of the city.

"Jackson was thus engaged at half-past one o'clock, P. M., on the 23d of December, 1814, when his attention was drawn from certain documents he was carefully reading, by the sound of horses galloping down the streets with more rapidity than comported with the order of a city under martial law. The sounds ceased at the door of his head-quarters, and the sentinel on duty announced the arrival of three gentlemen who desired to see the general immediately, having important intelligence to communicate.

"Show them in," ordered the general.

"The visitors proved to be Mr. Dussan de la Croix, Major Gabriel

Villeré, and Colonel de la Ronde. They were stained with mud, and nearly breathless with the rapidity of their ride.

“‘What news do you bring, gentlemen?’ eagerly asked the general.

“‘Important! highly important!’ responded Mr. de la Croix. ‘The British have arrived at Villeré’s plantation, nine miles below the city, and are there encamped. Here is Major Villeré, who was captured by them, has escaped, and will now relate his story.’

“‘The major accordingly detailed, in a clear and perspicuous manner, the occurrences we have related, employing his mother tongue, the French language, which de la Croix translated to the general. At the close of Major Villeré’s narrative, the general drew up his figure, bowed with disease and weakness, to its full height, and with an eye of fire and an emphatic blow upon the table with his clenched fist, exclaimed,

“‘By the Eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil!’

“‘Then courteously inviting his visitors to refresh themselves, and sipping a glass of wine in compliment to them, he turned to his secretary and aids and remarked,

“‘GENTLEMEN, THE BRITISH ARE BELOW, WE MUST FIGHT THEM TO-NIGHT!’”

Jackson proceeded to act as though every thing had occurred exactly as he had anticipated. General Coffee’s brigade was still encamped near the spot where they had first halted, four or five miles above the city. Major Planché’s battalion was at the Bayou St. John, two miles from head-quarters. The state militia, under Governor Claiborne, were on the Gentilly road, three miles away; the regulars were in the city, but variously disposed. General Carroll, with his Tennesseans, appear to have been still in the boats that brought them down the river. Commodore Patterson, too, was some distance off. In a manner perfectly quiet and composed, General Jackson dispatched a messenger to each of the corps under his command, ordering them with all haste to break up their camp and march to positions assigned them: General Carroll to the head of the upper branch of the Bienvenu; Governor Claiborne to a point further up the Gentilly road, which road leads from the Chef-Mentour to New Orleans; the rest of the troops to a plantation just below the city. Commodore Patterson was also sent for, and re-

quested to prepare the Carolina for weighing anchor and dropping down the river.

These orders issued, the general sat down to dinner and ate a little rice, which alone his system could then endure. He then lay down upon a sofa in his office and dozed for a short time. It was the last sleep the general was to enjoy for seventy hours or more—for five days and nights, one writer positively asserts. Who else could have slept at such a time? Before three o'clock he mounted his horse and rode to the lower part of the city, where then stood Fort St. Charles, on ground now occupied by the Branch Mint building. Before the gates of the fort he took his station, waiting to see the troops pass on their way to the vicinity of the enemy's position, and to give his final orders to the various commanders. Drawn up near him, in imposing array, was one of the two regiments of regulars, the 44th infantry, Colonel Ross, mustering three hundred and thirty-one muskets. Around the general were gathered his six aids, Captain Butler, Captain Reid, Captain Chotard, Edward Livingston, Mr. Davezac, Mr. Duplessis. The other regiment of regulars, the 7th infantry, Major Peire, four hundred and sixty-five muskets, had already marched down the road, to guard it against the enemy's advance. With them were sixty-six marines, twenty-two artillerymen and two six-pounders, under Colonel McRea and Lieutenant Spotts, of the regular artillery. Captain Beal's famous company of New Orleans riflemen, composed of merchants and lawyers of the city, were also below, defending the high road. A cloud of dust on the levee, and the thunder of horses' feet, soon announced to the expectant general the approach of cavalry. Colonel Hinds, of the Mississippi dragoons, emerged from the dust-cloud, galloping at the head of his troop, whom he led swiftly by to their designated post. Coffee, with his Tennesseans, was not far behind. Halting at the general's side, he conversed with him for a few minutes, and then, rejoining his men, gave the word, "Forward at a gallop," and the long line of backwoodsmen swept rapidly past. Next came into view a parti-colored host on foot, at a run, which proved to be Major Planché's fine battalion of uniformed companies. "Ah!" cried Jackson to his aid Davezac, "Here come the brave Creoles." They had run all the way from the Fort St. John, and came breathless into the general's presence. In a moment they too had received their orders, and were again in

motion. A battalion of colored freemen, under Major Dacquin, and a small body of Choctaw Indians, under Captain Jugeant, arrived, halted, passed on, and the general had seen his available force go by. The number of troops that went that afternoon to meet the enemy was two thousand one hundred and thirty-one, of whom considerably more than half had never been in action.

The commanders of the different corps had all received the same simple orders: to advance as far as the Rodriguez Canal, six miles below the city, and two miles above the Villeré plantation; there to halt, take positions, and wait for orders to close with the enemy. The Rodriguez Canal was no more than a wide, shallow ditch, which extended across the firm ground from the river to the swamp.

During the bustle attending the departure of the troops the city seemed still confident and cheerful. As the men hurried along the levee the windows were crowded with ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and hiding with smiles the anxiety that rent their hearts. Husbands, fathers, brothers, nephews, friends, were recognized in the moving masses of soldiers. Wives, mothers, sisters, were discerned at the familiar windows. The salutations then hurriedly given were the last that were ever exchanged between some of those panting soldiers and those they loved.

When, at last, the town was emptied of the armed men, who for so many days had thronged its streets, and given a feeling of security to its inhabitants, a strange and horrible stillness fell upon the place. No accustomed tramp of passing troops; no dashing by of mounted officers; no exercising in the public grounds; no sound of bugle, drum, or martial band. It was a town of anxious women and old men, who could do nothing but listen for the expected cannonade, and speculate upon the chances of the night. Colonel Napier had not then so eloquently written of the brutal and diabolic excesses of the British soldiery at the sack of the Spanish towns. But nothing was thought too monstrous for them to attempt if Jackson should be unable to preserve the city from their despoiling hands. Many of the ladies of New Orleans, we are told, had provided themselves with daggers, which they wore in their belts that night instead of the domestic and congenial scissors.

The last corps of the army had disappeared in the distance, and still the general lingered before the gates of Fort St. Charles, looking, with a slight expression of impatience on his countenance,

toward that part of the river where the sloop-of-war Carolina was anchored. He saw her, at length, weigh her anchor, and move slowly down the stream. She had been manned within the last few days, and well manned, as it proved, though some of her crew only learned their duty by doing it. Captain Henly commanded the little vessel. Commodore Patterson, however, was in no mood to stay in New Orleans on such a night, and so went in her to the scene of action.

The general had no sooner seen the Carolina under way, than he put spurs to his horse, and galloped down the road by which the troops had gone, followed by all of his staff except Captain Butler. Much against his will, Captain Butler was appointed to command in the city that night. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the Carolina left her anchorage, and General Jackson rode away from before the gates of Fort St. Charles. The day was Friday.

CHAPTER XXII.

NIGHT BATTLE OF DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD.

Four o'clock in the afternoon.—Most of the American troops have reached the Rodriguez Canal; others are coming up every moment. They are all on, or near the high road, which runs along the river's bank. The second division of the British army, consisting of the 21st, the 44th, and the 93d Highlanders, is nearing the fisherman's village, at the mouth of the Bayou Bienvenu. The party in advance is quiescent and unsuspecting on and about the Villeré plantation. General Keane and Colonel Thornton are pacing the piazza of the Villeré mansion, Keane satisfied with his position, Thornton distrusting it.

Half past four.—The first American scouting party, consisting of five mounted riflemen, advance toward the British camp to reconnoiter. They advance too far, and retire with the loss of one horse killed and two men wounded. The first blood of the land campaign is shed; Thomas Scott, the name of the first wounded man. Major Planché's battalion of Creole volunteers are now beginning to arrive.

Five o'clock.—The general is with his little army, serene, determined, confident. He believes he is about to capture or destroy those red-coats in his front, and he communicates some portion of his own assurance to those around him. First, Colonel Hayne, inspector-general of the army, shall go forward with Colonel Hind's hundred horsemen, to see what he can see of the enemy's position and numbers. The hundred horsemen advance; dash into the British pickets; halt while Colonel Hayne takes a survey of the scene before him; wheel, and gallop back. Colonel Hayne reports the enemy's strength at two thousand. But what are these printed bills stuck upon the plantation fences?

"LOUISIANIANS! REMAIN QUIET IN YOUR HOUSES. YOUR SLAVES SHALL BE PRESERVED TO YOU, AND YOUR PROPERTY RESPECTED. WE MAKE WAR ONLY AGAINST AMERICANS!"

Signed by General Keane and Admiral Cochrane. A negro was overtaken by the returning reconnoiterers, with printed copies of this proclamation upon his person, in Spanish and French.

Twilight deepens into darkness. It is the shortest day of the year but four. The moon rises hazy and dim, yet bright enough for that night's work, if it will only last. The American host is very silent; silent, because such is the order; silent, because they are in no mood to chatter. The more provident and lucky of the men eat and drink what they have, but most of them neither eat nor hunger. As the night drew on the British watch-fires, numerous and brilliant, became visible, disclosing completely their position, and lighting the Americans the way they were to go.

Six o'clock.—The general-in-chief has completed his scheme, and part of it is in course of execution. It was the simple old backwoods plan of *cornering* the enemy; the best possible for the time and place. Coffee with his own riflemen, with Beale's New Orleans sharpshooters, with Hinds' dragoons, was to leave the river's side, march across the plain to the cypress swamp, turn down toward the enemy, wheel again, attack them in the flank, and crowd them to the river. With General Coffee, as guide and aid, went Colonel De la Ronde, the proprietor of one of the plantations embraced in the circle of operations. A circuitous march of five miles over moist, rough, obstructed ground, lay before General Coffee, and he was already in motion. Jackson, with the main fighting strength of the army, was to keep closer to the river, and open an attack directly

upon the enemy's position ; the artillery and marines upon the high road ; the two regiments of regulars to the left of the road ; Planché's battalion, Dacquin's colored freemen, Jugeant's Choctaws, still further to the left, so as to complete the line of attack across the plain. The Carolina was to anchor opposite the enemy's camp, close in shore, and pour broadsides of grape and round shot into their midst. From the Carolina was to come the signal of attack. Not a shot to be fired, not a sound uttered, till the schooner's guns were heard. Then—Coffee, Planché, regulars, marines, Indians, negroes, artillery, Jackson, all advance at once, and girdle the foe with fire !

Half-past six.—The Carolina arrives opposite General Jackson's position. Edward Livingston goes on board of her, explains the plan of attack, communicates the general's orders to Commodore Patterson, and returns to his place at the general's side. "It continuing calm," says the commodore in his official dispatch, "got out sweeps, and, a few minutes after, having been frequently hailed by the enemy's sentinels, anchored, veered out a long scope of cable, and sheered close in shore abreast of their camp." The commodore's "few minutes" was three-quarters of an hour, at least, according to the other accounts. He had more than two miles to go before reaching the spot where he "veered out the long reach of cable"—itself an operation not done in a moment.

Seven o'clock.—The night has grown darker than was hoped. Coffee has made his way across the plain. Behind a ditch separating two plantations he is dismounting his men. Cavalry could not be employed upon such ground in the dark. Leaving the horses in charge of a hundred of his riflemen, he is about to march with the rest to find and charge the enemy. He has still a long way to go, and wants a full hour, at least, to come up with them. General Coffee, a man of few words, and intent on the business of the hour, delivers an oration in something like these words :

"Men, you have often said you could fight ; now is the time to prove it. Don't waste powder. Be sure of your mark before firing."

Half-past seven.—The first gun from the Carolina booms over the plain, followed in quick succession by seven others—the schooner's first broadside. It lays low upon the moist delta a hundred British soldiers, as some compute or guess. Jackson hears it, and yet withholds the expected word of command. Coffee hears it,

too soon, but he makes haste to respond. The English division then landing at the fisherman's village hear it, and hurry tumultuously toward the scene of action, and the boats go madly back to Pine Island with the news. New Orleans hears it. A great crowd of women, children, old men, and slaves, assembled in the square before the state-house, see the flash and listen to the roar of the guns, with emotions that can be imagined.

Other broadsides follow, as fast as men can load. And yet, strange to say, the people on board the terrible schooner knew nothing all that night of the effect their fire produced; knew not whether they had contributed any thing or nothing to the final issue of the strife. Commodore Patterson simply says: "Commenced a heavy (and as I have since learned, most destructive) fire from our starboard battery and small arms, which was returned most spiritedly by the enemy with congrève rockets and musketry from their whole force, when, after about forty minutes of most incessant fire, the enemy was silenced. The fire from our battery was continued till nine o'clock upon the enemy's flank while engaged in the field with our army, at which hour ceased firing, supposing, from the distance of the enemy's fire (for it was too dark to see any thing on shore), that they had retreated beyond the range of our guns. Weighed and swept across the river, in hopes of a breeze the next morning, to enable me to renew the attack upon the enemy, should they be returned to their encampment."

So much for the Carolina. What she did, we know. But I defy any living being to say with positiveness, and in detail, what occurred on shore. The contradictions between the British and American accounts, and between the various American narratives, are so flat and irreconcilable, that the narrator who cares only for the truth pauses bewildered, and knows not what to believe. But exactness of detail is not important in describing this unique battle. A more successful night attack, or one that more completely gained, not the object proposed, but the objects most necessary to be gained, was never made. That fact alone might suffice. Yet let us peer into the thickening darkness, and see what we can discern of the credible, the probable, and the certain, borrowing other people's eyes when our own fail.

Jackson opened his attack with curious deliberation. He waited patiently for the Carolina's guns. And when the thunder of her

broadside broke the silence of the night, he still waited. For ten minutes, which seemed thirty, he let the little schooner wage the combat alone, hoping to fix the attention of the enemy exclusively upon her.

Then—FORWARD!

A mistake occurred at the very start. So, at least, avers Major Eaton, whose work was written under Jackson's own eye. The troops were ordered to march toward the enemy *in columns*, and those nearest the general's person did so. But the larger number, instead of moving in columns and starting off to the left, so as to fill the gap between Jackson's and Coffee's divisions, marched *in line*. For a few minutes all went well, and the whole division was rapidly nearing the enemy, full of courage and enthusiasm. But soon, by the turn of the river, the ground was found to be too narrow for the line, which first became compressed, then confused; and, finally, Planché's battalion was forced out of the line, and compelled to form in the rear. Jackson saw nothing of this, however; no one saw it except those whom it immediately concerned. Major Planché himself scarcely comprehended it—so dark was the night, so broken the ground.

Down the high road, close to the river, with the seventh regiment, the artillery and the marines, Jackson advanced. A light breeze from the river blew over the plain the smoke of the Carolina's incessant fire, to which was added a fog then beginning to rise from the river. Lighted only by the flash of the guns and the answering musketry and rockets, the general pushed on, and had approached within less than a mile of the British head-quarters, when the company in advance, under Lieutenant McClelland, received a brisk fire from a British outpost lying in a ditch behind a fence near the road. Colonel Platt, quartermaster-general, who was with this company, ran to the front, and seeing the red coats, by the flash of their own guns, cried out—

“Come out, and fight like men on open ground.”

Without giving them time to comply with this invitation, he poured a volley into their midst, and kept up an active fire for four or five minutes. The British picket gave way, and over the fence leaped Platt's company, and occupied the post they had abandoned. This was the first success of the battle, but it was very short. In a few minutes, a large party of British, two hundred, it

is said, came up to regain their lost position, and opened a fire upon the victorious company. Its gallant commander, Lieutenant McClelland, fell dead; Colonel Platt was wounded; a sergeant was killed; several of the men were wounded; and it was going hardly with the little band. In the nick of time, however, the two pieces of cannon were placed in position on the road, and began a most vigorous fire, relieving the advanced company, and compelling the enemy to keep his distance. A second time the Americans were successful, for a moment. Soon a formidable force of British came up the road, and opened a tremendous fire upon the artillerymen and marines, evidently designing to take the guns. The marines recoiled before the leaden tempest. The horses attached to the cannon, wounded by the fire, reared, plunged, became unmanageable, and one of the pieces was overturned into the ditch by the side of the road. It was a moment of frightful and nearly fatal confusion. Jackson dashed into the fire, accompanied by two of his aids, and roared out with that startling voice of his—

“Save the guns, my boys, at every sacrifice.”

The electric presence of the general restored and rallied the marines as another company of the seventh came up, and the guns were “protected,” says Major Eaton, which probably means drawn out of danger. All this was the work of a very few minutes.

The other companies of the seventh, and the whole of the forty-fourth, were meanwhile engaged in a miscellaneous, desultory, indescribable manner.

Major Planché was not long in the rear. He marched his battalion to the left to find an opening for attack. Unfortunately he did not march far enough to the left; but advancing toward the enemy before he had gone beyond the forty-fourth, one of his companies mistook that regiment for one of the enemy's, and opened fire upon it, wounding several men. Planché gallantly atoned for the deplorable error, led his battalion against the enemy, and gave them several effective volleys. Nolte (author of “Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres”) now catches his first glimpse of the red coats. He desires us to understand that he surveyed the scene with the composure of a veteran. “It was by the flash of the muskets,” he says, “that we, for the first time, got a sight of the red coats of the English, who were posted on a small acclivity in front of us, about a gunshot distant. I noted this circumstance, and at the same mo-

ment observed the peculiar method of firing by the English, who still kept up the old custom of three deep; one row of men half kneeling, and two other ranks firing over their shoulders. This style of firing, along with the darkness of the evening, explained to me the reason why the enemy's balls, which we heard whistling by, mostly flew over our heads, and only seven men were wounded, five of them belonging to our own company. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, the word was passed to cease firing. On the English side only a few retreating discharges were dropped in from time to time. We saw about sixty English captured by the Tennessee riflemen, and led off toward the road, and at the same time learned that about one-half of our sharpshooters from the city had fallen into the hands of the English."

Before these simultaneous attacks the English gradually gave way; not at every point, however; but, upon the whole, the Americans gained upon them, and got nearer and nearer the British headquarters.

General Coffee, though the signal came a little too early for him, was in the thick of the fight sooner than he had expected. Having reached the Villeré plantation, he wheeled toward the river, and marched in a widely extended line, each man to fight, in the Indian fashion, on his own account. He expected to come up with the enemy near the river's bank, and would have done so if the Carolina had begun her fire half an hour later. The enemy, however, had then had time to recover from their confusion, to abandon the river, and to form in various positions across the plain. General Coffee had not advanced a hundred yards from the swamp before he was astonished to find himself in the presence of the British eighty-fifth. "A war of duels and detachments" ensued, with varying fortune; but the deadly and unerring fire of Coffee's cool riflemen, accustomed from of old to night warfare with Indians, acquainted with all the arts of covert and approach, was too much for the British infantry. From orange grove, from behind negro huts, the eighty-fifth slowly retired toward the river, until, at length, they took post behind an old levee, near the high road. Bayonets alone could dislodge them thence, and the Tennesseans had no bayonets. Coffee, too, retired to cover, and sent to the general for orders.

Captain J. N. Cooke, a British officer, who wrote a narrative of

this unexampled campaign, gives a lively picture of the battle at the time when Coffee was fighting his way across the plain: "Lumps and crowds of American militia, who were armed with rifles and long hunting-knives for close quarters, now crossed the country; and by degrees getting nearer to the head-quarters of the British, they were met by some companies of the rifle corps and the eighty-fifth light infantry; and here again such confusion took place as seldom occurs in war—the bayonet of the British and the knife of the American were in active opposition at close quarters during this eventful night, and, as pronounced by the Americans, it was 'rough and tumble.'

"The darkness was partially dispelled for a few moments now and then by the flashes of fire-arms; and whenever the outlines of men were distinguishable, the Americans called out, 'don't fire, we are your friends!' Prisoners were taken and retaken. The Americans were litigating and wrangling, and protesting that they were not taken fairly, and were hugging their fire-arms, and bewailing their separation from a favorite rifle that they wished to retain as their lawful property.

"The British soldiers, likewise, hearing their mother tongue spoken, were captured by this deception; when such mistakes being detected, the nearest American received a knock-down blow; and in this manner prisoners on both sides, having escaped, again joined in the fray, calling out lustily for their respective friends. Here was fighting, and straggling flashes of fire darting through the gloom, like the tails of so many comets.

"At this most remarkable night encounter the British were fighting on two sides of a ragged triangle, their left face pounded by the fire from the sloop, and their right face engaged with the American land forces. Hallen was still fighting in front at the apex.

"At one time the Americans pushed round Hallen's right, and got possession of the high road behind him, where they took Major Mitchell and thirty riflemen going to his assistance. But Hallen was inexorable, and at no time had more than one hundred men at his disposal; the riflemen coming up from the rear by twos and threes to his assistance, when he had lost nearly half his picket in killed and wounded. And behind him was such confusion that an English artillery officer declared that the flying illumination encircling him was so unaccountably strange that had he not pointed his

brass cannon to the front at the beginning of the fight *he could not have told which was the proper front of battle* (as the English soldiers were often firing one upon the other, as well as the Americans), except by looking toward the muzzle of his three-pounder, which he dared not fire, from the fear of bringing down friends and foes by the same discharge; seeing, as he did, the darkness suddenly illuminated across the country by the flashing of muskets at every point of the compass."

The incidents attending the capture of Major Mitchell are amusingly related by the author of "Jackson and New Orleans." "As the 93d Highlanders," says this diligent writer, "were expected every moment to reach the camp, Major Mitchell was strongly impressed with the belief that Coffee's men, who wore hunting-shirts, which, in the dark, were not unlike the Highland frock, were the men of the 93d, and greatly needing their aid, he eagerly advanced, calling out, 'Are those the 93d?' 'Of course,' shouted the Tennesseans, who had no particular number. Mitchell thereupon pushed boldly forward within a few feet of the men, when Captain Donaldson stepped in front, and slapping the astounded Briton on the shoulder, called out, 'You are my prisoner,' and requested the major's sword. This request was enforced by half a dozen long rifles, which covered his body at every assailable point. With infinite mortification the gallant major surrendered, and with several other prisoners was borne off by the Tennesseans. Though at the moment of his capture, and subsequently, Major Mitchell was treated with the kindness and generosity due to a gallant foe, he never recovered his good humor, and embraced every opportunity of exhibiting his spleen and disgust. The oblique movement of Coffee's brigade to the right produced some disasters which were sorely lamented by the Americans."

Such were the scenes enacted on the plains of the Delta in the evening of December the 23d, 1814, for about the space of an hour and a half.

Nine o'clock.—The Carolina, as we have seen, ceases her deadly fire. The second division of English troops have arrived, and mingled in the battle, more than repairing the casualties of the night in the English army. The fog, rising from the river, has spread densely over the field, first enveloping Jackson's division, which was nearest the river, then rolling over the entire plain. The general has

heard nothing of General Coffee since he parted* with him at six o'clock. He concludes now to suspend all operations till the dawn of day. Coffee's messenger finds the general, at length, and departs with an order for General Coffee to withdraw his men from the field, and rejoin the right wing with all dispatch.

Ten o'clock.—The American troops have retired, and are spread over the plain a mile or more from the scene of conflict. The wounded, all of them that can be found, are brought in and conveyed toward the city. The inhabitants of New Orleans have learned enough of the issue of the fight to allay their apprehensions of immediate danger; but women still sit at home or flit about the streets in an agony of suspense, to learn something of the fate of fathers, husbands, and brothers. The arrival of British prisoners is noised about, cheering all but those who have staked more than life in the contest. General Jackson has, as yet, no thought but to renew the battle the moment it is light enough to find the foe; and, to that end, sends a dispatch to General Carroll, who is guarding the city from attack from above, ordering him, if no sign of an enemy has appeared in that quarter, to join the main body instantly with all his force. General Carroll will lose no time in obeying a command so welcome.

The battle over, we can reckon up its cost, while the troops re-assembled, are eagerly narrating their several adventures, or performing sad duties to wounded comrades and dead.

The British have lost to-night, according to General Keane's official report, forty-six killed, one hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and sixty-four prisoners and deserters. Lieutenant De Lacy Evans, afterward member of parliament, and, more recently, one of the heroes of the Crimea, was among the wounded. The American loss was: killed, twenty-four; wounded, one hundred and fifteen; missing, seventy-four.

One o'clock in the morning.—Silence reigns in both camps. There have been occasional alarms during the night, and some firing; enough to keep both armies on the alert. Noise of an approaching host from the city is heard soon after one, which proves to be General Carroll and his men, who have marched down with Tennesseean swiftness. But Jackson has changed his mind. British deserters have brought information of the arrival of reinforcements to General Keane's army, and of still further forces to arrive on

the morrow. Is it prudent to risk the campaign and the city upon an open fight between twenty-five hundred raw troops without bayonets, and six or seven thousand perfectly disciplined British soldiers, who have bayonets and know how to use them? That question, argued around the general's bivouac at midnight, admitted of but one answer. It was resolved, then, in the midnight counsel on the fog-covered field, to retire at daybreak to the old position behind the Rodriguez Canal, there to throw up whatever line of defense might be possible, and await the enemy's attack. The two men-of-war shall anchor off the levee and cover the high road with their guns. If necessary, the levee shall be pierced, and the plain between the two armies flooded. Hind's dragoons, who could not join in the night battle, shall hold the position between the two armies, and conceal the contemplated movements.

Slowly, very slowly, the hours of darkness wore away. "The night," says Nolte, "was very cold. Wearied by our long march, and standing in the open field, we all wanted to make a fire, and at length, at the special request of our major, permission to kindle one was obtained. Within twenty minutes we saw innumerable watch-fires blazing up in a line extending, like a crescent, from the shores of the Mississippi to the woods, and stretching far away behind the plantations of Villeré, Lacoste, and others, occupied by the English, on whose minds, as well as on our own, the impression must have been produced, that Jackson had many more troops under his command and near the spot than any one had supposed."

The fires were not lighted too soon; for, in the fight, many of Coffee's men had thrown away their long coats, and stood shivering through the night in their shirt-sleeves. Indeed, both brigades of Tennesseans were in sorry plight with regard to clothes when they arrived, and few came out of the battle with a whole garment. There will be busy sewing-circles to-morrow in New Orleans, seasoned, not with scandal, but with tales of the brave deeds done by the ragged heroes of the night battle. And all over the field shall wander, after dawn, cold Tennesseans, hunting up lost coats, lost tomahawks and knives, lost horses, and, alas! lost comrades, cold forever, for whom there will be proud mourning in the log-houses of Tennessee. "These poor fellows," wrote a British officer who, with General Keane, walked over part of the field, "presented a strange appearance; their hair, eyebrows, and lashes were

thickly covered with hoar-frost, or rime, their bloodless cheeks vying with its whiteness. Few were dressed in military uniforms, and most of them bore the appearance of farmers or husbandmen. Peace to their ashes ! they had nobly died in defending their country."

CHAPTER XXIII.

JACKSON FORTIFIES.

THE Roderiguez Canal was an old mill-race, partly filled up and grown over with grass. In the early days of the colony the planters built their mills on the levee, and obtained water power by cutting canals from the river to the swamp, through which poured an abundant flood during the periodical swellings of the river. The Roderiguez Canal crossed the plain where the plain was narrowest ; and this circumstance it was that rendered the position chosen by General Jackson for his line of intrenchments the very best which the vicinity afforded.

Daylight dawned. The fog slowly lifted. Never was the blessed light of day welcomer to the longing sons of men. The earliest light found the main body of Jackson's army in their former position behind the canal. Every thing that New Orleans could furnish in the shape of spade, shovel, pickaxe, crowbar, wheelbarrow, cart, had been sent for, hours before, and the first supplies began to arrive almost as soon as the men were ready to use them. Now let there be such digging, shoveling, and heaping up of earth, as the Delta of the Mississippi, or any other delta under heaven, has never seen since Adam delved !

"Here," said Jackson, "we will plant our stakes, and not abandon them until we drive these red coat rascals into the river or the swamp."

The canal was deepened and the earth thrown up on the side nearest the city. The fences were torn away, and the rails driven in to keep the light soil from falling back again into the canal. Soft

palms, which had never before handled anything harsher than a pen, a fishing-rod, or a lady's waist, blistered and bled, and felt it not. Each company had its own line of embankment to throw up, which it called its castle, and strained every muscle in fierce but friendly rivalry to make it overtop the castles of the rest.

The nature of the soil rendered the task one of peculiar difficulty. Dig down three feet anywhere in that singular plain and you come to water. Earth soon became the scarcest of commodities near the lines, and had to be brought from far, after the first hours. An idea occurs to an ingenious French intellect. *Cotton bales!* The town is full of cotton; and lo! here, close to the lines, is a vessel laden with cotton, waiting for a chance to get to sea. The idea, plausible as it was, did not stand the test of service. The first cannonade knocked the cotton bales about in a manner that made the general more eager to get rid of them than he had been to use them. Some of the bales, too, caught fire, and made a most intolerable and persistent smoke, so that, days before the final conflict, every pound of cotton was removed from the lines. A similar error was made by the enemy, who, supposing that sugar would offer resistance to cannon balls equal to sand, employed hogsheads of sugar in the formation of their batteries. The first ball that knocked a hogshead to pieces, and kept on its destructive way unchecked, convinced them that sugar and sand, though often found together, have little in common.

During the 24th the entire line of defense, a mile long, was begun, and raised, in some places, to a height of four or five feet. The work was not interrupted by the enemy for a moment, nor was there any alarm or sign of their approach. Before night two small pieces of cannon were placed in position on the high road.

In the course of the morning Major Latour was ordered to cut the levee at a point one hundred yards below the lines. The water rushed through the opening, and flooded the road to the depth of three feet. A day or two after an engineer was sent below the British camp to let in the water behind them, so as to render their position an island. If the river had been as high as it occasionally is in December, and always is in the spring, the campaign would have had a ludicrous and bloodless termination, for nearly the whole plain could have been laid under water, and the enemy would have found no sufficient resting-place for the soles of so many feet.

It chanced, however, that the rise of the river at this time was only temporary. The water soon fell to the level of the road; and the piercing of the levee really aided the English, by filling up and rendering more navigable the creeks in their rear, by which their supplies were brought up. For a day or two only the flooding of the road was serviceable in giving an appearance of perfect security to the lines near the river.

Early in the morning the Carolina, from her anchorage opposite the British camp, and the Louisiana, from an advantageous position a mile above, played upon the enemy whenever a red coat showed itself within range. General Keane found himself, to his boundless astonishment, besieged! Not a column could be formed upon the plain, which was torn up in every direction by the Carolina's accurate and incessant fire. Never was an army more strangely, more unexpectedly, more completely paralyzed. They could do absolutely nothing but cower under embankments, skulk behind huts, lie low in dry ditches, or else retire beyond the reach of that terrible fire which they had no means of silencing or answering.

The omnipresent activity of General Jackson on this important day no words can adequately describe. We catch brief glimpses of him, in the various narratives, riding along the rising line of embankment, cheering on the laboring troops, cheered by them as he passed, suggesting expedients here, applauding those of others there, passing quick decisive judgments on the plans of the engineers, sending off aids, hearing reports, spying the enemy through his glass, keeping every man at his utmost stretch of exertion. It was not the enemy in his front that gave him the most anxious concern; for he felt that, for the moment, he was master of the situation there. But he had been surprised once, in spite of all his vigilance. Might he not be surprised again? There were so many avenues of approach to the city. Might not the seeming inactivity of the enemy be a feint, designed to cover a landing elsewhere? A party was sent, in the course of the day, to Barrataria, under the command of Major Reynolds, and the guidance of Jean Lafitte, to resist any attempts in that region; at least, to give timely notice if the enemy should enter the bay. Messengers were dispatched to all other vulnerable points, exhorting and commanding the pickets and garrisons to sleepless vigilance.

And on this busy Saturday, the day before the best day of the

Christian year, while such events as these were transpiring on the Delta of the Mississippi, what a different scene was enacting at Ghent, three thousand miles away! In Senator Seward's Life of John Quincy Adams we read: "Mr. Todd, one of the secretaries of the American commissioners, and son-in-law of President Madison, had invited several gentlemen, Americans and others, to take refreshments with him on the 24th of December. At noon, after having spent some time in pleasant conversation, the refreshments entered, and Mr. Todd said: '*It is twelve o'clock. Well, gentlemen, I announce to you that peace has been made and signed between America and England.*' In a few moments, Messrs. Gallatin, Clay, Carroll, and Hughes entered, and confirmed the annunciation. This intelligence was received with a burst of joy by all present. The news soon spread through the town, and gave general satisfaction to the citizens. At Paris the intelligence was hailed with acclamations. In the evening the theatres resounded with cries of '*God save the Americans.*'"

Had there then been an Atlantic telegraphic cable!!

The light of Christmas morning found the English army disheartened, almost to the degree of despair. "I shall eat my Christmas dinner in New Orleans," said Admiral Cochrane on the day of the landing. The remark was reported by a prisoner to General Jackson, who said, "Perhaps so; but I shall have the honor of presiding at that dinner." As usual, when affairs go wrong, the general in command was the scapegoat. By every camp-fire, in every hut, at every outpost the conduct of General Keane was severely criticized.

Though discouragement was the habitual feeling of the British troops from the night of the twenty-third until the end, yet an event on this Christmas morning occurred which, for the time, dispelled the prevailing gloom. This was the sudden arrival in camp, to take the command of the troops, of Major-General Sir Edward Pakenham, and with him, as second in command, Major-General Samuel Gibbs; besides several staff officers of experience and distinction. In a moment hope revived and animation reappeared. General Pakenham, the brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, a favorite of the duke and of the army, was of North of Ireland extraction, like the antagonist with whom he had come to contend. Few soldiers of the Peninsular war had won such high and rapid distinction as he. At Salamanca, at Badajoz, wherever, in fact, the fighting had been

fiercest, there had this brave soldier done a man's part for his country, often foremost among the foremost. *He was now but thirty-eight years of age, and the record of his bright career was written all over his body in honorable scars. Conspicuous equally for his humanity and for his courage, he had ever lifted his voice and his arm against those monstrous scenes of pillage and outrage which disgraced the British name at the capture of the strongholds of Spain; hanging a man upon one occasion upon the spot, without trial or law, and thus, according to Napier, "nipping the wickedness in the bud."

General Pakenham inherited General Keane's erroneous information respecting Jackson's strength. Keeping this fact in view, his first measure seems judicious enough. *Let us quote a British officer's account of Christmas day in the British camp:—"Hoping every thing from a change of leaders, the troops greeted their new leader with a hearty cheer; whilst the confidence which past events had tended in some degree to dispel, returned once more to the bosoms of all. It was Christmas day, and a number of officers, clubbing their little stock of provisions, resolved to dine together in memory of former times. But at so melancholy a Christmas dinner I do not recollect at any time to have been present. We dined in a barn; of plates, knives and forks, there was a dismal scarcity, nor could our fare boast of much either in intrinsic good quality or in the way of cooking. These, however, were mere matters of merriment; it was the want of many well-known and beloved faces that gave us pain; nor were any other subjects discussed besides the amiable qualities of those who no longer formed part of our mess, and never would again form part of it. A few guesses as to the probable success of future attempts alone relieved this topic, and now and then a shot from the schooner drew our attention to ourselves; for though too far removed from the river to be in much danger, we were still within cannon-shot of our enemy. Nor was she inactive in her attempts to molest. Elevating her guns to a great degree, she contrived occasionally to strike the wall of the building within which we sat; but the force of the ball was too far spent to penetrate, and could therefore produce no serious alarm.

"Whilst we were thus sitting at table, a loud shriek was heard after one of these explosions, and on running out we found that a

shot had taken effect in the body of an unfortunate soldier. I mention this incident, because I never beheld in any human being so great a tenacity of life. Though fairly cut in two at the lower part of the belly, the poor wretch lived for nearly an hour, gasping for breath, and giving signs even of pain.

“But to return to my narrative: as soon as he reached the camp, Sir Edward proceeded to examine, with a soldier’s eye, every point and place within view. Of the American army nothing whatever could be perceived except a corps of observation, composed of five or six hundred mounted riflemen, which hovered along our front and watched our motions. The town itself was completely hid, nor was it possible to see beyond the distance of a very few miles, either in front or rear, so flat and unbroken was the face of the country. Under these circumstances, little insight into the state of affairs could be obtained by reconnoitering. The only thing, indeed, which we could learn from it was, that while the vessels kept their present station upon the river no advance could be made; and, as he felt that every moment’s delay was injurious to us, and favorable to the enemy, he resolved to remove these incumbrances, and to push forward as soon as possible.”

To blow the Carolina out of the water, then, is General Pakenham’s first resolve. Till that is done he thinks no movement of the troops is possible. With incredible toil, nine field pieces, two howitzers, one mortar, a furnace for heating balls, and a supply of the requisite implements and ammunition, were brought from the fleet and dragged to the British camp. By the evening of the 26th they have all arrived, and are ready to be placed in position on the levee as soon as darkness covers the scene of operations and silences the Carolina’s exasperating fire. The little schooner lay near the opposite shore of the river, just where she had dropped her anchor after swinging away from the scene of the night action of the 23d. There she had remained immovable ever since, firing at the enemy as often as he showed himself. A succession of northerly winds and dead calms rendered it impossible for Captain Henly to execute his purpose of getting nearer the British position, nor could he move the vessel higher up against the strong current of the swollen Mississippi. In a word, the Carolina was a fixture, a floating battery. What is very remarkable, considering the great annoyance caused by the fire of this schooner, she had but

one gun, a long twelve, as Captain Henly reports, which could throw a ball across the river!

The head-quarters of General Jackson were now at a mansion-house about two hundred yards behind the American lines. From an upper window of this house, above the trees in which it was embosomed, the general surveyed the scene below; the long line of men at work upon the intrenchments; Hinds' dragoons maneuvering and galloping to and fro between the two armies; the Carolina and Louisiana in the stream vomiting their iron thunder upon the foe. With the aid of an old telescope, lent him by an aged Frenchman, which appears to have been almost the only instrument of the kind procurable in the place, he scanned the British position anxiously and often. He was surprised, puzzled, and perhaps a little alarmed at the enemy's prolonged inactivity. What could they be doing down there behind the plantation houses? Why should they, unless they had some deep scientific scheme on foot, quite beyond the penetration of a backwoodsman, allow him to go on strengthening his position, day after day, without the slightest attempt at molestation?

It was not in the nature of Andrew Jackson to wait long for an enemy to attack. Too prudent to trust his raw troops in an open fight with an army twice his number, it occurred to him, on the afternoon of the 26th, that there might be another and a safer way to dislodge them from their covert; at least, to disturb them in the development of whatever scheme they might be so quietly concocting. He sent for Commodore Patterson. Upon the arrival of the commodore at head-quarters, a short conference took place between the naval and the military hero. Then the gallant commodore hurries off to New Orleans. His object is to ascertain whether a few of the merchant vessels lying idle at the levee cannot be instantly manned, and armed each with two thirty-two pounders from the navy-yard; and if they can, to set them floating down toward the British position; where, dropping anchor, they shall join in the cannonade, and sweep the plain from side to side with huge, resistless balls. No plantation houses, no negro huts, no shallow ditches, no attainable distance will then avail the invading army.

Commodore Patterson could not succeed in his errand in time. But he bore in mind the general's hint, and, in due time, acted upon it in another way with most telling effect.

At dawn of day, on the 27th, the American troops were startled by the report of a larger piece of ordnance than they had yet heard from the enemy's camp. The second shot from the great guns placed by the British on the levee during the night, white hot, struck the Carolina, pierced her side, and lodged in the main hold under a mass of cables, where it could neither be reached nor quenched. And this was but the prelude to a furious cannonade, which sent the bombs and hot balls hissing and roaring about her, penetrating her cabin, knocking away her bulwarks, bringing down rigging and spars about the ears of the astonished crew. Captain Henly replied as best he could with his single long-twelve; while both armies lined and thronged the levee, watching the unequal combat with breathless interest.

No: not breathless. As often as the schooner was hit, cheers from the British troops rent the morning air; and whenever a well-aimed shot from the Carolina drove the British gunners for a moment under the shelter of the levee, shouts from the Americans applauded the devoted crew. General Jackson was at his high window spying the combat. Perceiving from the first how it must end, he sent an emphatic order to Lieutenant Thompson, of the Louisiana, to get that vessel out of range if it was in the power of man to do it. General Pakenham stood on the levee near his guns cheering on the artillerymen.

Half-an-hour of this work was enough for the Carolina. "Finding," says Captain Henly, in his report to Commodore Patterson, with the blunt pathos of a sailor mourning for the loss of his vessel, "that hot shot were passing through her cabin and filling-room, which contained a considerable quantity of powder, her bulwarks all knocked down by the enemy's shot, the vessel in a sinking condition, and the fire increasing, and expecting every moment that she would blow up, at a little after sunrise I reluctantly gave orders for the crew to abandon her, which was effected with the loss of one man killed and six wounded. A short time after I had succeeded in getting the crew on shore, I had the extreme mortification of seeing her blow up. It affords me great pleasure to acknowledge the able assistance I received from Lieutenants Norris and Crawley and sailing-master Haller, and to say that my officers and crew behaved on this occasion, as well as on the 23d, when under your own eye, in a most gallant manner. Almost every article of clothing belong-

ing to the officers and crew, from the rapid progress of the fire, was involved in the destruction of the vessel."

The explosion was terrific. It shook the earth for miles around; it threw a shower of burning fragments over the Louisiana, a mile distant; it sent a shock of terror to thousands of listening women in New Orleans; it gave a momentary discouragement to the American troops. The English army, whom the schooner's fire had tormented for four days, raised a shout of exultation, as though the silencing of that single gun had removed the only obstacle to their victorious advance.

But the Louisiana was still above water, and apparently as immovable as the Carolina had been. Upon her the British guns were immediately turned. To avail himself of a light breeze, or intimation of a breeze, from the east, Lieutenant Thompson has spread all his sails. But against that steady, strong, deep current it availed not even to slacken the ship's cable. Red hot balls fell hissing into the water about her, and a shell burst upon her deck, wounding six of the crew. "Man the boats," thundered the commander. A hundred men were soon tugging at the oars, struggling, as for more than life, to tow the ship up the stream. She moved; the cable slackened and was let go; still she moved slowly, steadily, and, ere long, was safe out of the deadly tempest, at anchor under the western shore, opposite the American lines.

Then it was our turn to lift the exulting shout, and cheer upon cheer saluted the rescued ship. The English soldiers heard the cheers as they were "falling in," three miles below. Every trace of discouragement was gone from both armies. The British now formed upon the open plain, without let or hinderance. The Americans could coolly estimate the success of the cannonade at its proper value. They had lost just one available gun, and saved a ship which, at one broadside, could throw eight twelve-pound balls a mile and a half. That was the net result of a cannonade for which the British army had toiled and waited a day and two nights.

If the English had directed their fire first upon the Louisiana, they could have destroyed both vessels. How astonishing that any man, standing where General Pakenham stood that morning, could have failed to perceive a fact so obvious? The Louisiana had only to go a mile up the river to be out of danger. Half a mile made her comparatively safe. The Carolina was fully two

miles below the point of safety. The half hour expended upon the schooner would have blown up the ship, and then, at their leisure, they could have played upon the smaller vessel. And even if Captain Henly had slipped his cable and dropped down the stream past the British camp, the vessel would have been as effectually removed as she was when her burning fragments floated by.

The twenty-seventh was a busy day in the American lines. They were still far from complete, and every man now felt that their strength would soon be put to the test. In the course of the day a twelve-pound howitzer was placed in position, so as to command the high road. In the evening a twenty-four was established further to the left, and early next morning another twenty-four. The crew of the Carolina hurried round to the lines to assist in serving these guns; and on the morrow the Barratarians were coming down from Fort St. Johns to lend a powerful hand. The two regiments of Louisiana militia were added to the force behind the lines. All day long the shovel and the spade are vigorously plied; the embankment rises; the canal deepens. The lines nearest the river are strongest and best protected, and, besides, are concealed from the view of an approaching foe by the buildings of the Chalmette plantation, a quarter of a mile below them. These buildings, which have served hitherto as the quarters of Hinds' dragoons, will protect the enemy more than they protect us, thinks the general, and orders them to be fired when the enemy advances. It was a mistake, and the order, luckily, was only executed in part. Far to the left, near the cypress swamp, the lines are weakest, though there Coffee's Tennesseans had worked as only Coffee's Tennesseans could work, to make them strong.

The morning of the 28th of December was one of those perfect mornings of the southern winter, to enjoy which it is almost worth while to live twenty degrees too near the tropic of Cancer. Balmy, yet bracing; brilliant, but soft; inviting to action, though rendering mere existence bliss. The golden mist that heralded the sun soon wreathed itself away and vanished into space, except that part of it which hung in glittering diamonds upon the herbage and the evergreens that encircled the stubbled-covered plain. The monarch of the day shone out with that brightness that neither dazzles nor consumes, but is beautiful and cheering merely. Gone and forgotten were now the lowering clouds, the penetrating fogs, the dis-

heartening rains, that for so many days and dreary fearful nights had hung over the dark Delta. The river was flowing gold. "The trees," we are told, "were melodious with the noisy strains of the rice-bird, and the bold *fulsetto* of that pride of southern ornithology, the mocking-bird, who, here alone, continues the whole year round his unceasing notes of exultant mockery and vocal defiance."

Away, noisy rice-bird, and defiant mocking-bird. Music more noisy and more defiant than yours salutes the rising sun; the rolling drum and ringing bugle, namely, that call twelve thousand hostile men to arms. This glorious morning General Pakenham is resolved to have, at least, one good look at the wary and active foe that for five days has given pause to the invading army, and has not yet been so much as seen by them. With his whole force he will march boldly up to the lines, and, if fortune favors, and the prospect pleases, he will leap over them into New Orleans and the House of Lords. A *grand reconnoissance* is the order of the day.

The American general has not used his telescope in vain; he is perfectly aware that an early advance is intended. Five pieces of cannon he has in position. The crew of the *Carolina*, under Lieutenant Crawley and Lieutenant Norris, Captain Humphrey and his artillerymen, are ready to serve them. Before the sun was an hour on his diurnal way, Jackson's anxious glances toward the city had been changed into expressions of satisfaction and confidence by the spectacle of several straggling bands of red-shirted, bewhiskered, rough and desperate-looking men, all begrimed with smoke and mud, hurrying down the road toward the lines. These proved to be the Barratarians under Dominique You and Bluche, who had run all the way from the Fort St. John, where they had been stationed since their release from prison. They immediately took charge of one of the twenty-four pounders. And, what is of far more importance, the *Louisiana*, saved yesterday by the resolution and skill of Lieutenant Thompson, is ready, at a moment's warning, to let out cable and swing round, so as to throw her balls obliquely across the plain.

And all this is hidden from the foe, who will know nothing of what awaits them till they have passed the plantation houses of Chalmette and Bienvenu, only five hundred yards from the lines!

General Jackson was not kept long in suspense. The spectacle

of the British advance was splendid in the extreme. "Forward they came," says the author of "Jackson and New Orleans," "in solid columns, as compact and orderly as if on parade, under cover of a shower of rockets, and a continual fire from their artillery in front and their batteries on the levee. It was certainly a bold and imposing demonstration, for such, as we are told by British officers, it was intended to be. To new soldiers, like the Americans, fresh from civic and peaceful pursuits, who had never witnessed any scenes of real warfare, it was certainly a formidable display of military power and discipline. Those veterans moved as steadily and closely together as if marching in review instead of 'in the cannon's mouth.' Their muskets catching the rays of the morning sun, nearly blinded the beholder with their brightness, whilst their gay and various uniforms, red, gray, green, and tartan, afforded a pleasing relief to the winter-clad field and the somber objects around."

Thus appeared the British host to the gazing multitude behind the American lines; for the author of the passage quoted learned his story from the lips of men who saw the dazzling sight. The Subaltern tells us how the American lines looked to the advancing army, and what reception greeted it.

"The enemy's corps of observation (Hinds' dragoons) fell back as we advanced, without offering in any way to impede our progress, and it was impossible to guess, ignorant as we were of the position of the enemy's main body, at what moment opposition might be expected. Nor, in truth, was it a matter of much anxiety. Our spirits, in spite of the troubles of the night, were good, and our expectations of success were high; consequently, many rude jests were bandied about, and many careless words spoken; for soldiers are, of all classes of men, the freest from care, and on that account, perhaps, the most happy. By being continually exposed to it, danger with them ceases to be frightful; of death they have no more terror than the beasts that perish; and even hardships, such as cold, wet, hunger, and broken rest, lose at least part of their disagreeableness by the frequency of their recurrence.

"Moving on in this merry mood, we advanced about four or five miles without the smallest check or hinderance, when, at length, we found ourselves in view of the enemy's army, posted in a very advantageous manner. About forty yards in their front was a canal, which extended from the morass to within a short distance of the

high road. Along their line were thrown up breastworks, not indeed completed, but even now formidable. Upon the road, and at several other points, were erected powerful batteries, whilst the ship, with a large flotilla of gun-boats [no, sir—no gun-boats] flanked the whole position from the river.

“When I say that we came in sight of the enemy, I do not mean that he was gradually exposed to us in such a manner as to leave time for cool examination and reflection. On the right, indeed, he was seen for some time; but on the left a few houses built at a turning in the road entirely concealed him; nor was it till they had gained that turning, and beheld the muzzles of his guns pointed toward them, that those who moved in this direction were aware of their proximity to danger. But that danger was indeed near they were quickly taught; for scarcely had the head of the column passed the houses, when a deadly fire was opened from both the battery and the shipping. That the Americans are excellent marksmen, as well with artillery as with rifles, we have had frequent cause to acknowledge; but, perhaps, on no occasion did they assert their claim to the title of good artillerymen more effectually than on the present. Scarce a ball passed over, or fell short of its mark, but all striking full into the midst of our ranks occasioned terrible havoc. The shrieks of the wounded, therefore, the crash of firelocks, and the fall of such as were killed, caused at first some little confusion; and what added to the panic was, that from the houses beside which we stood bright flames suddenly burst out. The Americans, expecting this attack, had filled them with combustibles for the purpose, and, directing against them one or two guns, loaded with red-hot shot, in an instant set them on fire. The scene was altogether very sublime. A tremendous cannonade mowed down our ranks and deafened us with its roar, whilst two large chateaux and their out-buildings almost scorched us with the flames and blinded us with the smoke which they emitted.

“The infantry, however, were not long suffered to remain thus exposed, but, being ordered to quit the path, and to form line in the fields, the artillery was brought up and opposed to that of the enemy. But the contest was in every respect unequal, since their artillery far exceeded ours, both in numerical strength and weight of metal. The consequence was that in half an hour two of our field-pieces and one field-mortar were dismounted; many of the gunners

were killed; and the rest, after an ineffectual attempt to silence the fire of the shipping, were obliged to retire.

“In the mean time the infantry, having formed line, advanced under a heavy discharge of round and grape-shot, till they were checked by the appearance of the canal. Of its depth they were of course ignorant, and to attempt its passage without having ascertained whether it could be forded, might have been productive of fatal consequences. A halt was accordingly ordered, and the men were commanded to shelter themselves as well as they could from the enemy’s fire. For this purpose they were hurried into a wet ditch, of sufficient depth to cover the knees, where, leaning forward, they concealed themselves behind some high rushes which grew upon its brink, and thus escaped many bullets which fell around them in all directions.

“Thus fared it with the left of the army, whilst the right, though less exposed to the cannonade, was not more successful in its object. The same impediment which checked one column forced the other likewise to pause, and, after having driven in an advanced body of the enemy, and endeavored without effect to penetrate through the marsh, it also was commanded to halt. In a word, all thought of attacking was for this day abandoned, and it now only remained to withdraw the troops from their present perilous situation with as little loss as possible.

“The first thing to be done was to remove the dismounted guns. Upon this enterprise a party of seamen was employed, who, running forward to the spot where they lay, lifted them, in spite of the whole of the enemy’s fire, and bore them off in triumph. As soon as this was effected regiment after regiment stole away; not in a body, but one by one, under the same discharge which saluted their approach. But a retreat thus conducted necessarily occupied much time. Noon had therefore long passed before the last corps was brought off, and when we again began to muster twilight was approaching.”

What a day for the heroes of the Peninsula and the stately ninety-third Highlanders!—lying low in wet ditches, some of them for seven hours, under that relentless cannonade, and then slinking away behind fences, huts, and burning houses, or even crawling along on the bottom of ditches, happy to get beyond the reach of those rebounding balls, that “knocked down the soldiers,” says

Captain Cooke, "and tossed them into the air like old bags." And what a day for General Jackson and his four thousand, who saw the magnificent advance of the morning, not without misgivings, and then beheld the most splendid and imposing army they had ever seen sink, as it were, into the earth and vanish from their sight! This reconnoissance cost General Pakenham a loss of fifty killed and wounded. The casualties on the American side were nine killed and eight wounded.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BRITISH ADVANCE A SECOND TIME.

WHAT next? General Pakenham had seen the American lines. The inference he drew from the sight was one of the strangest. The British general, at a council of war, attended by Cochrane, Malcolm, Hardy, Trowbridge, Codrington, Gibbs, and Keane, came to the conclusion that the way to carry the American position was to make regular approaches to it, as to a walled and fortified city. Sevastopol anticipated and rehearsed! And, what is remarkable, the engineer who directed the construction of the British batteries on the Delta of the Mississippi was no other than that Sir John Burgoyne whom the Russians, with their hasty earth-works, foiled in the Crimea for so many months, forty years after.

During the last three days of the year 1814 the British army remained inactive on the plain, two miles below the American lines, and in full view of them, while the sailors were employed in bringing from the fleet thirty pieces of cannon of large caliber, with which to execute the scheme that had been resolved upon. By the evening of the 31st of December the thirty pieces of cannon from the fleet (twenty long eighteens and ten twenty-fours) had reached the British camp. All that day the Americans had been amused with a cannonade from a battery erected near the swamp, under cover of which parties of English troops attempted, but with small success, to reconnoiter the American position. As soon as it was quite dark operations of far greater importance commenced. "One half the army," says a British officer, "was ordered out, and marched

to the front, passing the pickets, and halting about three hundred yards from the enemy's line. Here it was resolved to throw up a chain of works; and here the greater part of this detachment, laying down their firelocks, applied themselves vigorously to their tasks, while the rest stood armed and prepared for their defense. The night was dark, and our people maintained a profound silence; by which means not an idea of what was going on existed in the American camp. As we labored, too, with all diligence, six batteries were completed long before dawn, in which were mounted thirty pieces of heavy cannon; when, falling back a little way, we united ourselves to the remainder of the infantry, and lay down behind the rushes in readiness to act as soon as we should be wanted."

The second Sunday of this strange mutual siege had come round. The light of another New Year's day dawned upon the world.

The English soldiers had not worked so silently during the night upon their new batteries but that an occasional sound of hammering, dulled by distance, had been heard in the American lines. The outposts, too, had sent in news of the advance of British troops, who were busy at something, though the outposts could not say what. The veterans of the American army, that is, those who had smelt hostile gunpowder before this campaign, gave it as their opinion that there would be warm work again at daybreak.

Long before the dawn the dull hammering ceased. When the day broke, a fog so dense that a man could discern nothing at a distance of twenty yards, covered all the plain. Not a sound was heard in the direction of the enemy's camp, nor did the American sentinels nearest their position hear or see any thing to excite alarm. At eight o'clock the fog was still impenetrable, and the silence unbroken. As late even as nine, the American troops, who were on slightly higher ground than the British, saw little prospect of the fog's breaking away, still less of any hostile movement on the part of the foe. The veterans begin to retract their opinion. We are to have another day of waiting, think the younger soldiers; the gay Creoles not forgetting that the day was the first of a new year.

The general conceding something to the pleasure-loving part of his army—permitted a brief respite from the arduous toil of the week, and ordered a grand review of the whole army, on the open ground between the lines and his own head-quarters. To-day, too,

for the first time in several days, the Louisiana remained at her safe anchorage above the lines, and a large number of her crew went ashore on the western bank, and took post in Commodore Patterson's new battery there. But this was not for holiday reasons. A deserter came in the night before, and informed the commodore that the enemy had established two enormous howitzers in a battery on the levee, where balls were kept red hot for the purpose of firing the obnoxious vessel the moment she should come within range again. So the commodore kept his vessel safe, landed two more of her great guns, and ordered ashore men enough to work them.

Toward ten o'clock the fog rose from the American position, and disclosed to the impatient enemy the scene behind the lines. A gay and brilliant scene it was, framed and curtained in fleecy fog. "The fog dispersed," remarks Captain Hill, "with a rapidity perfectly surprising; the change of scene at a theater could scarcely be more sudden, and the bright sun shone forth, diffusing warmth and gladness." "Being at this time," says the Subaltern, "only three hundred yards distant, we could perceive all that was going forward with great exactness. The different regiments were upon parade, and, being dressed in holiday suits, presented really a fine appearance. Mounted officers were riding backward and forward through the ranks, bands were playing, and colors floating in the air;—in a word, all seemed jollity and gala." The general-in-chief had not yet appeared upon the ground. He had been up and doing before the dawn, and was now lying on a couch at head-quarters, before riding out to review the troops.

In a moment how changed the scene! At a signal from the central battery of the enemy, the whole of their thirty pieces of cannon opened fire full upon the American lines, and the air was filled with the red glare and hideous scream of hundreds of congreve rockets! As completely taken by surprise as the enemy had been on the night of the twenty-third, the troops were thrown into instantaneous confusion. "The ranks were broken," continues the Subaltern, "the different corps dispersing, fled in all directions, while the utmost terror and disorder appeared to prevail. Instead of nicely dressed lines, nothing but confused crowds could now be observed; nor was it without much difficulty that order was finally restored. *Oh, that we had charged at that instant!*"

The enemy, having learned which house was the head-quarters

of the general, directed a prodigious fire upon it, and the first news of the cannonade came to Jackson in the sound of crashing porticoes and outbuildings. During the first ten minutes of the fire, one hundred balls struck the mansion, but, though some of the general's suite were covered with rubbish, and Colonel Butler was knocked down, they all escaped and made their way to the lines without a scratch.

The Subaltern is mistaken in saying that the troops fled in all directions. There was but one direction in which to fly either to safety or to duty; for, on that occasion, the post of duty and the post of safety were the same, namely, close behind the line of defense. For ten minutes, however, the American batteries, always before so prompt with their responsive thunder, were silent, while the troops were running in the hottest haste to their several posts.

Ten guns were in position in the American lines, beside those in the battery on the other side of the river. Upon Jackson's coming to the front, he found his artillerymen at their posts, waiting with lighted matches to open fire upon the foe, as soon as the dense masses of mingled smoke and mist that enveloped their batteries should roll away. "Jackson's first glance," as Mr. Walker informs us, "when he reached the line, was in the direction of Humphrey's battery. There stood this right arm of the artillery, dressed in his usual plain attire, smoking that eternal cigar, coolly leveling his guns and directing his men.

"Ah!" exclaimed the general, 'all is right; Humphrey is at his post, and will return their compliments presently.'

"Then, accompanied by his aids, he walked down to the left, stopping at each battery to inspect its condition, and waving his cap to the men as they gave him three cheers, and observing to the soldiers,

"Don't mind those rockets, they are mere toys to amuse children."

Colonel Butler, whom the general had seen prostrated at headquarters, came running up to the lines covered with dust. "Why, Colonel Butler," said the general, "is that you? I thought you were killed."

"No, general; only knocked over."

Captain Humphrey soon caught a glimpse of the British batteries; structures of narrow front and slight elevation, lying low and dim

upon the field ; no such broad target as the mile-long lines of the American position. Adjusting a twelve-pounder with the utmost exactness, he quietly gave the word,

“ Let her off.”

And the firing from the American lines began. The other batteries instantly joined in the strife. Ere long the British howitzers on the levee and the battery of Commodore Patterson on the opposite bank exchanged a vigorous fire. For the space of an hour and a half a cannonade so loud and rapid shook the Delta as had never before been heard in the western world. Vain are all words to convey to the unwarlike reader an idea of this tremendous scene. Imagine fifty pieces of cannon, of large caliber, each discharged from once to thrice a minute ; often a simultaneous discharge of half a dozen pieces ; an average of two discharges every second ; while plain and river were so densely covered with smoke that the gunners aimed their guns from recollection chiefly, and knew scarcely any thing of the effect of their fire.

Well aimed, however, were the British guns, as the American lines soon began to exhibit. Most of their balls buried themselves harmlessly in the soft, elastic earth of the thick embankment. Many flew over its summit and did bloody execution on those who were bringing up ammunition, as well as on some who were retiring from their posts. Several balls struck and nearly sunk a boat laden with stores that was moored to the levee two hundred yards behind the lines. The cotton bales of the batteries nearest the river were knocked about in all directions, and set on fire, adding fresh volumes to the already impenetrable smoke. One of Major Planché's men was wounded in trying to extinguish this most annoying fire. A thirty-two pounder in Lieutenant Crawley's battery was hit and damaged. The carriage of a twenty-four was broken. One of the twelves was silenced. Two powder-carriages, one containing a hundred pounds of the explosive material, blew up with a report so terrific as to silence for a moment the enemy's fire, and draw from them a faint cheer. And still the lines continued to vomit forth a fire that knew neither cessation nor pause, until the guns grew so hot that it was difficult and dangerous to load them. And after an hour and a half of such work as this no man in Jackson's army could say with certainty whether the English batteries had been seriously damaged.

It was nearly noon when it began to be perceived that the British fire was slackening. The American batteries were then ordered to cease firing for the guns to cool and the smoke to roll away. What a scene greeted the anxious gaze of the troops when, at length, the British position was disclosed! Those formidable batteries, which had excited such consternation an hour and a half before, were totally destroyed, and presented but formless masses of soil and broken guns; while the sailors who had manned them were seen running from them to the rear, and the army that had been drawn up behind the batteries, ready to storm the lines as soon as a breach had been made in them, had again ignominiously "taken to the ditch."

"Never," remarks the author of "Jackson and New Orleans," "was work more completely done—more perfectly finished and rounded off. Earth and heaven fairly shook with the prolonged shouts of the Americans over this spectacle. Still the remorseless artillerists would not cease their fire. The British infantry would now and then raise their heads and peep forth from the ditches in which they were so ingloriously ensconced. The level plain presented but a few knolls or elevations to shelter them, and the American artillerists were as skillful as riflemen in picking off those who exposed ever so small a portion of their bodies. Several extraordinary examples of this skill were communicated to the writer by a British officer who was attached to Pakenham's army. A number of the officers of the 93d having taken refuge in a shallow hollow behind a slight elevation, it was proposed that the only married officer of the party should lie at the bottom, it being deemed the safest place. Lieutenant Phaups was the officer indicated, and laughingly assumed the position assigned him. This mound had attracted the attention of the American gunners, and a great quantity of shot was thrown at it. Lieutenant Phaups could not resist the anxiety to see what was going on in front, and peeping forth, with not more than half of his head exposed, was struck by a twelve-pound shot, and instantly killed. His companions buried him on the spot on which he fell, in full uniform. Several officers and men were picked off in a similar manner."

Those hogsheds of sugar were the fatal mistake of the English engineers. They afforded absolutely no protection against the terrible fire of the American batteries; the balls going straight

through them, and killing men in the very center of the works. Hence it was that in little more than an hour the batteries were heaps of ruins, and the guns dismantled, broken, and immovable. The howitzers, too, on the levee, after waging an active duel with Commodore Patterson on the other side of the river, were silenced and overthrown by a few discharges from Captain Humphrey's twelve-pounders. Nothing remained for the discomfited army but to make the best of their way to their old position; and so incessant was the American fire during the afternoon, that it was only when night spread her mantle over the plain that all the army succeeded in withdrawing.

The British loss on the 1st of January was about thirty killed and forty wounded; the Americans, eleven killed and twenty-three wounded. Most of the American slain were not engaged in the battle, but were struck down a considerable distance behind the lines, while they were looking on as mere spectators.

The cotton error was quickly repaired. Every bale of that delusive material was removed from the works, and its place supplied with the black and spongy soil of the Delta, which the Sunday cannonade had shown to be a perfect defense; the balls sinking into it out of sight without shaking the embankment. The lines were strengthened in every part, and new cannon mounted upon them. Work was continued upon the second line, a mile and a half in the rear. Even a third line of defense was marked out and begun, still nearer the city. On the opposite bank of the river, the old works were repaired and strengthened, and new ones commenced.

What the enemy would attempt next was a mystery which General Jackson anxiously revolved in his mind, and strove in all ways to penetrate. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday passed away, and still the hostile army made no movement which gave the American general a clue to their design, if design they had. Strong men and weak men, good men and men less good, are all alike liable to the error of judging others by themselves. During these days, therefore, Jackson inclined to the opinion that his lines would not again be attacked, and so wrote to the secretary of war. While apparently bending all his energies to the sole object of strengthening his position, his mind was racked with fear of being surprised in another quarter. How natural such an idea! If thirty pieces of cannon could not penetrate the lines, what could? If, on the 1st of

January, the American position was found impregnable, could it be deemed less so after three thousand men had worked upon it for nearly a week? Two attempts having signally and ignominiously failed, would any general risk his army and his reputation upon a third?

On Wednesday morning, January the 4th, the long-looked for Kentuckians, two thousand two hundred and fifty in number, reached New Orleans. Seldom has a reënforcement been so anxiously expected; never did the arrival of one create keener disappointment. They were so ragged that the men, as they marched shivering through the streets, were observed to hold together their garments with their hands to cover their nakedness; and, what was far worse, because beyond remedy, not one man in ten was well armed, and only one man in three had any arms at all. It was a bitter moment for General Jackson when he heard this; and it was a bitter thing for those brave and devoted men, who had fondly hoped to find in the abundance of New Orleans an end of their exposure and destitution, to learn that the general had not a musket, a blanket, a tent, a garment, a rag, to give them. A body of Louisiana militia, too, who had arrived a day or two before from Baton Rouge, were in a condition only less deplorable. Here was a force of nearly three thousand men, every man of whom was pressingly wanted, paralyzed and useless from want of those arms that had been sent on their way down the river sixty days before. It would have fared ill, I fear, with the captain of that loitering boat, if he had chanced to arrive just then, for the general was wroth exceedingly. Up the river go new expresses to bring him down in irons. They bring him, at last, the astonished man, but days and days too late. The old soldiers of this campaign mention that the general's observations upon the character of the hapless captain, his parentage, and upon various portions of his mortal and immortal frame, were much too forcible for repetition in print.

The legislature of Louisiana and the people of New Orleans behaved on this occasion with prompt and noble generosity. Major Latour records what was done by them and by the people for the relief of the destitute soldiers: "Within one week twelve hundred blanket cloaks, two hundred and seventy-five waistcoats, eleven hundred and twenty-seven pairs of pantaloons, eight hundred shirts, four hundred and ten pairs of shoes, and a great number of mat-

tresses, were made up, or purchased ready made, and distributed among our brethren in arms, who stood in the greatest need of them."

The enemy, meanwhile, had recovered their spirits and increased their numbers. Two regiments, the seventh and forty-third infantry, numbering together seventeen hundred, under General John Lambert, had arrived from England, infusing new life into the disheartened army, and raising its force to seven thousand three hundred men. General Pakenham had formed a bold and soldierlike design, for the execution of which the whole army was preparing, and the camp was alive with expectation. The "chained dog" would at length get at his enemy and growl no more. "The new scheme," says the Subaltern, "was worthy, for its boldness, of the school in which Sir Edward had studied his profession. It was determined to divide the army; to send part across the river, who should seize the enemy's guns, *and turn them on themselves*; whilst the remainder should at the same time make a general assault along the whole intrenchment. But before this plan could be put into execution it would be necessary to cut a canal across the entire neck of land from the Bayou de Catiline to the river, of sufficient width and depth to admit of boats being brought up from the lake. Upon this arduous undertaking were the troops immediately employed. Being divided into four companies, they labored by turns, day and night; one party relieving another after a stated number of hours, in such order as that the work should never be entirely deserted. The fatigue undergone during the prosecution of this attempt no words can sufficiently describe; yet it was pursued without repining, and at length, by unremitting exertions, they succeeded in effecting their purpose by the 6th of January."

The lines, then, were to be stormed! As conceived, the plan was that of a general; as carried out—but we must not anticipate. The vital clause of the scheme was that which contemplated the carrying of the works on the western bank *first*, and the turning of Commodore Patterson's great guns upon the back of Jackson's lines. Let that be done, and the lines are untenable, and will require little storming. If that is not done, or not done in time, the storming of the lines will be a piece of work such as British soldiers have seldom attempted. The naked bodies of the troops will have to encounter that before which sugar hogsheads and earth-works crumbled to pieces in an hour!

It was not till Friday evening, the sixth of the new year, that General Jackson began to so much as suspect the enemy's design. On that day Sailing-Master Johnson, who was posted at the Chef-Menteur, seeing a small English brig on her way from the fleet to the Bienvenu, laden, as he supposed, with supplies for the British army, darted out upon her with three boats and captured her and ten prisoners. From these prisoners the American general learned one important fact, that the enemy were deepening and prolonging a canal across the plain. Then their plan began to dawn upon Jackson's mind. Early the next morning Commodore Patterson walked behind the levee of the western bank to a point directly opposite the British position, and spent several hours there in watching their movements. Upon his return the general no longer doubted that in a very few days or hours he would have to resist a simultaneous attack on both sides of the river. The bustle in the enemy's camp, and the forward state of their preparations, indicated that ere the sun of another Sunday had appeared above the horizon they might be upon him.

On Saturday afternoon Jackson was much at his high window at head-quarters, observing the enemy's movements. He had done what he could do to prepare for them, and little then remained but to await the result with what calmness he could. He had been showing the lines to his old friend General Adair, of Kentucky, and asking his opinion of them.

"Well," said Jackson to Adair, after they had gone the rounds, "what do you think of our situation? Can we defend these works or not?"

"There is one way," replied the Kentuckian, "and but one way, in which we can hope to defend them. We must have a strong corps of reserve to meet the enemy's main attack, wherever it may be. No *single* part of the lines," continued Adair, "is strong enough to resist the united force of the enemy. But, with a strong column held in our rear, ready to advance upon any threatened point, we can beat them off."

This was an important suggestion. Two heads are better than one, Jackson might have said, and, perhaps, did say, for he was a man addicted to proverbs. He adopted General Adair's idea. "He agreed," says Adair, "that I should act with the Kentuckians as a reserve corps, and directed me to select my own ground

for encampment, to govern my men as I thought most proper, and that I would receive no orders but from himself."

And off to town gallops Adair, on the general's own white horse, to prevail on the veteran guard to lend him some of their muskets for three days only, so that he was able to employ several hundreds of his troops in that important service.

Such was the position of affairs on Jackson's side of the river. On the western bank the prospect was less promising. Commodore Patterson was there, and he had spent the week in arduous labor; but all his exertions had been directed toward the annoyance of the enemy on the other side of the river, not to the defense of his own position. As late as Wednesday morning nothing had been done to prepare for an attack on the western bank. "During the 2d and 3d," wrote Commodore Patterson to the secretary of the navy, "I landed from the ship and mounted, as the former ones, *on the banks of the river*, four more twelve-pounders, and erected a furnace for heating shot, to destroy a number of buildings which intervened between General Jackson's lines and the camp of the enemy, and occupied by him. On the evening of the 4th I succeeded in firing a number of them and some rice stacks by my hot shot, which the enemy attempted to extinguish, notwithstanding the heavy fire I kept up, but which at length compelled them to desist. On the 6th and 7th I erected another furnace, and mounted on the banks of the river two more twenty-four pounders, which had been brought up from the English Turn by the exertions of Colonel Caldwell, of the drafted militia of this state, and brought within and mounted on the intrenchments on this side the river one twelve-pounder. In addition to which, General Morgan, commanding the militia on this side, planted two brass six-pound field-pieces in his lines, which were incomplete, having been commenced only on the 4th. *These three pieces were the only cannon on the lines.* All the others, being mounted on the bank of the river, with a view to aid the right of General Jackson's lines on the opposite shore, and to flank the enemy should they attempt to march up the road leading along the levee, or erect batteries on the same, of course could render no aid in defense of General Morgan's lines. My battery was manned in part from the crew of the ship, and in part by militia detailed for that service by General Morgan, as I had not seamen enough to fully man them."

On Saturday afternoon, upon Commodore Patterson's reporting to General Jackson what he had observed at the enemy's camp, it was determined to send over the river, to reënforce General Morgan, a body of Kentuckians. Colonel Davis and four hundred of those troops were detailed for that purpose. At seven o'clock in the evening, after a day of hard duty, during which they had only once broken their fast, Colonel Davis and his men marched from the lines toward New Orleans, where they were to receive their arms and cross the river by the ferry. At the city it was found that only two hundred muskets, and those old and defective, could be procured. Only two hundred men, therefore, crossed the river. It was two o'clock before they reached the western shore. Fatigued, hungry, and chilled to the bone with long waiting, they formed upon the levee, and set out for General Morgan's position. Over a road miry from the recent rains, walking sometimes knee deep in mud and water, the Kentuckians made their way, and reached Morgan's soon after four o'clock in the morning, as unfit for any duty involving danger and exertion as can be imagined.

Even with this reënforcement, General Morgan's command amounted to no more than eight hundred and twelve men, all militia, all badly armed, posted behind works upon which four hundred men had labored for three days. Jackson should have spared a few companies of regulars for this side of the river, which had suddenly become so important; although, for his own lines, he had but three thousand two hundred men, against an army which he supposed to consist of twelve thousand disciplined troops. With another day of preparation and clear insight into the enemy's design he would have done something effectual for the western bank. It was too late then. The days of preparation were numbered—were passed. Fare with him as it might to-morrow, he could do no more.

Nolte tells us that Commodore Patterson, on his way from headquarters to his post on the other side of the river, said to him as he passed, "I expect you will see some fun between this and to-morrow."

Nolte adds that only himself and a few others knew what was expected.

But when, soon after dark, the noise of preparation in the British

camp grew louder and came nearer, there could not have been much doubt in the lines that another most unquiet Sunday was in reserve for them. There was much silent and rather grim preparation in Jackson's camp; a cleaning of arms, a counting out of cartridges, and adjustment of flints, and a careful loading of muskets and rifles. Beside the thirty-two-pounder was heaped up a bushel or two of musket balls and fragments of iron, enough to fill the piece up to the muzzle, and which *will* fill it up to the muzzle if the enemy come to close quarters, and deal such wholesale death among them as no thirty-two-pounder has ever dealt before. Yes, grimness certainly prevails to a considerable extent. We are in earnest. Jackson walks slowly along the lines just before dark. He, too, is grim, but confident. He wears the look of a man whose mind is wholly made up, and who clearly knows what he will do in any and every case. He stops occasionally, to see that the stacked muskets are all loaded, and says to Planché's men, as he goes along their part of the lines:

"Don't fire till you can see the whites of their eyes; and if you want to sleep, sleep upon your arms."

There was not much sleeping that night. One-half the men remained in the lines; the other half went to the camp as usual, and relieved their comrades about one. "And yet," says Nolte, "few were prepared for to-morrow's tragedy." But who *could* have been prepared for it? Was there one man in either army who had formed any image of the morrow's events which at all resembled the reality? Not one; not Jackson, though he came nearest, probably; least of all, poor Pakenham.

Mishap befell the party under Colonel Thornton, who were detailed for the attack on the western bank. The water, owing to the fall of the river, was so low in the canal, that it was not until eight hours after the appointed time of embarking that enough boats were launched into the Mississippi to convey across one-third of the designated force. Instead of fourteen hundred men, only four hundred and ninety-eight went over. Instead of embarking immediately after dark, it was nearly daybreak before they reached the opposite bank. Instead of landing directly opposite the British position, the swift deceptive current swept them down a mile and a half below it. But this little band, thus balked and delayed, was led by a soldier, Colonel W. Thornton, the most daring and efficient man in

the British army, who, at Bladensburgh, and wherever else he had served, had shown what the British army will do when valor and good conduct are weightier claims to advancement than being a Duke of Wellington's brother-in-law.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY.

AT one o'clock on the morning of this memorable day, on a couch in a room of the M'Carthy mansion-house, General Jackson lay asleep, in his worn uniform. Several of his aids slept upon the floor in the same apartment, all equipped for the field, except that their sword-belts were unbuckled, and their swords and pistols laid aside. A sentinel paced the adjacent passage. Sentinels moved noiselessly about the building, which loomed up large, dim and silent in the foggy night, among the darkening trees. Most of those who slept at all that night were still asleep, and there was as yet little stir in either camp to disturb their slumbers.

Commodore Patterson was not among the sleepers. Soon after dark, accompanied by his faithful aid, Shepherd, he again took his position on the western bank of the river, directly opposite to where Colonel Thornton was struggling to launch his boats into the stream, and there he watched and listened till nearly midnight. He could hear almost every thing that passed, and could see by the light of the camp-fires, a line of red coats drawn up along the levee. He heard the cries of the tugging sailors, as they drew the boats along the shallow, caving canal, and their shouts of satisfaction as each boat was launched with a loud splash into the Mississippi. From the great commotion, and the sound of so many voices, he began to surmise that the main body of the enemy were about to cross, and that the day was to be lost or won on his side of the river. There was terror in the thought, and wisdom too; and if General Pakenham had been indeed a general the commodore's surmise would have been correct. Patterson's first thought was to drop the ship *Louisiana* down upon them. But no; the *Louisiana* had been

stripped of half her guns and all her men, and had on board, above water, hundreds of pounds of powder : for she was then serving as powder-magazine to the western bank. To man the ship, moreover, would involve the withdrawal of all the men from the river batteries ; which, if the main attack were on Jackson's side of the river, would be of such vital importance to him. Oh ! for the little Carolina again, with Captain Henly and a hundred men on board of her !

Revolving such thoughts in his anxious mind, Commodore Patterson hastened back to his post, again observing and lamenting the weakness of General Morgan's line of defense. All that he could do in the circumstances was to dispatch Mr. Shepherd across the river to inform General Jackson of what they had seen, and what they feared, and to beg an immediate reinforcement.

Informing the captain of the guard that he had important intelligence to communicate, Shepherd was conducted to the room in which the general was sleeping.

"Who's there?" asked Jackson, raising his head as the door opened.

Mr. Shepherd gave his name and stated his errand, adding that General Morgan agreed with Commodore Patterson in the opinion that more troops would be required to defend the lines on the western bank.

"Hurry back," replied the general, as he rose, "and tell General Morgan that he is mistaken. The main attack will be on this side, and I have no men to spare. He must maintain his position at all hazards."

Shepherd recrossed the river with the general's answer, which could not have been very reassuring to Morgan and his inexperienced men, not a dozen of whom had ever been in action.

Jackson looked at his watch. It was past one.

"Gentlemen," said he to his dozing aids, "we have slept enough. Rise. The enemy will be upon us in a few minutes. I must go and see Coffee."

The order was obeyed very promptly. Sword belts were buckled ; pistols resumed ; and in a few minutes the party were ready to begin the duties of the day. There was little for the American troops to do but to repair to their posts. By four o'clock in the morning, along the whole line of works, every man was in his place and every thing was ready. A little later, General Adair marched down the

reserve of a thousand Kentuckians to the rear of General Carroll's position, and, halting them fifty yards from the works, went forward himself to join the line of men peering over the top of the embankment into the fog and darkness of the morning. The position of the reserve was most fortunately chosen. It was almost directly behind that part of the lines which a deserter from Jackson's army had yesterday told General Pakenham was their weakest point! And the deserter was half right. He had deserted on Friday, before there had been any thought of the reserve, and he forgot to mention that Coffee and Carroll's men, over two thousand in number, were the best and coolest shots in the world. What a terrible trap his half-true information led a British column into!

Not long after the hour when the American general had been roused from his couch, General Pakenham, who had slept an hour or two at the Villeré mansion, also rose, and rode immediately to the bank of the river, where Thornton had just embarked his diminished force. He learned all that the reader knows of the delay and difficulty that had there occurred, and lingered long upon the spot listening for some sound that should indicate the whereabouts of Thornton. But no sound was heard, as the swift Mississippi had carried the boats far down out of hearing. Surely Pakenham must have known that the vital part of his plan was, for that morning, frustrated. Surely he will hold back his troops from the assault until Thornton announces himself. The doomed man had no such thought. The story goes that he had been irritated by a taunt of Admiral Cochrane, who had said, that if the army could not take those mudbanks, defended by ragged militia, *he* would do it with two thousand sailors armed only with cutlasses and pistols. And, besides, Pakenham believed that nothing could resist the calm and determined onset of the troops he led. He had no thought of waiting for Thornton, unless, perhaps, till daylight.

Before four o'clock the British troops were up, and in the several positions assigned them. Let us note, as accurately as possible, the distribution of the British forces. The official statements of the general aid us little here; for, as an English officer observed, nothing was done on this awful day as it was intended to be done. The actual positions of the various corps at four o'clock in the morning, and the duty assigned to each, as I gather after the study of about thirty narratives of the battle, were as follows:

First, and chiefly. On the borders of the cypress swamp, half a mile below that part of the lines where Carroll commanded and Adair was ready to support him, was a powerful column of nearly three thousand men, under the command of General Gibbs. This column was to storm the lines where they were supposed to be weakest, keeping close to the wood, and as far as possible from the enfilading fire of Commodore Patterson's batteries. This was the main column of attack. It consisted of three entire regiments, the fourth, the twenty-first, and the forty-fourth, with three companies of the ninety-fifth rifles. The forty-fourth, an Irish regiment, which had seen much service in America, was ordered to head this column and carry the fascines and ladders, which, having been deposited in a redoubt near the swamp over night, were to be taken up by the forty-fourth as they passed to the front.

Secondly, and next in importance. A column of light troops, something less than a thousand in number, under the brave and energetic Colonel Rennie, stood upon the high road that ran along the river. This column, at the concerted signal, was to spring forward and assail the strong river end of Jackson's lines. An isolated redoubt, or horn-work, lay right in their path. We shall soon see what they did with it.

Third. About midway between these two columns of attack stood that magnificent regiment of praying Highlanders, the ninety-third, mustering that morning about nine hundred and fifty men, superbly appointed, and nobly led by Colonel Dale. Here General Keane, who commanded all the troops on the left, commanded in person. His plan was, or seems to have been, to hold back his Highlanders until circumstances should invite or compel their advance, and then to go to the aid of whichever column should appear most to need support.

Fourth. There was a corps of about two hundred men, consisting of some companies of the ninety-fifth rifles and some of the fusiliers, who had been employed at the battery all night, and were now wandering lost, and leaderless in the fog. They were designed to support the Highlanders, but never found them.

Fifth. One of the black regiments, totally demoralized by cold and hardship, was posted in the wood on the very skirts of the swamp, for the purpose of "skirmishing," says the British official paper; to amuse General Coffee, let us say. The other black corps

was ordered to carry the ladders and fascines for General Keane's division, and fine work they made of it.

Sixth. On the open plain, eight hundred and fifty yards from Dominguez' post in the American lines, was the English battery, mounting six eighteen-pounders, and containing an abundant supply of congreve rockets.

Seventh. The reserve corps consisted of the greater part of the newly arrived regiments, the seventh and the forty-third, under the officer who accompanied them, General Lambert. This column was posted behind all, a mile, perhaps, from the lines, and stood ready to advance when the word came.

Such was the distribution of the British army on this chill and misty morning. What was the humor of the troops? As they stood there, performing that most painful of all military duties, waiting, there was much of the forced merriment with which young soldiers conceal from themselves the real nature of their feelings. But the older soldiers augured ill of the coming attack. Colonel Mullens, of the forty-fourth, openly expressed his dissatisfaction.

"My regiment," said he, "has been ordered to execution. Their dead bodies are to be used as a bridge for the rest of the army to march over."

And, what was worse, in the dense darkness of the morning he had gone by the redoubt where were deposited the fascines and ladders, and marched his men to the head of the column without one of them. Whether this neglect was owing to accident or design concerns us not. For that and other military sins Mullens was afterward cashiered.

Colonel Dale, too, of the ninety-third Highlanders, a man of far different quality from Colonel Mullens, was grave and depressed.

"What do you think of it?" asked the physician of the regiment, when word was brought of Thornton's detention.

Colonel Dale made no reply in words. Giving the doctor his watch and a letter, he simply said, "Give these to my wife; I shall die at the head of my regiment."

Soon after four, General Pakenham rode away from the bank of the river, saying to one of his aids, "I will wait my own plans no longer."

He rode to the quarters of General Gibbs, who met him with another piece of ominous intelligence. "The forty-fourth," Gibbs

said, "had not taken the fascines and ladders to the head of the column; but he had sent an officer to cause the error to be rectified, and he was then expecting every moment a report from that regiment." General Pakenham instantly dispatched Major Sir John Tylden to ascertain whether the regiment could be got into position in time. Tylden found the forty-fourth just moving off from the redoubt, "in a most irregular and unsoldierlike manner, with the fascines and ladders. I then returned," adds Tylden in his evidence, "after some time, to Sir Edward Pakenham, and reported the circumstance to him; stating, that by the time which had elapsed since I left them they must have arrived at their situation in column."

This was not half an hour before dawn. Without waiting to obtain absolute certainty upon a point so important as the condition of the head of his main column of attack, the impetuous Pakenham commanded, to use the language of one of his own officers, "that *the fatal, ever-fatal rocket* should be discharged as a signal to begin the assault on the left." A few minutes later a second rocket whizzed aloft—the signal of attack on the right.

Daylight struggled through the mist. About six o'clock both columns were advancing at the steady, solid, British pace to the attack; the forty-fourth nowhere, straggling in the rear with the fascines and ladders. The column soon came up with the American outposts, who at first retreated slowly before it, but soon quickened their pace, and ran in, bearing their great news, and putting every man in the works intensely on the alert; each commander anxious for the honor of first getting a glimpse of the foe, and opening fire upon him.

Lieutenant Spotts, of battery number six, was the first man in the American lines who descried through the fog the dim red line of General Gibbs' advancing column, far away down the plain, close to the forest. The thunder of his great gun broke the dread stillness. Then there was silence again; for the shifting fog, or the altered position of the enemy, concealed him from view once more. The fog lifted again, and soon revealed both divisions, which, with their detached companies, seemed to cover two-thirds of the plain, and gave the Americans a repetition of the splendid military spectacle which they had witnessed on the 28th of December. Three cheers from Carroll's men. Three cheers from the Kentuckians behind them.

Cheers continuous from the advancing column, not heard yet in the American lines.

Steadily and fast, the column of General Gibbs marched toward batteries numbered six, seven, and eight, which played upon it, at first with but occasional effect, often missing, sometimes throwing a ball right into its midst, and causing it to reel and pause for a moment. Promptly were the gaps filled up; bravely the column came on. As they neared the lines the well-aimed shot made more dreadful havoc, "cutting great lanes in the column from front to rear," and tossing men and parts of men aloft, or hurling them far on one side. At length, still steady and unbroken, they came within range of the small arms, the rifles of Carroll's Tennesseans, the muskets of Adair's Kentuckians, four lines of sharp-shooters, one behind the other. General Carroll, coolly waiting for the right moment, held his fire till the enemy were within two hundred yards, and then gave the word—

"FIRE!"

At first with a certain deliberation, afterward in hottest haste, always with deadly effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapon. The summit of the embankment was a line of spurting fire, except where the great guns showed their liquid, belching flash. The noise was peculiar, and altogether indescribable; a rolling, bursting, echoing noise, never to be forgotten by a man that heard it. Along the whole line it blazed and rolled; the British batteries showering rockets over the scene; Patterson's batteries on the other side of the river joining in the hellish concert.

The column of General Gibbs, mowed by the fire of the riflemen, still advanced, Gibbs at its head. As they caught sight of the ditch, some of the officers cried out,

"Where are the forty-fourth? If we get to the ditch, we have no means of crossing and scaling the lines!"

"Here come the forty-fourth! Here come the forty-fourth!" shouted the general; adding, in an undertone, for his own private solace, that if he lived till to-morrow he would hang Mullens on the highest tree in the cypress wood.

Reassured, these heroic men again pressed on, in the face of that murderous, slaughtering fire. But this could not last. With half its number fallen, and all its commanding officers disabled except the general, its pathway strewn with dead and wounded, and the men

falling ever faster and faster, the column wavered and reeled (so the American riflemen thought) like a red ship on a tempestuous sea. At about a hundred yards from the lines the front ranks halted, and so threw the column into disorder, Gibbs shouting in the madness of vexation for them to re-form and advance. There was no reforming under such a fire. Once checked, the column could not but break and retreat in confusion.

Just as the troops began to falter, General Pakenham rode up from his post in the rear toward the head of the column.

Meeting parties of the forty-fourth running about distracted, some carrying fascines, others firing, others in headlong flight, their leader nowhere to be seen, Pakenham strove to restore them to order, and to urge them on the way they were to go.

"For shame," he cried bitterly, "recollect that you are British soldiers. *This* is the road you ought to take!" pointing to the flashing and roaring hell in front.

Riding on, he was soon met by General Gibbs, who said,

"I am sorry to have to report to you that the troops will not obey me. They will not follow me."

Taking off his hat, General Pakenham spurred his horse to the very front of the wavering column, amid a torrent of rifle balls, cheering on the troops by voice, by gesture, by example. At that moment a ball shattered his right arm, and it fell powerless to his side. The next, his horse fell dead upon the field. His aid, Captain McDougal, dismounted from his black Creole pony, and Pakenham, apparently unconscious of his dangling arm, mounted again, and followed the retreating column, still calling upon them to halt and re-form. A few gallant spirits ran in toward the lines, threw themselves into the ditch, plunged across it, and fell scrambling up the sides of the soft and slippery breastwork.

Once out of the reach of those terrible rifles, the column halted and regained its self-possession. Laying aside their heavy knapsacks, the men prepared for a second and more resolute advance. They were encouraged, too, by seeing the superb Highlanders marching up in solid phalanx to their support with a front of a hundred men, their bayonets glittering in the sun, which had then begun to pierce the morning mist. Now for an irresistible onset! At a quicker step, with General Gibbs on its right, General Pakenham on the left, the Highlanders in clear and imposing view, the

column again advanced into the fire. Oh! the slaughter that then ensued! There was one moment, when that thirty-two pounder, loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, poured its charge directly, at point-blank range, right into the head of the column, literally leveling it with the plain; laying low, as was afterward computed, two hundred men. The American line, as one of the British officers remarked, looked like a row of fiery furnaces!

The heroic Pakenham had not far to go to meet his doom. He was three hundred yards from the lines when the real nature of his enterprise seemed to flash upon him; and he turned to Sir John Tylden and said,

“Order up the reserve.”

Then, seeing the Highlanders advancing to the support of General Gibbs, he, still waving his hat, but waving it now with his left hand, cried out,

“Hurrah! brave Highlanders!”

At that moment a mass of grape-shot, with a terrible crash, struck the group of which he was the central figure. One of the shots tore open the general's thigh, killed his horse, and brought horse and rider to the ground. Captain McDougal caught the general in his arms, removed him from the fallen horse, and was supporting him upon the field when a second shot struck the wounded man in the groin, depriving him instantly of consciousness. He was borne to the rear, and placed in the shade of an old live-oak, which still stands; and there, after gasping a few minutes, yielded up his life without a word, happily ignorant of the sad issue of all his plans and toils.

A more painful fate was that of General Gibbs. A few moments after Pakenham fell, Gibbs received his death wound, and was carried off the field writhing in agony, and uttering fierce imprecations. He lingered all that day and the succeeding night, dying in torment on the morrow. Nearly at the same moment General Keane was painfully wounded in the neck and thigh, and was also borne to the rear. Colonel Dale, of the Highlanders, fulfilled his prophecy, and fell at the head of his regiment. The Highlanders, under Major Creagh, wavered not, but advanced steadily, and too slowly, into the very tempest of General Carroll's fire, until they were within one hundred yards of the lines. There, for cause unknown, they halted and stood, a huge and glittering target, until five hundred

and forty-four of their number had fallen, then broke and fled in horror and amazement to the rear. The column of General Gibbs did not advance after the fall of their leader. Leaving heaps of slain behind them, they, too, forsook the bloody field, rushed in utter confusion out of the fire, and took refuge at the bottom of wet ditches and behind trees and bushes on the borders of the swamp.

But not all of them! Major Wilkinson, followed by Lieutenant Lavack and twenty men, pressed on to the ditch, floundered across it, climbed the breastwork, and raised his head and shoulders above its summit, upon which he fell riddled with balls. The Tennesseans and Kentuckians defending that part of the lines, struck with admiration at such heroic conduct, lifted his still breathing body and conveyed it tenderly behind the works.

"Bear up, my dear fellow," said Major Smiley, of the Kentucky reserve, "you are too brave a man to die."

"I thank you from my heart," whispered the dying man. "It is all over with me. You can render me a favor; it is to communicate to my commander that I fell on your parapet, and died like a soldier and a true Englishman."

Lavack reached the summit of the parapet unharmed, though with two shot holes in his cap. He had heard Wilkinson, as they were crossing the ditch, cry out,

"Now, why don't the troops come on? The day is our own."

With these last words in his ears, and not looking behind him, he had no sooner gained the breastwork than he demanded the swords of two American officers, the first he caught sight of in the lines.

"Oh, no," replied one of them, "you are alone, and, therefore, ought to consider yourself *our* prisoner."

Then Lavaek looked around and saw, what is best described in his own language:

"Now," he would say, as he told the story afterward to his comrades, "conceive my indignation, on looking round, to find that the two *leading regiments had vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.*"

The earth had swallowed them up, or was waiting to do so, and the brave Lavack was a prisoner. Lieutenant Lavack further declared, that when he first looked down behind the American lines he saw the riflemen "flying in a disorderly mob;" which all other

witnesses deny. Doubtless there was some confusion there, as every man was fighting his own battle, and there was much struggling to get to the rampart to fire, and from the rampart to load. Moreover, if the lines had been surmounted by the foe, a backward movement on the part of the defenders would have been in order and necessary.

Thus, then, it fared with the attack on the weakest part of the American position. Let us see what success rewarded the enemy's efforts against the strongest.

Colonel Rennie, when he saw the signal rocket ascend, pressed on to the attack with such rapidity that the American outposts along the river had to run for it—Rennie's van-guard close upon their heels. Indeed, so mingled seemed pursuers and pursued, that Captain Humphrey had to withhold his fire for a few minutes for fear of sweeping down friend and foe. As the last of the Americans leaped down into the isolated redoubt, British soldiers began to mount its sides. A brief hand-to-hand conflict ensued within the redoubt between the party defending it and the British advance. In a surprisingly short time the Americans, overpowered by numbers, and astounded at the suddenness of the attack, fled across the plank, and climbed over into safety behind the lines. Then was poured into the redoubt a deadly and incessant fire, which cleared it of the foe in less time than it had taken them to capture it; while Humphrey, with his great guns, mowed down the still advancing column; and Patterson, from the other side of the river, added the fire of his powerful batteries.

Brief was the unequal contest. Colonel Rennie, Captain Henry, Major King, three only of this column, reached the summit of the rampart near the river's edge.

"Hurrah, boys!" cried Rennie, already wounded, as the three officers gained the breastwork, "Hurrah, boys! the day is ours."

At that moment Beale's New Orleans sharp-shooters, withdrawing a few paces for better aim, fired a volley, and the three noble soldiers fell headlong into the ditch.

That was the end of it. Flight, tumultuous flight—some running on the top of the levee, some under it, others down the road; while Patterson's guns played upon them still with terrible effect. The three slain officers were brought out of the canal behind the lines; when, we are told, a warm discussion arose among the Rifles

for the honor of having "brought down the colonel." Mr. Withers, a merchant of New Orleans, and the crack shot of the company, settled the controversy by remarking,

"If he isn't hit above the eyebrows, it wasn't my shot."

Upon examining the lifeless form of Rennie, it was found that the fatal wound was, indeed, in the forehead. To Withers, therefore, was assigned the duty of sending the watch and other valuables found upon the person of the fallen hero to his widow, who was in the fleet off Lake Borgne. Such acts as these made a lasting impression upon the officers of the British army. When Washington Irving was in Paris, in 1822, Colonel Thornton, who led the attack on the western bank, referred to the sending back of personal property of this kind, in terms of warm commendation.

A pleasant story, connected with the advance of Colonel Rennie's column, is related by Judge Walkor. "As the detachments along the road advanced, their bugler, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, climbing a small tree within two hundred yards of the American lines, straddled a limb, and continued to blow the charge with all his power. There he remained during the whole action, whilst the cannon balls and bullets plowed the ground around him, killed scores of men, and tore even the branches of the tree in which he sat. Above the thunder of the artillery, the rattling of fire, the musketry, and all the din and uproar of the strife, the shrill blast of the little bugler could be heard; and even when his companions had fallen back and retreated from the field, he continued true to his duty, and blew the charge with undiminished vigor. At last, when the British had entirely abandoned the ground, an American soldier, passing from the lines, captured the little bugler and brought him into camp, where he was greatly astonished when some of the enthusiastic Creoles, who had observed his gallantry, actually embraced him, and officers and men vied with each other in acts of kindness to so gallant a little soldier."

The reserve, under General Lambert, was never ordered up. Major Tylden obeyed the last order of his general, and General Lambert had directed the bugler to sound the advance. A chance shot struck the bugler's uplifted arm, and the instrument fell to the ground. The charge was never sounded. General Lambert brought forward his division far enough to cover the retreat of the broken

columns, and to deter General Jackson from attempting a sortie. The chief command had fallen upon Lambert, and he was overwhelmed by the unexpected and fearful issue of the battle.

How long a time, does the reader think, elapsed between the fire of the first American gun and the total rout of the attacking columns? **TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES!** Not that the American fire ceased, or even slackened, at the expiration of that period. The riflemen on the left, and the troops on the right, continued to discharge their weapons into the smoke that hung over the plain for two hours. But in the space of twenty-five minutes the discomfiture of the enemy in the open field was complete. The battery alone still made resistance. It required two hours of a tremendous cannonade to silence its great guns, and drive its defenders to the rear.

The scene behind the American works during the fire can be easily imagined. One-half of the army never fired a shot. The battle was fought at the two extremities of the lines. The battalions of Planché, Dacquin, and Lacoste, the whole of the forty-fourth regiment, and one-half of Coffee's Tennesseans, had nothing to do but to stand still at their posts, and chafe with vain impatience for a chance to join in the fight. The batteries alone at the center of the works contributed any thing to the fortunes of the day. Yet, no; that is not quite correct. "The moment the British came into view, and their signal rocket pierced the sky with its fiery train, the band of the Battalion D'Orleans struck up 'Yankee Doodle;' and thenceforth, throughout the action, it did not cease to discourse all the national and military airs in which it had been instructed."

When the action began, Jackson walked along the left of the lines, speaking a few words of good cheer to the men as he passed the several corps.

"Stand to your guns. Don't waste your ammunition. See that every shot tells." "Give it to them, boys. Let us finish the business to-day."

Such words as these escaped him now and then; the men not engaged cheering him as he went by. As the battle became general he took a position on ground slightly elevated, near the center, which commanded a view of the scene. There, with mien composed and mind intensely excited, he watched the progress of the strife. When it became evident that the enemy's columns were

finally broken, Major Hinds, whose dragoons were drawn up in the rear, entreated the general for permission to dash out upon them in pursuit. It was a tempting offer to such a man as Jackson. In the intoxication of such a moment, most born fighters could not but have said, Have at them, then! But prudence prevailed, and the request was refused.

At eight o'clock, there being no signs of a renewed attack, and no enemy in sight, an order was sent along the lines to cease firing with the small arms. The general, surrounded by his staff, then walked from end to end of the works, stopping at each battery and post, and addressing a few words of congratulation and praise to their defenders. It was a proud, glad moment for these men, when, panting from their two hours' labor, blackened with smoke and sweat, they listened to the general's burning words, and saw the light of victory in his countenance. With particular warmth he thanked and commended Beale's little band of riflemen, the companies of the seventh, and Humphrey's artillerymen, who had so gallantly beaten back the column of Colonel Rennie. Heartily, too, he extolled the wonderful firing of the divisions of General Carroll and General Adair; not forgetting Coffee, who had dashed out upon the black skirmishers in the swamp, and driven them out of sight in ten minutes.

This joyful ceremony over, the artillery, which had continued to play upon the British batteries, ceased their fire for the guns to cool and the dense smoke to roll off. The whole army crowded to the parapet, and looked over into the field. What a scene was gradually disclosed to them! That gorgeous and imposing military array, the two columns of attack, the Highland phalanx, the distant reserve, all had vanished like an apparition. Far away down the plain, the glass revealed a faint red line still receding. Nearer to the lines "we could see," says Nolte, "the British troops concealing themselves behind the shrubbery, or throwing themselves into the ditches and gullies. In some of the latter, indeed, they lay so thickly that they were only distinguishable in the distance by the white shoulder belts, which formed a line along the top of their hiding-place."

Still nearer, the plain was covered and heaped with dead and wounded, as well as with those who had fallen paralyzed by fear alone. "I never had," Jackson would say, "so grand and awful

an idea of the resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of the battle had cleared off somewhat, I saw in the distance more than five hundred Britons emerging from the heaps of their dead comrades, all over the plain, rising up, and still more distinctly visible as the field became clearer, coming forward and surrendering as prisoners of war to our soldiers. They had fallen at our first fire upon them, without having received so much as a scratch, and lay prostrate, as if dead, until the close of the action."

The American army, to their credit be it repeated, were appalled and silenced at the scene before them. The writhings of the wounded, their shrieks and groans, their convulsive and sudden tossing of limbs, were horrible to see and hear. Seven hundred killed, fourteen hundred wounded, five hundred prisoners, were the dread result of that twenty-five minutes' work. Jackson's loss, as all the world knows, was eight killed and thirteen wounded. Two men were killed at the left of the lines, two in the isolated redoubt, four in the swamp pursuing the skirmishers.

General Jackson had no sooner finished his round of congratulations, and beheld the completeness of his victory on the eastern bank, than he began to cast anxious glances across the river, wondering at the silence of Morgan's lines and Patterson's guns. They flashed and spoke, at length. Jackson and Adair, mounting the breastwork, saw Thornton's column advancing to the attack, and saw Morgan's men open fire upon them vigorously. All is well, thought Jackson.

"Take off your hats and give them three cheers!" shouted the general, though Morgan's division was a mile and a half distant.

The order was obeyed, and the whole army watched the action with intense interest, not doubting that the gallant Kentuckians and Louisianians, on that side of the river, would soon drive back the British column, as they themselves had just driven back those of Gibbs and Rennie. These men had become used to seeing British columns recoil and vanish before their fire. Not a thought of disaster on the western bank crossed their elated minds.

Yet Thornton carried the day on the western bank. Even while the men were in the act of cheering, General Jackson saw, with mortification and disgust, never forgotten by him while he drew breath, the division under General Morgan abandon their position and run in headlong flight toward the city. Clouds of

smoke soon obscured the scene. But the flashes of the musketry advanced *up* the river, disclosing to General Adair and his men the humiliating fact that their comrades had not rallied, but were still in swift retreat before the foe. In a moment the elation of General Jackson's troops was changed to anger and apprehension.

Fearing the worst consequences, and fearing them with reason, the general leaped down from the breastwork, and made instant preparations for sending over a powerful reënforcement. At all hazards the western bank must be regained. All is lost if it be not. Let but the enemy have free course up the western bank, with a mortar and a twelve pounder, and New Orleans will be at their merey in two hours! Nay, let Commodore Patterson but leave one of his guns unspiked, and Jackson's lines, raked by it from river to swamp, are untenable! All this, which was immediately apparent to the mind of General Jackson, was understood also by all of his army who had reflected upon their position. Indeed, by ten o'clock in the morning, the British were masters of the western bank, although, owing to the want of available artillery, their triumph, for the moment, was a fruitless one. On one of the guns captured in General Morgan's lines the victors read this inscription: "Taken at the surrender of Yorktown, 1781." In a tent behind the lines they found the ensign of one of the Louisiana regiments, which still hangs in Whitehall, London, bearing these words: "Taken at the Battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8th, 1815."

General Lambert, stunned by the events of the morning, was morally incapable of improving this important success. And it was well for him and for his army that he was so. Soldiers there have been who would have seen in Thornton's triumph the means of turning the tide of disaster and snatching victory from the jaws of defeat. But General Lambert found himself suddenly invested with the command of an army which, besides having lost a third of its effective force, was almost destitute of field officers. The mortality among the higher grade of officers had been frightful. Three major-generals, eight colonels and lieutenant-colonels, six majors, eighteen captains, fifty-four subalterns, were among the killed and wounded. In such circumstances, Lambert, instead of hurrying over artillery and reënforcements, and marching on New Orleans, did a less spirited, but a wiser thing: he sent over an officer to survey General

Morgan's lines, and ascertain how many men would be required to hold them. In other words, he sent over an officer to bring him back a plausible excuse for abandoning Colonel Thornton's conquest. And during the absence of the officer on this errand the British general resolved upon a measure still more pacific.

General Jackson, meanwhile, was intent upon dispatching his reënforcements. It never, for one moment, occurred to his warlike mind that the British general would relinquish so vital an advantage without a desperate struggle, and, accordingly, he prepared for a desperate struggle. Organizing promptly a strong body of troops, he placed it under the command of General Humbert, a refugee officer of distinction, who had led the French revolutionary expedition into Ireland in 1798, and was then serving in the lines as a volunteer. Humbert, besides being the only general officer that Jackson could spare from his own position, was a soldier of high repute and known courage, a martinet in discipline, and a man versed in the arts of European warfare. About eleven o'clock (as I conjecture) the reënforcement left the camp, with orders to hasten across the river by the ferry at New Orleans, and march down toward the enemy, and, after effecting a junction with General Morgan's troops, to attack him and drive him from the lines. Before noon, Humbert was well on his way.

Soon after midday, some American troops who were walking about the blood-stained field in front of Jackson's position perceived a British party of novel aspect approaching. It consisted of an officer in full uniform, a trumpeter, and a soldier bearing a white flag. Halting at the distance of three hundred yards from the breast-work, the trumpeter blew a blast upon his bugle, which brought the whole army to the edge of the parapet, gazing with eager curiosity upon this unexpected but not unwelcome spectacle. Colonel Butler and two other officers were immediately dispatched by General Jackson to receive the message thus announced. After an exchange of courteous salutations, the British officer handed Colonel Butler a letter directed to the American commander-in-chief, which proved to be a proposal for an armistice of twenty-four hours, that the dead might be buried and the wounded removed from the field. The letter was signed "Lambert," a device, as was conjectured, to conceal from Jackson the death of the British general-in-command.

The sprinkling of canny Scottish blood that flowed in Jackson's

veins asserted itself on this occasion. Time was now an all-important object with him, since Humbert and his command could not yet have crossed the river, and Jackson's whole soul was bent to the regaining of the western bank.

"Lambert?" thought the general. "Who is Lambert? An untitled Lambert is not the individual for the commander-in-chief of this army to negotiate with."

Major Butler was ordered to return to the flag of truce, and to say, that Major-General Jackson would be happy to receive any communication from the commander-in-chief of the British army; but as to the letter signed "Lambert," Major-General Jackson, not knowing the rank and powers of that gentleman, must beg to decline corresponding with him.

The flag departed; but returned in half an hour, with the same proposal, signed, "John Lambert, commander-in-chief of the British forces." Jackson's answer was prompt and ingenious. Humbert, by this time, he thought, if he had not crossed the river, must be near crossing, and might, in a diplomatic sense, be considered crossed. Jackson, therefore, consented to an armistice on the eastern bank; expressly stipulating that hostilities were not to be suspended on the western side of the river, and that neither party should send over reënforcements until the expiration of the armistice! A cunning trick, but not an unfair one, considering the circumstances; and the less unfair as some reënforcements on the English side had already gone over the river.

When this reply reached General Lambert he had not yet received the report from the western bank, and was still, in some degree, undecided as to the course he should pursue there. With the next return of the flag, therefore, came a request from Lambert for time to consider General Jackson's reply. To-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, he would send a definite answer. The cannonade from the lines continued through the afternoon, and the troops stood at their posts, not certain that they would not again be attacked.

Early in the afternoon the officer returned from his inspection of the works on the western bank, and gave it as his opinion that they could not be held with less than two thousand men. General Lambert at once sent an order to Colonel Gubbins to abandon the works, and to recross the river with his whole command!! The

order was not obeyed without difficulty; for, by this time, the Louisianians, urged by a desire to retrieve the fortunes of the day and their own honor, began to approach the lost redoubts in considerable bodies.

With what alacrity Commodore Patterson and General Morgan then rushed to their redoubts and batteries; with what assiduity the sailors bored out the spikes of the guns, toiling at the work all the next night; with what zeal the troops labored to strengthen the lines; with what exultant joy Jackson heard the tidings, may be left to the reader to imagine.

The dead in front of Jackson's lines, scattered and heaped upon the field, lay all night, gory and stiff, a spectacle of horror to the American outposts stationed in their midst. Many of the wounded succeeded in crawling or tottering back to their camp. Many more were brought in behind the lines and conveyed to New Orleans, where they received every humane attention. But, probably, some hundreds of poor fellows, hidden in the wood or lying motionless in ditches, lingered in unrelieved agony all that day and night, until late in the following morning—an eternity of anguish. As soon as it was dark, many uninjured soldiers, who had lain all day in the ditches and shrubbery, rejoined their comrades in the rear.

The news of the great victory electrified the nation, and raised it from the lowest pitch of despondency. All the large cities were illuminated in the evening after the glad tidings reached them. Before the rejoicings were over, came news, still more joyful, that the commissioners at Ghent had signed a treaty of peace. The war was at an end. A courier was promptly dispatched from Washington to New Orleans, to convey to General Jackson the news of peace. Furnished by the postmaster-general with a special order to his deputies on the route to facilitate the progress of the messenger by all the means in their power, he traveled with every advantage, and made great speed. He left Washington on the 15th of February, thirty-eight days after the battle. He has a fair month's journey before him, which he will perform in nineteen days.

CHAPTER XXVI.

END OF THE CAMPAIGN.

How pleasant it would be to dismiss now the conqueror home to his Hermitage, to enjoy the congratulations of his neighbors and the plaudits of a nation whose pride he had so keenly gratified! But this may not be. His work was not done. The next three months of his life at New Orleans were crowded with events, many of which were delightful, many of which were painful in the extreme.

The trials of the American army, so far as its patience was concerned, began, not ended, with the victory of the 8th of January. The rains descended and the floods came upon the soft delta of the Mississippi, converting both camps into quagmires. Relieved of care, relieved from toil, yet compelled to keep the field by night and day, the greater part of the American army had nothing to do but endure the inevitable miseries of the situation. Disease began its fell work among them; malignant influenza, fevers, and, worst of all, dysentery. Major Latour computes that during the few weeks that elapsed between the 8th of January and the end of the campaign, five hundred of Jackson's army died from these complaints; a far greater number than had fallen in action. While the enemy remained there was no repining. The sick men, yellow and gaunt, staggered into the hospitals when they could no longer stand to their posts, and lay down to die without a murmur.

For ten days after the battle the English army remained in their encampment, deluged with rain and flood, and played upon at intervals by the American batteries on both sides of the river. They seemed to be totally inactive. They were not so. General Lambert, from the day of the great defeat, was resolved to retire to the shipping. But that had now become an affair of extreme difficulty, as an English officer explains.

"In spite of our losses," he says, "there were not throughout the armament a sufficient number of boats to transport above one-half of the army at a time. If, however, we should separate, the chances were that both parties would be destroyed; for those embarked might be intercepted, and those left behind would be ob-

liged to cope with the entire American force. Besides, even granting that the Americans might be repulsed, it would be impossible to take to our boats in their presence, and thus at least one division, if not both, must be sacrificed.

“To obviate this difficulty, prudence required that the road which we had formed on landing should be continued to the very margin of the lake; whilst appearances seemed to indicate the total impracticability of the scheme. From firm ground to the water’s edge was here a distance of many miles, through the very center of a morass where human foot had never before trodden. Yet it was desirable at least to make the attempt; for if it failed we should only be reduced to our former alternative of gaining a battle, or surrendering at discretion.

“Having determined to adopt this course, General Lambert immediately dispatched strong working parties, under the guidance of engineer officers, to lengthen the road, keeping as near as possible to the margin of the creek. But the task assigned to them was burdened with innumerable difficulties. For the extent of several leagues no firm footing could be discovered on which to rest the foundation of a path; nor any trees to assist in forming hurdles. All that could be done, therefore, was to bind together large quantities of reeds, and lay them across the quagmire; by which means at least the semblance of a road was produced, however wanting in firmness and solidity. But where broad ditches came in the way, many of which intersected the morass, the workmen were necessarily obliged to apply more durable materials. For these bridges, composed in part of large branches, brought with immense labor from the woods, were constructed; but they were, on the whole, little superior in point of strength to the rest of the path, for though the edges were supported by timber, the middle was filled up only by reeds.”

It required nine days of incessant and most arduous labor to complete the road. The wounded were then sent on board, except eighty who could not be removed. The abandoned guns were spiked and broken. In the evening of the 18th the main body of the army commenced its retreat. “Trimming the fires,” continues the British officer, “and arranging all things in the same order as if no change were to take place, regiment after regiment stole away, as soon as darkness concealed their motions; leaving the pickets to

follow as a rear-guard, but with strict injunctions not to retire till daylight began to appear. As may be supposed, the most profound silence was maintained; not a man opening his mouth, except to issue necessary orders, and even then speaking in a whisper. Not a cough or any other noise was to be heard from the head to the rear of the column; and even the steps of the soldiers were planted with care, to prevent the slightest stamping or echo."

With an ignominious wallow in the mire, ("the whole army," as another narrator remarks, "covered with mud, from the top of the head to the sole of the foot,") the Wellington heroes ended their month's exertions in the delta of the Mississippi. They were in mortal terror of the crocodiles, it appears, whose domain they had intruded upon. "Just before dark," on the night of the retreat, says Captain Cooke, "I saw an alligator emerge from the water, and penetrate the wilderness of reeds which encircled us on this muddy quagmire, as far as the eye could reach. The very idea of the monster prowling about in the stagnant swamp took possession of my mind in a most forcible manner—to look out for the enemy was a secondary consideration. The word was, Look out for alligators! Nearly the whole night I stood a few paces from the entrance of the hut, not daring to enter, under the apprehension that an alligator might push a broad snout through the reeds and gobble me up. The soldiers slept in a lump. At length, being quite worn out from want of sleep, I summoned up courage to enter the hut, but often started wildly out of my feverish slumbers, involuntarily laying hold of my naked sword, and conjuring up every rustling noise among the reeds to be one of those disgusting brutes, with a mouth large enough to swallow an elephant's leg."

The retreat was so well managed (General Lambert was knighted for it soon after) that the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning before the American army had any suspicion of the departure of the enemy. And when it began to be suspected, some further time elapsed before the fact was ascertained. Their camp presented the same appearance as it had for many days previous. Sentinels seemed to be posted as before, and flags were flying. The American general and his aids, from the high window at headquarters, surveyed the position through the glass, and were inclined to think that the enemy were only lying low, with a view to draw the troops out of the lines into the open plain. The veteran General

Humbert, a Frenchman, surpassed the acuteness of the backwoodsmen on this occasion. Being called upon for his opinion, he took the glass and spied the deserted camp.

"They are gone," said he, with the air of a man who is certain of his fact.

"How do you know?" inquired the general.

The old soldier replied by directing attention to a crow that was flying close to what had been supposed to be one of the enemy's sentinels. The proximity of the crow showed that the sentinel was a "dummy," and so ill-made, too, that it was not even a good scarecrow. The game was now apparent; yet the general ordered out a party to reconnoiter. While it was forming, a British medical officer approached the lines bearing a letter from General Lambert, which announced his departure, and recommended to the humanity of the American commander the eighty wounded men who were necessarily left behind. There could now be little doubt of the retreat; but Jackson was still wary, and restrained the exultant impetuosity of the men, who were disposed at once to visit the abandoned camp. Sending Major Hinds' dragoons to harass the retreat of the army, if it had not already gone beyond reach, and dispatching his surgeon-general to the wounded soldiers left to his care, the general himself, with his staff, rode to the enemy's camp. He saw that, indeed, they had departed, and that his own triumph was complete and irreversible. Fourteen pieces of cannon were found deserted and spoiled, and much other property, public and private. For one item, three thousand cannon-balls were picked up on the field, and piled behind the American ramparts by the Kentuckian troops.

The general visited the hospital and assured the wounded officers and soldiers of his protection and care, a promise which was promptly and amply fulfilled. "The circumstances of these wounded men," says Mr. Walker, "being made known in the city, a number of ladies rode down in their carriages with such articles as were deemed essential to the comfort of the unfortunates. One of these ladies was a belle of the city, famed for her charms of person and mind. Seeing her noble philanthropy and devotion to his countrymen, one of the British surgeons conceived a warm regard and admiration, which subsequent acquaintance ripened into love. This surgeon settled in New Orleans after the war, espoused the Creole

lady whose acquaintance he had made under such interesting circumstances, and became an esteemed citizen and the father of a large family." Dr. J. C. Kerr was the hero of this romantic story. He lived until within these few years. A son of his was that Victor Kerr who was executed at Havana with General Lopez and Colonel Crittenden, in 1851: his last words, "I die like a Louisianian and a freeman!"

Two days after, the main body of the American troops returned to New Orleans. "The arrival of the army," says Major Latour, who saw the spectacle, "was a triumph. The non-combatant part of the population of New Orleans, that is, the aged, the infirm, the matrons, daughters, and children, all went out to meet their deliverers, to receive with felicitations the saviors of their country. Every countenance was expressive of gratitude—joy sparkled in every feature on beholding fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, who had so recently saved the lives, fortunes, and honor of their families, by repelling an enemy come to conquer and subjugate the country. Nor were the sensations of the brave soldiers less lively on seeing themselves about to be compensated for all their sufferings by the enjoyment of domestic felicity. They once more embraced the objects of their tenderest affections, were hailed by them as their saviors and deliverers, and felt conscious that they had deserved the honorable title. How light, how trifling, how inconsiderable did their past toils and dangers appear to them at this glorious moment! All was forgotten, all painful recollections gave way to the most exquisite sensations of inexpressible joy."

A few days after the return of the army, the general went in state to the cathedral. "A temporary arch," continues Major Latour, "was erected in the middle of the grand square, opposite the principal entrance of the cathedral. The different uniformed companies of Planché's battalion lined both sides of the way, from the entrance of the square toward the river to the church. The balconies of the windows of the city hall, the parsonage house, and all the adjacent buildings, were filled with spectators. The whole square, and the streets leading to it, were thronged with people. The triumphal arch was supported by six columns. Among those on the right was a young lady representing Justice, and on the left another representing Liberty. Under the arch were two young children, each on a pedestal, holding a crown of laurel. From the arch in the middle of the square to the church, at proper intervals,

were ranged young ladies, representing the different states and territories composing the American Union, all dressed in white, covered with transparent veils, and wearing a silver star on their foreheads. Each of these young ladies held in her right hand a flag, inscribed with the name of the state she represented, and in her left a basket trimmed with blue ribbons and full of flowers. Behind each was a shield suspended on a lance stuck in the ground, inscribed with the name of a state or territory. The intervals had been so calculated that the shields, linked together with verdant festoons, occupied the distance from the triumphal arch to the church.

“General Jackson, accompanied by the officers of his staff, arrived at the entrance of the square, where he was requested to proceed to the church by the walk prepared for him. As he passed under the arch he received the crowns of laurel from the two children, and was congratulated in an address spoken by Miss Kerr, who represented the State of Louisiana. The general then proceeded to the church, amidst the salutations of the young ladies representing the different states, who strewed his passage with flowers. At the entrance of the church he was received by the Abbé Dubourg, who addressed him in a speech suitable to the occasion, and conducted him to a seat prepared for him near the altar. *Te Deum* was chanted with impressive solemnity, and soon after a guard of honor attended the general to his quarters, and in the evening the town, with its suburbs, was splendidly illuminated.”

The day and night were given up to pleasure, both by the soldiers and the people. The next day discipline resumed its sway. The Tennessee troops were encamped on their old ground above the city. New troops kept coming by squads and companies, and the boat-load of arms arrived for them. The general addressed himself to the task of rendering the country secure against a second surprise, in case the enemy should attempt a landing elsewhere. New works were ordered in exposed localities. New Orleans was saved, but the southwest was still the country menaced, and it was not to be supposed that the British fleet and army, reinforced by a thousand new troops, would retire from the coast without an attempt to retrieve the campaign. Not a thought, not the faintest presentiment of immediate peace occurred to any one. The question was, not whether the enemy would make a new attempt, but whether New Orleans or Mobile would be its object.

General Jackson, we see, was still a busy and an anxious man. He stood, moreover, on the verge of a sea of troubles, unexpected and exasperating. Before entering with him into that tempestuous flood, the course of our narrative diverges, for a moment, to another scene, a scene without a parallel in the history of the United States, which will require the reader's best attention, and excite in him various thoughts.

On the twenty-first of February, 1815, when the Northern States were in the first ecstasies of peace, the "scene" just alluded to occurred. The place was Mobile, then threatened by the British fleet, which had taken Fort Bowyer nine days before, and thus had Mobile at its mercy. The news of peace, which reached the British general by a ship direct from England, arrested his career of conquest, but was still unknown to the Americans on shore. A rumor of peace may have reached General Winchester, who commanded at Mobile; but the arrival of the most certain intelligence of it could not then have averted the catastrophe now to be related. The fiat of doom had gone forth. On the twenty-second of January, the day before General Jackson went to the cathedral and was crowned with laurel, and spoke his answer to the Abbé Dubourg, he signed the order which this day was to be carried into effect.

Six coffins were placed in a row, several feet apart, in an open place near the village of Mobile. A large body of troops, perhaps fifteen hundred in number, were drawn up so that a view of the spectacle was afforded to all. Other on-lookers, a great concourse, were assembled, who stood in groups wherever the coffins could be seen. After an interval of waiting, a large country wagon drove up, containing six prisoners bound, escorted by a military guard. The wagon was driven into the center of the troops by the side of the coffins, where it stopped, and the men alighted, and each was placed next to one of the coffins. One or two of the men were visibly agitated; the rest were firm and composed. Colonel Russell, who commanded on this occasion, addressed them in an under tone:

"You are about to die by the sentence of a court-martial. Die like men—like soldiers. You have been brave in the field. You have fought well. Do no discredit to your country, or dishonor to the army or yourselves by any unmanly fears. Meet your fate with courage."

One of the prisoners, John Harris by name, a poor illiterate Baptist preacher, the father of nine children, several of whom were very young, a weak, heavy-laden man, who had enlisted for the purpose of accompanying his son to the wars, was still unable to control his emotions. He continued to apologize for what he had done, and wept bitterly as he spoke.

Another of the prisoners, Henry Lewis, replied to Colonel Russell's exhortation in these words:

"Colonel, I have served my country well. I love it dearly, and would if I could, serve it longer and better. I have fought bravely—you know I have; and *here* I have a right to say so myself. I would not wish to die in this way"—here his voice faltered, and he hastily brushed a tear from his eyes—"I did not expect it. But I am now as firm as I have been on the day of battle, and you shall see that I will die as becomes a soldier. You know I am a brave man."

"Yes, Lewis," said the colonel, "you have always behaved like a brave man."

Other words were spoken by the doomed men, whom Colonel Russell continued to exhort and console. He soon retired to his place, and left the prisoners standing by their coffins, awaiting the final preparations.

The execution proceeded. The prisoners were blindfolded, and each man knelt upon his coffin. Thirty-six soldiers were detailed, and drawn up before them; six to fire at each. The signal was given, and the bloody deed was done. All the prisoners fell dead instantly except Lewis, who, though pierced with four balls, raised his head, and, finally, crawled upon his coffin. The officer in command approached him.

"Colonel," said Lewis, "I am not killed, but I am sadly cut and mangled. Colonel, did I not behave well?"

"Yes, Lewis; like a man," replied Colonel Russell, with faltering voice.

"Well, sir," said Lewis, "have I atoned for my offense? Shall I not live?"

The colonel, with cruel kindness, granted the poor fellow's prayer so far as to order a surgeon to do all he could to save his life. But the case was past surgery. He lingered four days in extreme agony, and then died.

Such was the execution of the six militia-men, with which, as elderly readers remember, the country rang for several years of General Jackson's life. Such was the result of the mutiny at Fort Jackson, on the 19th and 20th of September, 1814.

To justify such an unexampled slaughter of American citizens, the strongest possible proof, both of guilt and of necessity, must be adduced. In search of which we resort, first, to the proceedings of the court-martial which tried and condemned those men; proceedings published in full, by order of Congress, in the year 1828, forming, with the accompanying documents, a volume of considerable magnitude. As usual in such cases of voluminous publication by Congress, the essence of the matter can be given in a very few words.

After the termination of the Creek war, and the return home of most of the victorious troops, a thousand volunteers were called out to garrison the posts and forts in the Creek country. These men were called for six months, and agreed to serve for six months, though three months had been the usual term of militia service in the western country from time immemorial. The men stationed at Fort Jackson, having nothing to do, oppressed with tedium, and anxious to rejoin their families, began to inquire whether the governor of Tennessee had any lawful authority to call out troops for a period longer than three months. In such circumstances men are easily convinced, and consequently, at the expiration of three months from the day of their enlistment, two hundred of them broke tumultuously from the camp, taking with them provisions from the public stores, and marched homeward. General Jackson ordered them to be pursued, and a considerable number, upon hearing this intelligence, returned voluntarily to the fort, and gave themselves up. The general, upon leaving Mobile for New Orleans, directed that the deserters should be tried by court-martial, and the result of the trials forwarded to him. They were tried accordingly. Six were sentenced to death, and two hundred to be dismissed in disgrace from the service. General Jackson approved the proceedings, and ordered the capital sentences to be executed four days after the receipt of his dispatches.

Upon a review of the facts and laws of this case, the conclusion seems to me irresistible, that, although these men were called out for six months, and agreed to serve for that term, yet the governor

of Tennessee had no authority to call out men for a longer period than three months. The act of Congress of May, 1815, under which these men were summoned to the field, provided that "the militia, when called into the service of the United States, by virtue of the before-recited act (of 1795), MAY, if *in the opinion of the President of the United States* the public interest require it, be compelled to serve for a term not exceeding six months." The old law was not repealed. The new act lengthened the term of service only in a definite and specified case. Three months was still the established term, which could be doubled only *by a special act of presidential authority*.

Under the act of April, 1814, the six militia-men were executed. The question of the legality of their execution, then, resolves itself into this: Had the president authorized Governor Blount to apply to the corps of which those unfortunate men were members the enlargement of the act of 1795? Had the president expressed the "opinion," in legal form, that the public interest required them to serve six months? If he had, the execution was lawful. If he had not, the execution was a hideous mistake. I assert, unhesitatingly, that in all the mass of documents and dispatches relating to this matter, there is not one, nor a sentence of one, which so much as justifies an inference that Governor Blount received in any form the requisite authorization.

In view of these facts, the conclusion is that the men were correct in their opinion, and that their departure from camp was not desertion, but a lawful going home after they had done their part as citizen soldiers. If this is an erroneous conclusion, the means exist in every collection of public documents for the year 1828 of refuting it. I should hail its refutation with pleasure, because I am sure that General Jackson acted in this affair from an honest and perfect conviction of the lawfulness and necessity of what he did.

The best justification of the conduct of Jackson in this horrible business is to be found in the circumstances of the man at the time. He knew enough of the character of militia to know that the victorious host under his command, as soon as the rejoicings at the victory were over, would so burn with impatience to go home and recount their exploits to admiring friends, that it would task his powers to the uttermost to keep together a competent army. At Mobile, two months before, he had formed the determination to carry

out the sentences of the court-martial, whatever they might be. He had had enough of mutiny. It was no time, he thought, when, at length, the proceedings of the court reached him, to show mercy. A great hostile armament still threatened the coasts which he was commissioned to defend. Another month and he might again be grappling with the foe. If the war had lasted another year, and he had been compelled to march his main body round to Mobile, and engage in a long and arduous strife with a powerful British army, the contest continuing through the heat and pestilence of summer, then the stern and terrible example of the execution might have been that which alone could nerve his arm to strike an effectual blow. To do justice to General Jackson, we must survey his situation as it appeared to his own eyes at the moment. Those who do that may still deplore and condemn the error, but they will call it by no harsher name.

To return to New Orleans, where a storm of discontent was brewing. For the first three weeks, and after the triumphal return of the army to New Orleans, little occurred to disturb the public harmony. Martial law was rigorously maintained, and all the troops were kept in service. The duty at the lines and below the lines was hard and disagreeable, but, whatever murmurs were uttered by the troops, the duty was punctually performed. The mortality at the hospitals continued to be very great. The business of the city was interrupted, in some degree, by the prevalence of martial law, and still more by the retention in service of business men. But so long as there was no whisper of peace in the city, the restraint was felt to be necessary, and was submitted to without audible complaining. During this interval some pleasant things occurred, which exhibit the general in a favorable light.

February the 4th, Edward Livingston, Mr. Shepherd, and Captain Maunsel White were sent to the British fleet to arrange for a further exchange of prisoners, and for the recovery of a large number of slaves, who, after aiding the English army on shore, had gone off with them to their ships. They were charged also with a less difficult errand. General Keane, when he received his wounds on the 8th of January, lost on the field a valuable sword, the gift of a friend. He stated the circumstance to General Jackson, and requested him to restore the sword. It was an unusual request, thought the general, but he complied with it, adding polite wishes

for General Keane's recovery. General Keane acknowledged the restoration of the sword in courteous terms.

Mr. Livingston returned to New Orleans with the news of peace on the nineteenth of February. The city was thrown into joyful excitement, and the troops expected an immediate release from their arduous toils. But they were doomed to disappointment. The package which Admiral Malcolm had received contained only a newspaper announcement of peace. There was little doubt of its truth, but the statements of a newspaper are as nothing to the commanders of fleets and armies. To check the rising tide of feeling, Jackson, on the very day of Livingston's return, issued a proclamation, stating the exact nature of the intelligence, and exhorting the troops to bear with patience the toils of the campaign a little longer. "We must not," said he, "be thrown into false security by hopes that may be delusive. It is by holding out such, that an artful and insidious enemy too often seeks to accomplish what the utmost exertions of his strength will not enable him to effect. To place you off your guard and attack you by surprise is the natural expedient of one who, having experienced the superiority of your arms, still hopes to overcome you by stratagem. Though young in the 'trade' of war, it is not by such artifices that he will deceive us."

This proclamation seems rather to have inflamed than allayed the general discontent. Two days after the return of Livingston, a paragraph appeared in the *Louisiana Gazette*, to the effect that "a flag had just arrived from Admiral Cochrane to General Jackson, officially announcing the conclusion of peace at Ghent between the United States and Great Britain, and virtually requesting a suspension of arms." For this statement there was not the least foundation in truth, and its effect at such a crisis was to inflame the prevailing excitement. Upon reading the paragraph Jackson caused to be prepared an official contradiction, which he sent by an aide-de-camp to the offending editor, with a written order requiring its insertion in the next issue of the paper.

This was regarded by the rebellious spirits as a new provocation. The "muzzled" editor, in the same number of his paper, relieved his mind by the following comments upon the general's order: "On Tuesday we published a small handbill, containing such information as we had conceived correct, respecting the signing of preliminaries of peace between the American and British commissioners at Ghent.

We have since been informed from *Head-quarters* that the information therein contained is incorrect, and we have been *ordered* to publish the following, to do away the evil that might arise from our imprudence. Every man may read for himself, and *think* for himself, (thank God! our thoughts are as yet unshackled!) but as we have been officially informed that New Orleans is a camp, our readers must not expect us to take the liberty of expressing our opinion as we might in a *free city*. We can not submit to have a *censor of the press* in our office, and as we are *ordered* not to publish any remarks without authority, we shall submit to be silent until we can speak with safety—except making our paper a sheet of shreds and patches—a mere advertiser for our mercantile friends.”

Pretty loud growling this to come from a muzzled editor. In this posture of affairs, some of the French troops hit upon an expedient to escape the domination of the general. They claimed the protection of the French consul, M. Toussard: the consul, nothing loth, hoisted the French flag over the consulate, and dispensed certificates of French citizenship to all applicants. Naturalized Frenchmen availed themselves of the same artifice, and, for a few days, Toussard had his hands full of pleasant and profitable occupation. Jackson met this new difficulty by ordering the consul and all Frenchmen, who were not citizens of the United States, to leave New Orleans within three days, and not to return to within one hundred and twenty miles of the city, until the news of the ratification of the treaty of peace was officially published! The register of votes of the last election was resorted to for the purpose of ascertaining who were citizens, and who were not. Every man who had voted was claimed by the general as his “fellow-citizen and soldier,” and compelled to do duty as such.

This bold stroke of authority aroused much indignation among the anti-martial law party, which, on the 3d of March, found voice in the public press. A long article appeared anonymously in one of the newspapers, boldly, but temperately and respectfully calling in question General Jackson’s recent conduct, and especially the banishment of the French from the city. Here was open defiance. Jackson accepted the issue with a promptness all his own. He sent an order to the editor of the *Louisiana Courier*, in which the article appeared, commanding his immediate presence at head-quarters. The name of the author of the communication was demanded and given. It

was Mr. Louaillier, a member of the legislature, a gentleman who had distinguished himself by his zeal in the public cause, and who had been particularly prominent in promoting subscriptions for the relief of the ill-clad soldiers. Upon his surrendering the name the editor was dismissed.

At noon on Sunday, the 5th of March, two days after the publication of the article, Mr. Louaillier was walking along the levee, opposite one of the most frequented coffee-houses in the city, when a Captain Amelung, commanding a file of soldiers, tapped him on the shoulder and informed him that he was a prisoner. Louaillier, astonished and indignant, called the bystanders to witness that he was conveyed away against his will by armed men. A lawyer, P. L. Morel by name, who witnessed the arrest from the steps of the coffee-house, ran to the spot, and was forthwith engaged by Louaillier to act as his legal adviser in this extremity. Louaillier was placed in confinement. Morel hastened to the residence of Judge Dominick A. Hall, Judge of the District Court of the United States, to whom he presented, in his client's name, a petition for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The judge granted the petition, and the writ was immediately served upon the general. Jackson instantly sent a file of troops to arrest the judge, and, before night, Judge Hall and Mr. Louaillier were prisoners in the same apartment of the barracks.

So far from obeying the writ of *habeas corpus*, General Jackson seized the writ from the officer who served it, and retained it in his own possession, giving to the officer a certified copy of the same. Louaillier was at once placed upon his trial before a court-martial upon the following charges, all based upon the article in the *Louisiana Courier*: Exciting to mutiny; general misconduct; being a spy; illegal and improper conduct; disobedience to orders; writing a wilful and corrupt libel against the general; unsoldierly conduct; violation of a general order.

Nor were these the only arrests. A Mr. Hollander, partner in business of our friend Nolte, expressed himself somewhat freely in conversation respecting Jackson's proceedings, and suddenly found himself a prisoner in consequence. "My partner, Mr. Hollander," says Nolte, "was at the door of the Bank Coffee-House, conversing about Louaillier's letter, and praising it and its writer's courage. 'Why,' said he, 'did General Jackson allow Colonel Toussard

to print his requisition in the journals, when he had no intention to free the Frenchmen from military service?" "Ah," replied a bystander, "his only idea was to find out all who were disposed to side with the consul, in order that he might punish them." "It was a dirty trick," said Hollander. This answer was carried to the general, who immediately ordered the arrest and trial of Hollander, because "he excited insubordination and mutiny in the camp, and talked disrespectfully of his superior officer." Just as Hollander and I were dining together on the next day, my house was surrounded by a hundred men, and Major Davezac—so often mentioned—with squinting eye and golden epaulettes, stalked in to arrest and carry off Hollander. I went at once to Adjutant Livingston to procure the liberation of my friend, and he persuaded the general to accept my bail for two thousand dollars for the future appearance of Hollander before the court-martial."

On Monday, March 6th, the day after the arrest of Louaillier and Judge Hall, the courier arrived at New Orleans who had been dispatched from Washington, nineteen days before, to bear to General Jackson the news of peace. He had traveled fast, by night and day, and most eagerly had his coming been looked for. His packet was opened at head-quarters and found to contain no dispatches announcing the conclusion of peace; but an old letter, of no importance then, which had been written by the secretary of war to General Jackson some months before. It appeared that, in the hurry of his departure from Washington, the courier had taken the wrong packet. The blank astonishment of the general, of his aids, of the courier, can be imagined. The only proof the unlucky messenger could furnish of the genuineness of his mission and the truth of his intelligence was an order from the postmaster-general, requiring his deputies on the route to afford the courier bearing the news of peace all the facilities in their power for the rapid performance of his journey. In ordinary circumstances this would have sufficed. But the events of yesterday had rendered the circumstances extraordinary. The general resolved still to hold the reins of military power firmly in his hands. New Orleans was still a camp, and Judge Hall a soldier.

Jackson wrote, however, to General Lambert on the same day, stating precisely what had occurred, and inclosing a copy of the postmaster-general's order: "that you may determine," said the

general, "whether these occurrences will not justify you in agreeing, by a cessation of all hostilities, to anticipate a happy return of peace between our two nations, which the first direct intelligence must bring to us in an official form."

The week had nearly passed away. Judge Hall remained in confinement at the barracks. General Jackson resolved on Saturday, the 11th of March, to send the judge out of the city, and set him at liberty. Accordingly, on Sunday morning, Captain Peter V. Ogden, commanding a troop of dragoons, received from headquarters the following order:

"HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTH MILITARY DISTRICT, }
NEW ORLEANS, *March 11th*, 1815. }

"SIR: You will detail from your troop a discreet non-commissioned officer and four men, and direct them to call on the officer commanding the Third United States infantry for Dominick A. Hall, who is confined in the guard-house for exciting mutiny and desertion within the encampment of the city.

"Upon receipt of the prisoner, the non-commissioned officer will conduct him up the coast beyond the lines of General Carroll's encampment, and deliver him the inclosed order and set him at liberty.

"THOMAS BUTLER,
" *Aiddecamp*.

"Captain PETER V. OGDEN,

" *Commanding troop of cavalry, New Orleans.*"

Inclosed with this laconic epistle was an order from the general to Judge Hall: "I have thought proper," said the general, "to send you beyond the limits of my encampment, to prevent a repetition of the improper conduct with which you have been charged. You will remain without the lines of my sentinels until the ratification of peace is regularly announced, or until the British shall have left the southern coast."

Captain Ogden promptly obeyed the order. A guard of four privates, commanded by a non-commissioned officer, escorted the learned judge of the United States District Court to a point about five miles above the city, where General Jackson's order was delivered to him, and he was set free.

Brief was the exile of the banished judge. The very next day,

Monday, March 13th, arrived from Washington a courier with a dispatch from the government, announcing the ratification of the treaty of peace, and inclosing a copy of the treaty and of the ratification. Before that day closed the joyful news was forwarded to the British general, hostilities were publicly declared to be at an end, martial law was abrogated, and commerce released. "And in order," concluded the general's proclamation, "that the general joy attending this event may extend to all manner of persons, the commanding general proclaims and orders a pardon for all military offenses heretofore committed in this district, and orders that all persons in confinement, under such charges, be immediately discharged."

Louaillier was a prisoner no longer. Judge Hall returned to his home. On the day following, the impatient militia and volunteers of Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Louisiana, were dismissed, with a glorious burst of grateful praise.

I shall not dwell upon the subsequent proceedings of Judge Hall. March 22d, in the United States District Court, on motion of Attorney John Dick, it was ruled and ordered by the court that "the said Major-General Andrew Jackson show cause, on Friday next, the 24th March, instant, at ten o'clock, A. M., why an attachment should not be awarded against him for contempt of this court, in having disrespectfully wrested from the clerk aforesaid an original order of the honorable the judge of this court, for the issuing of a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of a certain Louis Louaillier, then imprisoned by the said Major-General Andrew Jackson, and for detaining the same; also for disregarding the said writ of *habeas corpus*, when issued and served; in having imprisoned the honorable the judge of this court; and for other contempts, as stated by the witnesses."

General Jackson appeared in court, attended by a prodigious concourse of excited people. He wore the dress of a private citizen. "Undiscovered amidst the crowd," Major Eaton relates, "he had nearly reached the bar, when, being perceived, the room instantly rang with the shouts of a thousand voices. Raising himself on a bench, and moving his hand to procure silence, a pause ensued. He then addressed himself to the crowd; told them of the duty due to the public authorities; for that any impropriety of theirs would be imputed to him, and urged, if they had any regard for him, that they

would, on the present occasion, forbear those feelings and expressions of opinion. Silence being restored, the judge rose from his seat, and remarking that it was impossible, nor safe, to transact business at such a moment, and under such threatening circumstances, directed the marshal to adjourn the court. The general immediately interfered, and requested that it might not be done. 'There is no danger here; there shall be none—the same arm that protected from outrage this city, against the invaders of the country, will shield and protect this court, or perish in the effort.'

"Tranquillity was restored, and the court proceeded to business. The district attorney had prepared, and now presented, a file of nineteen questions, to be answered by the prisoner. 'Did you not arrest Louaillier?' 'Did you not arrest the judge of this court?' 'Did you not seize the writ of *habeas corpus*?' 'Did you not say a variety of disrespectful things of the judge?' These nineteen interrogatories the general utterly refused to answer, to listen to, or to receive. He told the court that in a paper previously presented by his counsel he had explained fully the reasons that had influenced his conduct. That paper had been rejected without a hearing. He could add nothing to that paper. 'Under these circumstances,' said he, 'I appear before you to receive the sentence of the court, having nothing further in my defense to offer.'"

Whereupon Judge Hall pronounced the judgment of the court. It is recorded in the words following: "On this day appeared in person Major-General Andrew Jackson, and, being duly informed by the court that an attachment had issued against him for the purpose of bringing him into court, and the district-attorney having filed interrogatories, the court informed General Jackson that they would be tendered to him for the purpose of answering thereto. The said General Jackson refused to receive them, or to make any answer to the said interrogatories. Whereupon the court proceeded to pronounce judgment, which was, that Major-General Andrew Jackson do pay a fine of one thousand dollars to the United States."

The general was borne from the court-room in triumph. Or, as Major Eaton has it, "he was seized and forcibly hurried from the hall to the streets, amidst the reiterated cries of huzza for Jackson from the immense concourse that surrounded him. They presently met a carriage in which a lady was riding, when, politely taking

her from it, the general was made, spite of entreaty, to occupy her place; the horses being removed, the carriage was drawn on and halted at the coffee-house, into which he was carried, and thither the crowd followed, huzzaing for Jackson and menacing violently the judge. Having prevailed on them to hear him, he addressed them with great feeling and earnestness; implored them to run into no excesses; that if they had the least gratitude for his services, or regard for him personally, they could evince it in no way so satisfactorily as by assenting, as he most freely did, to the decision which had just been pronounced against him."

Upon reaching his quarters he sent back an aide-de-camp to the court-room, with a check on one of the city banks for a thousand dollars: and thus the offended majesty of the law was supposed to be avenged.

It is not to be inferred from the conduct of the people in the court-room, that the course of General Jackson; in maintaining martial law so long after the conclusion of peace was morally certain, was generally approved by the people of New Orleans. It was not. It was approved by many, forgiven by most, resented by a few. An effort was made to raise the amount of the general's fine by a public subscription, to which no one was allowed to contribute more than one dollar. But Nolte tells us (how truly I know not) that, after raising with difficulty one hundred and sixty dollars, the scheme was quietly given up. He adds, that the court-room on the day of the general's appearance was occupied chiefly by the special partisans of the general.

On the 6th of April, General Jackson and his family left New Orleans on their return to Tennessee. On approaching Nashville the general was met by a procession of troops, students, and citizens, who deputed one of their number to welcome him in an address. At Nashville a vast concourse was assembled, among whom were many of the troops who had served under him at New Orleans. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Within the court-house Mr. Felix Grundy received the general with an eloquent speech, recounting in glowing periods the leading events of the last campaigns. The students of Cumberland College also addressed the general. The replies of General Jackson to these various addresses were short, simple, and sufficient.

And so we dismiss the hero home to his beloved Hermitage.

there to recruit his impaired energies by a brief period of repose. He had been absent for the space of twenty-one months, with the exception of three weeks between the end of the Creek war and the beginning of the campaign of New Orleans.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REST AND GLORY.

FOUR months' rest at the Hermitage. In the cool days of October we find the general on horseback once more, riding slowly through Tennessee, across Virginia, toward the city of Washington—the whole journey a triumphal progress. At Lynchburgh, in Virginia, the people turned out *en masse* to greet the conqueror. A number of gentlemen rode out of town to meet him, one of whom saluted the general with an address, to which he briefly replied. Escorted into the town on the 7th of November, he was received by a prodigious assemblage of citizens and all the militia companies of the vicinity, who welcomed him with an enthusiasm that can be imagined. In the afternoon a grand banquet, attended by three hundred persons, was served in honor of the general. Among the distinguished guests was Thomas Jefferson, then seventy-two years of age, the most revered of American citizens then living. His residence was only a long day's ride from Lynchburgh, and he had come to join in the festivities of this occasion. The toast offered by the ex-president at the banquet at Lynchburgh has been variously reported, but in the newspapers of the day it is uniformly given in these words: "Honor and gratitude to those who have filled the measure of their country's honor." General Jackson volunteered a toast, which was at once graceful and significant: "James Monroe, late Secretary of War;" graceful, because Mr. Monroe was a Virginian, a friend of Mr. Jefferson, and had nobly co-operated with himself in the defense of New Orleans; significant, because Mr. Monroe was a very prominent candidate for the presidency, and the election was drawing near.

To horse again the next morning. Nine days' riding brought the

general to Washington, which he reached in the evening of November 17th. He called the next morning upon the president and the members of the cabinet, by whom he was welcomed to the capital with every mark of cordiality and respect. His stay at Washington, I need not say, was an almost ceaseless round of festivity. A great public dinner was given him, which was attended by all that Washington could boast of the eminent and the eloquent. He was lionized severely at private entertainments, where the stateliness of his bearing and the suavity of his manners pleased the gentlemen and won the ladies. And this was to be one of the conditions of his lot thenceforward to the end of his life. He was the darling of the nation. Nothing had yet occurred to dim the luster of his fame. His giant popularity was in the flush of its youth. He could go nowhere without incurring an ovation, and every movement of his was affectionately chronicled in the newspapers. It was said, in after times, that the popularity of General Jackson could "stand any thing." The question that we shall have to do with is this: "Could General Jackson stand his popularity?"

While he was enjoying the festivities of Washington, came rumors from the far southwest that must have had a peculiar interest for the conqueror of the Creeks. It was said that the commissioners appointed to fix the boundaries of that tribe, in accordance with the treaty of Fort Jackson, had met with formidable opposition; that the chiefs would not give up their land; that Fort Jackson had been burned and its sick garrison massacred; and that all the southwestern tribes were restless and preparing to rise. A few days later these rumors were found to be nearly destitute of foundation, but not quite. The Creek chiefs deplored the loss of their beloved hunting grounds; but, except the unsubdued Seminoles of Florida, all acquiesced in the conditions of the treaty, hard though they seemed. The portion of the tribe that had taken refuge in Florida protested against the cession of their country—protested to the Spanish governor—protested to English Woodbine, Nichols, and Arbuthnot, and, through them, to the Prince Regent of England—sent chiefs and prophets to England to protest—will continually protest for the next three years. It is to be hoped, for their own sakes, that they will content themselves with protesting.

For General Jackson is to remain in the army! Upon the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, the army was reduced to ten

thousand men, commanded by two major-generals, one of whom was to reside at the north and command the troops stationed there, and the other to bear military sway at the south. The generals selected for these commands were General Jacob Brown for the northern division, and General Andrew Jackson for the southern; both of whom had entered the service at the beginning of the late war as generals of militia. General Jackson's visit to Washington on this occasion was in obedience to an order, couched in the language of an invitation, received from the secretary of war soon after his return from New Orleans; the object of his visit being to arrange the posts and stations of the army. The feeling was general at the time, that the disasters of the war of 1812 were chiefly due to the defenceless and unprepared condition of the country, and that it was the first duty of the government, on the return of peace, to see to it that the assailable points were fortified. "Let us never be caught napping again;" "in time of peace prepare for war," were popular sayings then. On these, and all other subjects connected with the defense of the country, the advice of General Jackson was asked and given. His own duty, it was evident, was, first of all, to pacify, and if possible satisfy, the restless and sorrowful Indians in the southwest. The vanquished tribe, it was agreed, should be dealt with forbearingly and liberally. The general undertook to go in person into the Indian country, and endeavor to remove from their minds all discontent.

It was not until the middle of October, 1816, that he had completed this important business, and reached once more the vicinity of his home. It was considered in Tennessee that he had rendered a most signal service to the state in opening the Indian lands to the advancing tide of emigration, and in quieting the minds of those still powerful tribes. "This great and glorious termination," said a Nashville paper of the time, "of a business that hung over this section of the Union like a portentous cloud, deserves to be commemorated; and we hope that suitable arrangements will be made, by the citizens of Tennessee, to receive the general on his return with that eclat he so richly merits, and that no time will be lost in returning thanks to the officers of the general government, for their prompt attention to the expressed wishes of the citizens of Tennessee."

And so arose the saying in Tennessee in these years, that as

often as General Jackson left his home he never returned to it without having, during his absence, performed some great service for the Union or for Tennessee.

It is not possible to overstate his popularity in his own state. He was its pride, boast, and glory. Tennesseans felt a personal interest in his honor and success. His old enemies either sought reconciliation with him or kept their enmity to themselves. His rank in the army, too, gave him unequaled social eminence, and, to add to the other felicities of his lot, his fortune now rapidly increased, as the entire income of his estate could be added to his capital; the pay of a major-general being sufficient for the support of his family. He was forty-nine years old in 1816. He had riches, rank, power, renown, and all in full measure. Our young friend "Andy" of a previous page has prospered in the world.

About this time it was that a change came over the spirit of the wild and warlike West. The few pioneer preachers of an earlier day had contended, with the best light given them, with a zeal and devotion perhaps unparalleled in the history of Christianity, against the thousand barbarizing and soul-darkening influences of frontier life. With rude but earnest speech they had gone from settlement to settlement, from camp-meeting to camp-meeting, proclaiming that man is a soul, and that his weal or his woe, in this world and all worlds, is spiritual. It is not necessary to sympathize with their peculiar mode of stating these immortal truths, in order to admit that they proclaimed them in the only language that had then and there a chance of being understood and received. They assisted to save civilization.

Among those who joined the church about this time was Mrs. Jackson. "Parson Blackburn," as she styled him in her letters, the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, to whom the general had written in the black days of the Creek war, imploring the aid of his eloquence in raising a new army, was the preacher whom she ever fondly owned as her "spiritual father." The general, as she mentions in her correspondence, sympathized with her in her new resolves, and strengthened them by all the means in his power; himself, to her sorrow, holding aloof. For her gratification he built soon afterward a little brick church on the Hermitage farm, which was incorporated into the presbytery, and supplied by it with a minister. This edifice, I suppose, is the smallest church in the United States, and the one of

simplest construction. It looks like a New England school-house ; no steeple, no portico, no entry or inside door. The interior, which contains forty pews, is unpainted, and the floor is of brick. It is not now used for any purpose, and looks forgotten and desolate in the grove where it stands, a quarter of a mile from the mansion. This little church, so simple and rude, was all to Mrs. Jackson that a cathedral of sublimest proportions could have been. It was the home of her soul. When away from Tennessee with the general, as she often was, it was for this little house of brick and unpainted wood that she longed. When at home the general was punctual in his attendance at the church, and the time came, but not for many years yet, when he stood leaning on his walking-stick, before its low, brown pulpit, trembling and penitent.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SEMINOLE WAR.

IN 1817 there was trouble again among the Indians—the Indians of Florida, the allies of Great Britain during the war of 1812, commonly known by the name of Seminoles. Composed in part of fugitive Creeks, who scouted the treaty of Fort Jackson, they had indulged the expectation that, on the conclusion of peace, they would be restored by their powerful ally to the lands wrested from the Creeks by Jackson's conquering arm in 1814.

This poor remnant of tribes once so numerous and powerful had not a thought, at first, of attempting to regain the lost lands by force of arms. The best testimony now procurable confirms their own solemnly reiterated assertions, that they long desired and endeavored to live in peace with the white settlers of Georgia. All their "talks," petitions, remonstrances, letters, of which a large number are still accessible, breathe only the wish for peace and fair dealing. The Seminoles were drawn at last into a collision with the United States by a chain of circumstances with which they had little to do, and the responsibility of which belongs not to them.

November, 1817. Alarm pervades the frontiers of Georgia. The Seminoles are sullen and savage. During the autumn there have been outrages and murders. White men have killed and plundered Indians; Indians have killed and plundered white men. United States troops occupy Fort Scott and other posts near the junction of the Chattahoochie and Flint. A body of Georgia militia are in the field, called out to assist in expelling fillibusters from Amelia Island. Boat loads of provisions and munitions are ascending the Appalachicola. There is a bustle of warlike preparation all along the rivers and the line that divides Florida and Georgia. There are Seminole villages on both sides of that line, some of which are friendly to the whites, others hostile.

But as late as the middle of November, despite the irritation, the resentments, the alarms, no act of war has been done on either side. The outrages have been the work of individuals and small parties. As between the United States and the Seminoles there is peace.

General Edmund P. Gaines commands in this quarter. During the year he has been "talking" with the sullen chiefs, assuming in his talks that the Indians were wholly in fault. This was one of his talks:

"Your Seminoles are very bad people. I don't say whom. You have murdered many of my people, and stolen my cattle and many good horses that cost me money; and many good houses that cost me money you have burned for me; and now that you see my writing, you will think that I have spoken right. I know it is so, you know it is so; for now you may say I will go upon you at random. But just give me the murderers, and I will show them my law; and when that is finished and past, if you will come about any of my people, you will see your friends, and if you see me you will see your friend. But there is something out in the sea, a bird with a forked tongue; whip him back before he lands, for he will be the ruin of you. Yet perhaps you do not know who or what I mean—I mean the name of Englishman. I tell you this, that if you do not give me up the murderers who have murdered my people, I say I have got good strong warriors with scalping knives and tomahawks. You harbor a great many of my black people among you, at Sahwahnee. If you give me leave to go by you against them; I shall not hurt any thing belonging to you."

To which the chief, "King Hatchy," haughtily replied: "You charge me with killing your people, stealing your cattle, and burning your houses. It is I that have cause to complain of the Americans. While one American has been justly killed, while in the act of stealing cattle, more than four Indians have been murdered, while hunting, by these lawless freebooters. I harbor no negroes. When the Englishmen were at war with America, some took shelter among them, and it is for you white people to settle those things among yourselves, and not trouble us with what we know nothing about. I shall use force to stop any armed Americans from passing my towns or my lands."

Such was the humor of the two races in the autumn of 1817.

Fourteen miles east of Fort Scott, in Georgia, but near the Florida line, on lands claimed by the United States under the treaty of Fort Jackson, was a Seminole village, called by the settlers Fowltown. The chief of this village of forty-five warriors was supposed to be, and was, peculiarly embittered against the whites. The red war-pole had been erected by his warriors, around which they danced the war-dance. The Fowltown chief was resolved to hold his lands, and resist by force any further encroachments, and had said as much to Colonel Twiggs, the commandant of Fort Scott. "I warn you," he said to Colonel Twiggs, early in November, "not to cross, nor cut a stick of wood on the east side of the Flint. That land is mine. I am directed by the powers above and the powers below to protect and defend it. I shall do so." A few days after, General Gaines arrived at Fort Scott with a reinforcement of regular troops, when the talk of the Fowltown chief was reported to him. General Gaines, "to ascertain," as he said, "whether his hostile temper had abated," had previously sent a runner to the chief to request him to come to him at Fort Scott. The chief replied, "I have already said to the officer commanding at the fort all I have to say. I will not go."

General Gaines immediately detached a force of two hundred and fifty men, under command of Colonel Twiggs, with orders "to bring to me the chief and his warriors, and, in the event of resistance, to treat them as enemies."

On the morning of November 21st, before the dawn of day, the detachment reached Fowltown. The warriors fired upon the troops without waiting to learn their errand. It could not be expected to

occur to the benighted Seminole mind that a large body of troops, arriving near their town in the darkness of a November morning, could have any but a hostile errand. The fire of the Indians, which was wholly without effect, was "briskly returned" by the troops, when the Indians took to flight, with the loss of two men killed and one woman, beside several wounded. Colonel Twiggs entered and searched the abandoned town. Among other articles found in the house of the chief were a scarlet coat of the British uniform, a pair of golden epaulets, and a certificate, in the handwriting of Colonel Nichols, declaring that the Fowltown chief had ever been a true and faithful friend of the British. Colonel Twiggs took post near the town, erected a temporary stockade, and waited for further orders. Shortly afterward the town was burnt by General Gaines himself.

The die was cast. The revenge of the Seminoles for this seizure of Fowltown, and the slaughter of its warriors and the woman, was swift, bloody, and atrocious.

Nine days after, a large open boat, containing forty United States troops, seven soldiers' wives and four little children, under command of Lieutenant Scott, of the 7th infantry, was warping slowly up the Appalachicola river. They were within one mile of reaching the junction of the Chattahoochie and Flint, and not many miles from Fort Scott. To avoid the swift current, the soldiers kept the boat close to the shore. They were passing a swamp, densely covered with trees and cane. Suddenly, at a moment when not a soul on board suspected danger, for not an Indian, nor trace of an Indian had been seen, a heavy volley of musketry, from the thickets within a few yards of the boat, was fired full into the closely-compacted party. Lieutenant Scott and nearly every man in the boat were killed or badly wounded at the first fire. Other volleys succeeded. The Indians soon rose from their ambush and rushed upon the boat with a fearful yell. Men, women, and children were involved in one horrible massacre, or spared for more horrible torture. The children were taken by the heels and their brains dashed out against the sides of the boat. The men and women were scalped, all but one woman, who was not wounded by the previous fire. Four men escaped by leaping overboard and swimming to the opposite shore, of whom two only reached Fort Scott uninjured. Laden with plunder, the savages reëntered the wilderness, taking with them the woman whom

they had spared. In twenty minutes after the first volley was fired into the boat, every creature in it but five was killed and scalped, or bound and carried off.

The Seminoles had tasted blood, and thirsted like tigers for more. Still haunting the banks of the river, they attacked, a few days later, a convoy of ascending boats, under Major Muhlenburgh, killing two soldiers and wounding thirteen. For four or five days and nights the boats lay in the middle of the stream, immovable; for not a man could show himself for an instant above the bulwarks without being fired upon. With difficulty, and after great suffering on the part of the sick and wounded, the fleet was rescued from its horrible situation by a party from Fort Scott.

Before the year closed Fort Scott itself was threatened. A desultory and ineffectual fire was kept up upon it for several days. The garrison, being short of provisions, and forming a most exaggerated estimate of the numbers of the enemy, feared to be obliged to abandon the post. This was war indeed. The government at Washington was promptly informed of these terrible events by General Gaines, who advised the most vigorous measures of retaliation. It chanced that just before these dispatches reached Washington, the secretary of war, Mr. J. C. Calhoun, not anticipating serious trouble from the Indians, had sent orders to General Gaines to proceed to Amelia Island. General Gaines was accordingly compelled to leave the frontiers at a time when his presence there was most needed. The government, fearing the effect at such a moment of the absence of a general officer from the scene of hostilities, resolved upon ordering General Jackson to take command in person of the troops upon the frontiers of Georgia.

Late in the evening of January 11th, the express, bearing the orders of Mr. Calhoun to General Jackson, after a ride of fifteen days, reached the Hermitage. Before he slept that night the general had concluded upon his plan of operations. His plan was that of a man untrammelled by red tape and unacquainted with the art of "How not to do it." There are now in the field, Mr. Calhoun said, eight hundred regular troops and a thousand Georgia militia. If you think these forces insufficient, call on "the executives of the adjacent states for such additional militia as you may deem requisite." Adjacent! Adjacent to what? There was but one state adjacent to Florida, Georgia, namely, and the militia of Georgia

were already in the field. Alabama was not yet a state. It did not cost General Jackson any computable period of time to decide that the "additional militia of the adjacent states" meant a thousand mounted volunteers from West Tennessee and Kentucky, the men with whom he had fought the Creeks and the British in the last war. But he was to call upon the "executives of the adjacent states." The governor of Tennessee, as it chanced, was absent from Nashville on a tour of the Cherokee country near Knoxville, and it was not known either where he was or when he would return.

General Jackson took the responsibility. He sent privately to a number of his old volunteer officers, and requested them to meet him at Nashville. They assembled at the time appointed. They embraced his scheme without a dissentient voice, and separated to carry it into effect. The general issued one of his spirit-stirring addresses, and the yeomen of West Tennessee were eager to mount and follow him to the end of the world. On the last day of January, twenty days after the general had received Mr. Calhoun's dispatch, and twelve days after the meeting of the officers at Nashville, two regiments of mounted men, numbering more than a thousand, assembled at the old rendezvous of Fayetteville, Tennessee, ready to march. One hundred of these went from Nashville alone. Twenty days' rations were ordered to be distributed to this force. They were placed under the command of Inspector-General Hayne, who was directed to march them with all dispatch to Fort Jackson, whence, with a fresh supply of provisions, they were to be led to Fort Scott. General Jackson himself would proceed to Fort Scott at an earlier date by a directer route, and at greater speed, accompanied only by two companies as a "guard." From Fort Scott the combined forces of Tennessee and Georgia, with the regular troops, would sweep down into Florida, and, unless the Spaniards behaved unexpectedly well, overrun that province and hold it for the United States.

On the twenty-second of January, General Jackson and his "guard" left Nashville amid the cheers of the entire population. The distance from Nashville to Fort Scott is about four hundred and fifty miles. In the evening of March 9th, forty-six days after leaving Nashville, he reached Fort Scott with eleven hundred hungry men. No tidings yet of the Tennessee troops under Colonel Hayne! There was no time to spend, however, in waiting or surmis-

ing. The general found himself at Fort Scott in command of two thousand men, and his whole stock of provisions one quart of corn and three rations of meat per man. There was no supply in his rear, for he had swept the country on his line of march of every bushel of corn and every animal fit for food. He had his choice of two courses only—to remain at Fort Scott and starve, or to go forward and find provisions. It is not necessary to say which of these alternatives Andrew Jackson selected. “Accordingly,” he wrote, “having been advised by Colonel Gibson, Quartermaster-General, that he would sail from New Orleans on the 12th of February, with supplies; and being also advised that two sloops with provisions were in the bay, and an officer had been dispatched from Fort Scott in a large keel boat to bring up a part of their loading, and deeming that the preservation of these supplies would be to preserve the army, and enable me to prosecute the campaign, I assumed the command on the morning of the 10th, ordered the livestock to be slaughtered and issued to the troops, with one quart of corn to each man, and the line of march to be taken up at twelve meridian.”

It was necessary to cross the swollen river; an operation which consumed all the afternoon, all the dark night succeeding, and a part of the next morning. Five days' march along the banks of the Appalachicola—past the scene of the massacre of Lieutenant Scott—brought the army to the site of the old Negro Fort on Prospect Bluff. On the way, however, the army, to its great joy, met the ascending boat load of flour, when the men had their first full meal since leaving Fort Early, three weeks before. Upon the site of the Negro Fort, General Jackson ordered his aid, Lieutenant Gadsden, of the engineers, to construct a fortification, which was promptly done, and named by the general, Fort Gadsden, in honor, as he said, of the “talents and indefatigable zeal” of the builder. No news yet of the great flotilla of provisions from New Orleans. “Consequently,” wrote the general, “I put the troops on half rations, and pushed the completion of the fort for the protection of the provisions, in the event of their arrival, intending to march forthwith to the heart of the enemy and endeavor to subsist upon him. In the mean time I dispatched Major Fanning of the corps of artillery, to take another look into the bay, whose return on the morning of the 23d brought the information that Colonel Gibson,

with one gun-boat and three transports and others in sight, were in the bay. On the same night I received other information that no more had arrived. I am therefore apprehensive that some of the smaller vessels have been lost, as one gun-boat went to pieces, and another, when last spoken, had one foot of water in her."

The Tennessee volunteers did not arrive, but had been heard from. "The idea of starvation," wrote General Jackson, "has stalked abroad. A panic appears to have spread itself everywhere." Colonel Hayne had heard that the garrison of Fort Scott were starving, and had passed into Georgia for supplies, despite the willingness of the men, "to risk the worst of consequences on what they had to join me." General Gaines, however, joined the army at Fort Gadsden, though in sorry plight. "In his passage down the Flint," explains Jackson, "he was shipwrecked, by which he lost his assistant adjutant-general, Major C. Wright, and two soldiers drowned. The general reached me six days after, nearly exhausted by hunger and cold, having lost his baggage and clothing, and being compelled to wander in the woods four days and a half without any thing to subsist on, or any clothing except a pair of pantaloons. I am happy to have it in my power to say that he is now with me, at the head of his brigade, in good health."

Nine days passed, and still the general was at Fort Gadsden waiting for the great flotilla. It occurred to him that possibly the governor of Pensacola might have opposed its ascent of the river or molested it in the bay. He wrote a very polite but a very plain letter to the governor on the 25th of March. "I wish it to be distinctly understood," he observed, "that any attempt to interrupt the passage of transports cannot be viewed in any other light than as a hostile act on your part. I will not permit myself for a moment to believe that you would commit an act so contrary to the interests of the king your master. His Catholic Majesty, as well as the government of the United States, are alike interested in chastising a savage foe who have too long warred with impunity against his subjects, as well as the citizens of this republic, and I feel persuaded that every aid which you can give to promote this object will be cheerfully tendered."

The governor in due time replied that he would permit the transports to pass *this time*, on condition of their paying the usual duties, but *never again*. "If extraordinary circumstances," he con-

cluded, "should require any further temporary concessions, not explained in the treaty, I request your excellency to have the goodness to apply in future, for the obtaining of them, to the proper authority, as I, for my part, possess no power whatever in relation thereto."

Before the day closed on which he wrote his plain letter to the governor of Pensacola, he had the pleasure of hearing that the provision flotilla had arrived, and of welcoming to Fort Gadsden its commanding officers, Colonel Gibson of the army, and Captain McKeever of the navy. He was writing a dispatch at the time to the secretary of war, which he hastened to close with this most gratifying intelligence: "I shall move to-morrow," he said, "having made the necessary arrangements with Captain McKeever for his coöperation in transporting my supplies around to the bay of St. Marks, from which place I shall do myself the honor of communicating with you. Should our enemy attempt to escape with his supplies and booty to the small islands, and from thence to carry on a predatory warfare, the assistance of the navy will prevent his escape."

General Jackson on the following day was in full march toward St. Marks. He left Fort Gadsden on the 26th of March, was joined by one regiment of Tennesseans on the 1st of April, and on the same day had a brush with the enemy. A "number" of Indians, we are told in the official report, were discovered engaged in the peaceful employment of "herding cattle." An attack upon these dusky herdsmen was instantly ordered. One American killed and four wounded, fourteen Indians killed and four women prisoners, were the results of this affair. The army advanced upon the town to which the herdsmen belonged, and found it deserted. "On reaching the square, we discovered a red pole planted at the council house, on which was suspended about fifty fresh scalps, taken from the heads of extreme age down to the tender infant, of both sexes, and in an adjacent house those of near three hundred men, which bore the appearance of being the barbarous trophies of settled hostility for three or four years past."*

General Gaines continued the pursuit on the following day, and

* These scalps were doubtless the accumulation of many years and of previous wars. The Seminoles had not taken ten scalps since the war of 1812, exclusive of those of Lieutenant Scott's party.

gathered a prodigious booty. "The red pole," says the adjutant's report, "was again found planted in the square of Fowltown, barbarously decorated with human scalps of both sexes, taken within the last six months from the heads of our unfortunate citizens. General M'Intosh, who was with General Gaines, routed a small party of savages near Fowltown, killed one negro and took three prisoners, on one of whom was found the coat of James Champion, of Captain Cumming's company, fourth regiment of infantry, who was killed by the Indians on board of one of our boats descending the river to the relief of Major Mulenberg. The pocket-book of Mr. Leigh, who was murdered at Cedar Creek on the twenty-first of January last, was found in Kinghajah's town, containing several letters addressed to the deceased, and one to General Glasecock. About one thousand head of cattle fell into our hands, many of which were recognized by the Georgia militia as having brands and marks of their citizens. Near three thousand bushels of corn were found, with other articles useful to the army. Upward of three hundred houses were consumed, leaving a tract of fertile country in ruin, where these wretches might have lived in plenty, but for the vile machinations of *foreign traders*, if not *agents*."

On the sixth of April the army reached St. Marks, and halted in the vicinity of the fort. The general sent in to the governor his aid-decamp, Lieutenant Gadsden, bearing a letter explanatory of his objects and purposes. He had come, he said, "to chastise a savage foe, who, combined with a lawless band of negro brigands, had been for some time past carrying on a cruel and unprovoked war against the citizens of the United States." He had already met and put to flight parties of the hostile Indians. He had received information that those Indians had fled to St. Marks and found protection within its walls; that both Indians and negroes had procured supplies of ammunition there; and that the Spanish garrison, from the smallness of its numbers, was unable to resist the demands of the savages. "To prevent the recurrence of so gross a violation of neutrality, and to exclude our savage enemies from so strong a hold as St. Marks, I deem it expedient to garrison that fortress with American troops until the close of the present war. This measure is justifiable on the immutable principle of self-defense, and cannot but be satisfactory, under existing circumstances, to his Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain."

The governor replied that he had been made to understand General Jackson's letter only with the greatest difficulty, as there was no one within the fort who could properly translate it. He denied that the Indians and negroes had ever obtained supplies, succor, or encouragement from Fort St. Marks. On the contrary, they had menaced the fort with assault because supplies had been refused them. With regard to delivering up the fort intrusted to his care he had no authority to do so, and must write on the subject to his government. Meanwhile he prayed General Jackson to suspend his operations. "The sick your excellency sent in," concluded the polite governor, "are lodged in the royal hospital, and I have afforded them every aid which circumstances admit. I hope your excellency will give me other opportunities of evincing the desire I have to satisfy you. I trust your excellency will pardon my not answering you as soon as requested, for reasons which have been given you by your aiddecamp. I do not accompany this with an English translation, as your excellency desires, because there is no one in the fort capable thereof, but the before-named William Hambly proposes to translate it to your excellency in the best manner he can."

This was delivered to General Jackson on the morning of the 7th of April. He instantly replied to it by taking possession of the fort! The Spanish flag was lowered, the stars and stripes floated from the flag-staff, and American troops took up their quarters within the fortress. The governor made no resistance, and, indeed, could make none. When all was over he sent to General Jackson a formal protest against his proceedings, to which the general briefly replied: "The occupancy of Fort St. Marks by my troops previous to your assenting to the measure became necessary from the difficulties thrown in the way of an amicable adjustment, notwithstanding my assurances that every arrangement should be made to your satisfaction, and expressing a wish that my movements against our common enemy should not be retarded by a tedious negotiation. I again repeat what has been reiterated to you through my aiddecamp, Lieutenant Gadsden, that your personal rights and private property shall be respected, that your situation shall be made as comfortable as practicable while compelled to remain in Fort St. Marks, and that transports shall be furnished as soon as they can be obtained to convey yourself, family, and command, to Pensacola."

Alexander Arbuthnot, a Scotch trader among the Indians, was found within the fort, an inmate of the governor's own quarters. It appears that on the arrival of General Jackson he was preparing to leave St. Marks. His horse, saddled and bridled, was standing at the gate. General Jackson had no sooner taken possession of St. Marks than Arbuthnot became a prisoner. "In Fort St. Marks," wrote General Jackson, "an inmate in the family of the Spanish commandant, an Englishman, by the name of Arbuthnot was found. Unable satisfactorily to explain the object of his visiting this country, and there being a combination of circumstances to justify a suspicion that his views were not honest, he was ordered into close confinement." "

Two noted Indian chiefs, Francis and Himollemico, fell into the general's hands at St. Marks. "The next day after their capture," writes an American officer, "Captain McKeever sent them up to the fort, when General Jackson ordered them to be hanged. Francis was a handsome man, six feet high; would weigh say one hundred and fifty pounds; of pleasing manners; conversed well in English and Spanish; humane in his disposition; by no means barbarous—withal, a model chief. When he was informed that General Jackson had ordered him to be hanged, he said,

"'What! like a dog? Too much. Shoot me, shoot me. I will die willingly if you will let me see General Jackson.'

"'He is not here,' said the officer, 'he is out at the encampment with the army.'

"His hands were then tied behind him, and in the effort to confine him he dropped from the sleeve of his coat a butcher-knife, that he said he had intended to kill General Jackson with if he ever laid his eyes on him. Francis was dressed with a handsome gray frock-coat, a present to him while on his late trip to England. The rest of his dress was Indian. From his appearance, he must have been about forty years of age.

"Himollemico was a savage-looking man, of forbidding countenance, indicating cruelty and ferocity. He was taciturn and morose. He was the chief that captured Lieutenant R. W. Scott with forty men and seven women, about the first of December, 1817, on the Appalachicola. The lieutenant with his whole party (except one woman retaken by General Jackson in the April following) were most inhumanly massacred by order of Himollemico. Lieu-

tenant Scott (as described by the woman prisoner) was tortured in every conceivable manner. Lightwood slivers were inserted into his body and set on fire, and in this way he was kept under torture for the whole day. Lieutenant Scott repeatedly begged and importuned the woman that escaped the slaughter to take a tomahawk and end his pain. But 'no,' said she, 'I would as soon kill myself.' All the while Himollemico stood by, and with a fiendish grin enjoyed the scene."

For two days only the army remained at Fort St. Marks. Suwannee, the far-famed and dread Suwannee, the town of the great chief Boleck, or Bowlegs, the refuge of negroes, was General Jackson's next object. It was one hundred and seven miles from St. Marks, and the route lay through a flat and swampy wilderness, little known, and destitute of forage. On the ninth of April, leaving a strong garrison at the fort, and supplying the troops with rations for eight days, the general again plunged into the forest; the white troops in advance, the Indians, under General McIntosh, a few miles in the rear.

During the night of the twelfth the sentinels heard the lowing of cattle and the barking of dogs. In the morning the country was examined, but no signs of Indians were discovered. Word was sent to McIntosh to scour the country far and wide, and that the main body would await his return, and send him aid if he should come upon any considerable body of the enemy.

McIntosh soon fell in with a party of hostile Seminoles. "I heard," he wrote to General Mitchell, "of Peter McQueen being near the road we were traveling, and I took my warriors and went and fought him. There seemed to be a considerable number collected there. When we first began to fight them they were in a bad swamp, and fought us there for about an hour, when they ran, and we followed them three miles. They fought us in all about three hours. We killed thirty-seven of them, and took ninety-eight women and children and six men prisoners, and about seven hundred head of cattle, and a number of horses, with a good many hogs and some corn. We lost three killed, and had five wounded. Our prisoners tell us that there was one hundred and twenty warriors from six different towns."

General Jackson added in his own dispatch that McIntosh killed three of the enemy with his own hands and captured one.

The army resumed its march toward the Suwannee, wading through extensive sheets of water ; the horses starving for want of forage, and giving out daily in large numbers. Late in the afternoon of the third day after the last skirmish the troops reached a "remarkable pond," which the Indian guides said was only six miles from Suwannee town. "Here," says the general, "I should have halted for the night had not six mounted Indians (supposed to be spies) who were discovered, effected their escape. This determined me to attempt, by a forced movement, to prevent the removal of their effects, and, if possible, themselves from crossing the river, for my rations being out, it was all important to secure their supplies for the subsistence of my troops." At sunset, accordingly, the lines were formed, and the whole army rushed forward.

But the prey had been forewarned ! A letter from Arbuthnot to his son had reached the place, and had been explained to Bowlegs, who had been ever since employed in sending the women and children across the broad Suwannee into those inaccessible retreats which render Florida the best place in the world for such warfare as Indians wage.

The troops reached the vicinity of the town, and, in a few minutes, drove out the enemy and captured the place.

The pursuit was continued on the following morning by General Gaines ; but the foe had vanished by a hundred paths, and were no more seen.

In the evening of April 17th the whole army encamped on the level banks of the Suwannee. In the dead of night an incident occurred which can here be related in the language of the same young Tennessee officer who has already narrated for us the capture of the chiefs and their execution. Fortunately for us, he kept a journal of the campaign. This journal, written at the time partly with a decoction of roots, and partly with the blood of the journalist,* for ink was not attainable, lay for forty years among his papers, and was copied at length by the obliging hand of his daughter for the readers of these pages. "About midnight," wrote our journalist, "of April 18th, the repose of the army, then bivouacked on the plains of the old town of Suwannee, was suddenly disturbed by the

* J. B. Rodgers, Esq., of South Rock Island, Tennessee.

deep-toned report of a musket, instantly followed by the sharp crack of the American rifle. The signal to arms was given, and where but a moment before could only be heard the measured tread of the sentinels and the low moaning of the long-leaved pines, now stood five thousand men, armed, watchful, and ready for action. The cause of the alarm was soon made known. Four men, two whites and two negroes, had been captured while attempting to enter the camp. They were taken in charge by the guard, and the army again sank to such repose as war allows her votaries. When morning came it was ascertained that the prisoners were Robert C. Ambrister, a white attendant named Peter B. Cook, and two negro servants—Ambrister, being a nephew of the English governor, Cameron, of the Island of New Providence, an ex-lieutenant of British marines, and suspected of being engaged in the business of counseling and furnishing munitions of war to the Indians, in furtherance of their contest with the United States. Ignorant of the situation of the American camp, he had blundered into it while endeavoring to reach Suwannee town to meet the Indians, being also unaware that the latter had been driven thence on the previous day by Jackson.

“Receiving information as to the character and business of Ambrister, and learning from Ambrister’s attendant that his headquarters were on board Arbuthnot’s vessel, then lying at anchor at the mouth of Suwannee river, about one hundred miles distant, and from which he, Ambrister, had just come, General Jackson immediately dispatched Lieutenant Gadsden (in later years minister to Mexico) to seize the vessel, with the twofold object of obtaining the vessel for the transport of his sick and wounded back to St. Marks, and of securing further information relative to the plans and business of the prisoner.”

Ambrister was conducted to St. Marks and placed in confinement, together with his companions. The fact that through Arbuthnot the Suwannee people had escaped, and rendered the last swift march comparatively fruitless, was calculated, it must be owned, to exasperate the mind of General Jackson.

The Seminole war, so called, was over—for the time. On the 20th of April the Georgia troops marched homeward to be disbanded. On the 24th, General McIntosh and his brigade of Indians were dismissed. On the 25th, General Jackson, with his Tennes-

seans and regulars, was again at Fort St. Marks. It was forty-six days since he had entered Florida, and thirteen weeks since he left Nashville.

General Jackson, in the conduct of this campaign, had exercised imperial functions. He had raised troops by a method unknown to the laws. He had invaded the dominions of a king who was at peace with the United States. He had seized a fortress of that province, expelled its garrison, and garrisoned it with his own troops. He had assumed the dread prerogative of dooming men to death without trial. All this may have been right. But if he had been Andrew I., by the grace of God, Emperor of the United States, could he have done more? Could the autocrat of all the Russias, leading an expedition into Circassia, do more? Would any recent autocrat of Russia have done as much?

One more act of imperial authority remained to be performed. General Jackson, on his homeward march, halted at the fortress of St. Marks, to decide the fate of the prisoners, Ambrister and Arbuthnot. He had determined to accord them the indulgence of a trial, and now selected for that purpose a "special court" of fourteen officers, who were ordered to "record all the documents and testimony in the several cases, and their opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, and what punishment, if any, should be inflicted."

At noon, on the 28th of April, the court convened. The members were sworn and Arbuthnot was arraigned. The charges brought against him were three in number. **FIRST CHARGE.**—Exciting the Creek Indians to war against the United States. **SECOND CHARGE.**—Acting as a spy, aiding and comforting the enemy, and supplying them with the means of war. **THIRD CHARGE.**—Exciting the Indians to murder and destroy William Hambly and Edmund Doyle, and causing their arrest, with a view to their condemnation to death, and the seizure of their property, on account of their active and zealous exertions to maintain peace between Spain, the United States, and the Indians, they being citizens of the Spanish government.

The evidence adduced was of two kinds, documentary and personal. The letters and papers that were found on board the prisoner's schooner were all submitted to the court. They proved that the prisoner had sympathized with the Seminoles; that he had

considered them an injured people; that he had written many letters entreating the interference in their behalf of English, Spanish, and American authorities; that he had given them notice of the approach of General Jackson's army, and advised them to fly; that he had, on all occasions, exerted whatever influence he possessed to induce the Indians to live in peace with one another and with their neighbors.

Arbuthnot in his defense called the captain of his vessel, who testified that no arms had been brought to the province by the prisoner, and but small quantities of powder and lead, and that Ambrister had seized the prisoner's schooner and used it for purposes of his own. Arbuthnot's address to the court at the conclusion of the trial, was respectful, calm, and able. He commented chiefly upon the hearsay character of the evidence. The "trial" over, the prisoner was removed, and the court deliberated. Two-thirds of the court concurred in the following opinion and sentence: "The court, after mature deliberation on the evidence adduced, find the prisoner, A. Arbuthnot, guilty of the first charge, and guilty of the second charge, leaving out the words, 'acting as a spy:' and, after mature reflection, sentence him, A. Arbuthnot, to be suspended by the neck until he is dead."

Ambrister was next arraigned. We need not dwell upon his trial. He was accused of aiding and comforting the enemy, and of "levying war against the United States," by assuming command of the Indians, and ordering a party of them "to give battle to an army of the United States." It was proved against Ambrister that he had come to Florida "on Woodbine's business," which, he said, was to "see the negroes righted;" that he had captured Arbuthnot's schooner, plundered his store, and distributed its contents among his negro and Indian followers; that he had written to New Providence asking that arms and ammunition might be sent to the Indians; and that he had sent a party to "oppose" the American invasion; the last-named fact was proved by a sentence in one of his own letters to the governor of New Providence. "I expect," wrote Ambrister, March 20th, 1818, "that the Americans and Indians will attack us daily. *I have sent a party of men to oppose them.*"

The prisoner made no formal defense, but merely remarked, that "inasmuch as the testimony which was introduced in this case was

very explicit, and went to every point the prisoner could wish, he has nothing further to offer in his defense, but puts himself upon the mercy of the honorable court."

The honorable court pronounced him guilty of the principal charge, and sentenced him to be shot. But, we are told, "One of the members of the court, requesting a reconsideration of his vote on the sentence, the sense of the court was taken thereon, and decided in the affirmative, when the vote was again taken, and the court sentenced the prisoner to receive fifty stripes on his bare back, and to be confined with a ball and chain to hard labor for twelve calendar months."

The trials, which began at noon on the twenty-sixth, terminated late in the evening of the twenty-eighth; when the proceedings of the court were submitted to the commanding general. On the following morning, before the dawn of day, General Jackson and the main body of his army were in full march for Fort Gadsden. He left at St. Marks a garrison of American troops. The following order with regard to the court and the prisoners it had tried, issued just before his departure, was dated, "Camp four miles north of St. Marks, April 29, 1818."

"The commanding general approves the finding and sentence of the court in the case of A. Arbuthnot, and approves the finding and first sentence of the court in the case of Robert C. Ambrister, and disapproves the reconsideration of the sentence of the honorable court in this case.

"It appears, from the evidence and pleading of the prisoner, that he did lead and command within the territory of Spain (being a subject of Great Britain) the Indians in war against the United States, those nations being at peace. It is an established principle of the laws of nations, that any individual of a nation making war against the citizens of any other nation, they being at peace, forfeits his allegiance, and becomes an outlaw and pirate. This is the case of Robert C. Ambrister, clearly shown by the evidence adduced.

"The commanding general orders that Brevet-Major A. C. W. Fanning, of the corps of artillery, will have, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, A. M., A. Arbuthnot suspended by the neck with a rope until he is *dead*, and Robert C. Ambrister to be shot to *death*, agreeable to the sentence of the court.

"John James Arbuthnot will be furnished with a passage to Pensacola by the first vessel.

"The special court, of which Brevet Major-General E. P. Gaines is president, is dissolved." •

The sentences of the general were immediately executed. It is difficult to characterize aright this deplorable tragedy. The execution of Arbuthnot, apart from all extenuating circumstances, was an act of such complicated and unmitigated atrocity, that to call it murder would be to defame all ordinary murderers. He was put to death for acts every one of which was innocent, and some of which were eminently praiseworthy. Even Ambrister's fault was one which General Jackson himself would have been certain to commit in the same circumstances. He sent a party to "oppose" the invasion of the province; and even his seizure of Arbuthnot's schooner seems to have been done to provide his followers with the means of defense. Arbuthnot was convicted upon the evidence of men who had the strongest interest in his conviction. And who presided over the court? Was it not General Gaines, whose treatment of the Fowltown warriors, first arrogant and then precipitate, was the direct cause of the war and all its horrors?

Of all the men concerned in this tragedy, General Jackson was, perhaps, the least blameworthy. We can survey the transaction in its completeness, but he could not. He carried out of the war of 1812 the bitterest recollections of Nichols and Woodbine, who had given protection, succor, and honor to the fugitive Creeks. A train of circumstances led him to the conclusion that Arbuthnot and Ambrister were still doing the work in Florida that Nichols and Woodbine had begun in 1814. He expressly says, in one of his dispatches, that, at the beginning of his operations, he was "strongly impressed with the belief that this Indian war had been excited by some unprincipled foreign agents," and that the Seminoles were too weak in numbers to have undertaken the war, unless they had received assurances of foreign support. Woodbine had actually been in Florida the summer before, brought thither by Arbuthnot. To the "machinations" of these men General Jackson attributed the massacre of Lieutenant Scott, and considered them equally guilty. They were at length in his power, and he then selected fourteen of his officers to examine the evidence against them. After three days' investigation those officers brought in a

verdict that accorded exactly with his own previous convictions, as well as with the representations of men who surrounded his person and had an interest in confirming his impressions.

He never wavered in his opinion that the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister was just and necessary. In a dispatch to the secretary of war, written a few days after the execution, he wrote: "I hope the execution of these two unprincipled villains will prove an awful example to the world, and convince the government of Great Britain, as well as her subjects, that certain, if slow, retribution awaits those unchristian wretches who, by false promises, delude and excite an Indian tribe to all the horrid deeds of savage war." Benjamin F. Butler said, in his eulogy of Jackson, delivered in New York after the death of the general: "Having mentioned this incident, I feel it right to state my entire conviction that in this, as in every other act of his public life, he proceeded under a deep sense of what he believed to be the injunction of duty; and duty was ever to him as the voice of heaven. 'My God would not have smiled on me,' was his characteristic remark, when speaking of this affair to him who addresses you, 'had I punished only the poor ignorant savages, and spared the white men who set them on.'"

This is not a justification, for it is not permitted to any man to make mistakes of the kind that cost human lives. The execution of Ambrister had some slight shadow of justice, but that of poor Arbuthnot had none; and the violent death of that worthy old man must remain a blot upon the memory of Andrew Jackson. The executions created in England such general and extreme indignation, that nothing but the prudence of the ministry prevented a war between the two countries. At home these sad events were little understood, and after a debate of a whole month upon them in Congress, the conduct of the general was approved.

The rest of the campaign is related in a private letter by General Jackson to one of his oldest friends. We learn from it that the Spanish governor himself had a narrow escape from sharing the fate of Arbuthnot. "I returned to Fort Gadsden," wrote the general, "when, preparing to disband the militia force, I received information that five hundred and fifty Indians had collected in Pensacola, was fed by the governor, and a party furnished by the governor had issued forth and in one night slaughtered eighteen of our citizens, and that another party had, with the knowledge of the governor,

and being furnished by him, went out publicly, murdered a Mr. Stokes and family, and had in open day returned to Pensacola and sold the booty, among which was the clothing of Mrs. Stokes. This statement was corroborated by a report of Governor Bibbs. I was also informed that the provisions I had ordered for the supply of Fort Crawford and my army on board the United States schooner *Amelia* was seized and delivered at Pensacola. With a general detachment of regulars and six hundred Tennesseans I marched for Pensacola. While on my march thither I was met by a protest of the governor of Pensacola ordering me out of the Floridas, or he would oppose force to force and drive me out of the territory of Spain. This bold" (and he might have added *Jacksonian*) "measure of the governor, who had alleged weakness as the cause of his non-fulfillment of the treaty with the United States, when united with the facts stated, and of which then I had positive proof, that at that time a large number of the hostile Indians were then in Pensacola, who I had dispersed east of the Appalachicola, unmasked the duplicity of the governor and his having aided and abetted the Indians in the war against us. I hastened my steps, entered Pensacola, took possession of my supplies. The governor had fled from the city to the Barrancas, where he had thoroughly fortified himself.

"I demanded possession of the garrison to be held by American troops until a guarantee should be given for the fulfillment of the safety of the frontier. This was refused.

"I approached the Barrancas with one nine-pound piece and five eight-inch howitzers. They opened their batteries upon me. It was returned spiritedly, and the white flag went up in the evening, and the capitulation entered into which you have seen. It is true I had my ladders ready to go over the walls, which, I believe, the garrison discovered, and was afraid of a night attack and surrendered. When the flag was hoisted they had three hundred men in the garrison, and the others were sent out in the night across the bay before I got possession.

"Thus, sir, I have given you a concise statement of the facts, and all I regret is that I had not stormed the works, captured the governor, put him on his trial for the murder of Stokes and his family, and hung him for the deed. I could adopt no other way to '*put an end to the war*' but by possessing myself of the strongholds that

was a refuge to the enemy, and affording them the means of offense. The officers of Spain having by their acts, identifying themselves with our enemy, become such, and by the law of nations, subjected themselves to be treated as such. Self defense justified me in every act I did. I will stand justified before God and all Europe."

Further details of the capture of Pensacola need not be given, for we have already lingered too long in Florida. Between General Jackson and the governor of Pensacola a vast amount of hostile correspondence passed—the general accusing, the governor denying—the general sending statements and affidavits, the governor retorting by the solemn asseverations of his officers. The letters and documents relating to this single affair would fill one hundred of these pages, but they were mere variations upon the single theme, "You did"—"I did not."

Five days after the surrender of the Barrancas, General Jackson was ready to return homeward. He left in Pensacola a sufficient garrison of American troops under the command of Colonel King.

The general was received on his return to Nashville with enthusiastic demonstrations of regard. A public dinner was given him, at which toasts, approving the late events in Florida, were received with the greatest applause.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A GOVERNOR IN THE CALABOOSE.

IN 1821 when Florida, after some years of negotiation, was ceded to the United States, General Jackson was appointed governor of that territory by President Monroe. He accepted the appointment, resigned his commission in the army, and set out on his journey. Delays vexatious, but unavoidable, occurred in the delivery of the province, and, even after he had taken possession, the governor was in the worst possible humor. Mrs. Jackson, who accompanied her fiery lord on this occasion, wrote home in August: "There never was a man more disappointed than the general has been. In the first place he has not the power to appoint one of

his friends ; which, I thought, was in part the reason of his coming. But far has it exceeded every calculation ; it has almost taken his life. Captain Call says it is equal to the Seminole campaign ; well I knew it would be a ruining concern ; I shall not pretend to describe the toils, fatigue, and trouble ; those Spaniards had as leave die as give up their country. He has had terrible scenes ; the governor has been put in the calaboose ; which is a terrible thing, really."

Yes, the Spanish governor had indeed been put into the calaboose ; Colonel Callava, who, of all the governors of Pensacola, was by far the most agreeable and the most respectable character. He was a Castilian, of a race akin to the Saxon, of light complexion, a handsome, well-grown man, of dignified presence and refined manners. He won rapid promotion by good service in the Peninsular war, and was a colonel and a governor before he was forty years of age. After the surrender of his town to General Jackson, he still retained, as he supposed, the office of Spanish commissioner, and continued to reside in the place, to superintend the embarkation of artillery, and other unfinished business. With the officers of the fourth regiment, which formed the American garrison of Pensacola, he was a favorite, and was frequently invited by them to entertainments. Nor were the American ladies in the town averse to the society of the handsome Castilian ; though most of them found it difficult to converse with a gentlemen whose ignorance of the English language was as complete as their ignorance of Spanish.

If an angel from heaven had appeared to General Jackson in the guise of a Spanish governor he would not have liked him—so rooted was his prejudice against Spanish governors. And that Spanish governor from heaven would have found it difficult to so far forget or overlook what General Jackson had formerly done in Florida as to regard the general with an entirely friendly eye. The presence, therefore, of Colonel Callava in Pensacola—particularly after what had occurred previous to the surrender—furnished the material for a grand explosion, provided the governor and the ex-governor should by any accident come into collision.

A collision was destined to occur, and a worthy gentleman of General Jackson's own household was to be its innocent and astonished cause.

On his journey to Florida, General Jackson fell in with a young lawyer and scholar, Mr. Henry M. Brackenridge, of Pennsylvania, who was also on his way to Pensacola. Mr. Brackenridge, who had already distinguished himself as a reviewer, author, and pamphleteer, and had held a foreign appointment, had been assured by the president that he should not be forgotten in the distribution of the Florida offices, and he was going to the new territory upon that assurance. As he was an accomplished linguist, particularly well versed in the Spanish and French languages, General Jackson, who needed the assistance of just such a gentleman, invited him to become a member of his official family, and to aid him in forming his government. The invitation was gladly accepted by Mr. Brackenridge, and most of the dispatches and proclamations, signed by General Jackson during his brief tenure of office in Florida, were penned by him. In after years, we may add, Mr. Brackenridge became Judge Brackenridge, and a member of Congress; and he still lives, in honorable retirement in his native state, to serve the reader of these pages by contributing to them from the stores of his memory.

After the exchange of flags, General Jackson appointed Mr. Brackenridge to the office of alcalde of Pensacola, part of whose duty it was to receive from the Spanish authorities, and preserve, the papers and records relating to private property. By the terms of the treaty all such documents were to be given over to the authorities of the United States.

For the complete understanding of the comedy about to be unfolded, it is necessary to introduce to the reader another of the persons of the drama—Elijius Fromentin, Judge of the United States for West Florida. These, then, were the principal actors: General Jackson, Colonel Callava, Alcalde Brackenridge, and Judge Fromentin. The subordinate characters were numerous, but do not need particular introduction. There was, also, a large force of supernumeraries, such as Spanish officers, American soldiers, awe-struck Creoles, terrified populace, excited Americans, and ladies in a state of consternation.

SCENE I.—Alcalde Brackenridge in his office. Enter a quadroom woman, with a bundle of papers in her hand. The quadroom states her business with the alcalde.

“You see before you, sir” (she said, in substance), “a woman

robbed of her inheritance by wicked and powerful men. I am one of the heirs of Nicholas Maria Vidal, who died in Florida so long ago as the year 1807, leaving large possessions—a tract of sixteen thousand acres at Baton Rouge, besides valuable property in Pensacola. The estate fell into the hands of the great commercial house of Forbes & Co., represented here by Mr. Innerarity. They will not disgorge, illustrious alcalde. We, the lawful heirs of the deceased Vidal, have petitioned, and petitioned, and petitioned; but always in vain. Our petitions have been granted in word, but not in effect. Governors of Pensacola have ordered Forbes & Co. to render an account of their stewardship; but that powerful house laughs at governors, and we are still kept out of our inheritance. At this time, Señor Alcalde, we are about to lose all hope; for the papers upon which we depend for the gaining of our rights are about to be carried away to Havana. They are in the custody of one Domingo Sousa, an officer under Colonel Callava. Sousa will permit us, he says, to copy the papers, which consist of hundreds of pages of manuscript; but we are poor and can not pay the expense of copying. Now, we throw ourselves upon the justice of the American government, and beg that our papers may not be carried out of the province, and that our inheritance may be given to us.”

The tender heart of the alcalde was touched by this recital. He examined the papers brought by the woman. They appeared to confirm her story. It was evident that the papers in the possession of Sousa belonged to the class of documents which, by the treaty of cession, were to be left in Florida. The alcalde determined that, as far as in him lay, he would cause justice to be done to the heirs of Vidal. The papers should not be carried off, at least.

SCENE II.—General Jackson in his office. The alcalde enters. The alcalde repeats the piteous tale of the quadroon, and the soul of General Jackson swells with virtuous indignation as he listens to the story. He, too, resolves that the papers shall be rescued from Sousa's strong box, and the wrongs of the heirs righted. Yes—by the Eternal!

“But stop, Mr. Alcalde. This is a serious matter, and may lead to important consequences. We will have every thing put into writing. Prepare a written application to me, as governor of the territory, for authority to demand the papers from Domingo Sousa.”

The alcalde obeyed. The governor, in turn, drew up the requisite order, addressed to three gentlemen, Alcalde Brackenridge, George Walton, Secretary of West Florida, and John Miller, Clerk of the County Court.

SCENE III.—An apartment in the house of Don Domingo Sousa. Enter Messrs. Brackenridge, Walton, and Miller, received by Don Domingo with profound salutations. They make known their errand. Señor Sousa, at once, acknowledged that he had in his possession two boxes of papers, but they belonged to the military tribunal and to the revenue department, and had no connection with private property. In testimony whereof, he produced the boxes and permitted the commissioners to examine their contents. Most of the papers proved to be of the character which Señor Sousa had represented them to be; but in one of the boxes the documents relating to the estate of Nicholas Maria Vidal were found. The commissioners demanded those documents. Señor Sousa replied that he was but the servant of Colonel Callava, who had placed these boxes in his custody, and that, without an order from Colonel Callava, he could not in honor deliver up any part of their contents. The commissioners presented to him a written demand for the papers, to which Señor Sousa returned a written refusal.

Exeunt commissioners. Don Domingo Sousa, with the assistance of a negro servant, conveyed the boxes in haste to the house of Colonel Callava, and hopes he has washed his hands of them.

SCENE IV.—At the office of General Jackson. The general receives the report of the commissioners, and is filled with indignation at Sousa's audacity. He issues an order to the following effect: "Colonel Robert Butler, of the army of the United States, and Colonel John Miller, clerk of the county of Escambia, are hereby commanded forthwith to proceed to seize the body of the said Domingo Sousa, together with the said papers, and bring him and them before me, at my office immediately, to the end that he then and there answer such interrogatories as may be put to him; and to comply with such order and decree touching the said documents and records, as the rights of the individuals may require and the justice of the case demand."

The astonished Sousa is soon brought in a prisoner, and subjected to a rigorous questioning. He could only reply that he had taken the papers to the house of Colonel Callava, and there left

them, in the absence of Callava, in charge of the major-domo, whose name was Fullarat. General Jackson ordered Sousa to be conducted under military guard to Colonel Callava, to procure the papers, to bring them to him, in default of which he was to be committed to the calaboose, and therein confined until the delivery of the papers. Lieutenant Sousa departs under guard.

SCENE V. A dining-room at the head-quarters of the fourth regiment. A large party seated at the dinner table, among them Colonel Brooke of the fourth regiment, Captain Kearney of the United States navy, Judge Fromentin, Mrs. Brooke, and other ladies, Colonel Callava, and a number of Spanish officers. A noise heard without. Enter, Domingo Sousa, in a state of wild excitement, demanding to see his chief, Colonel Callava, and exclaiming, "They are conducting me to prison."

"For what cause?" inquired Colonel Callava, rising from the table.

Sousa explains. Colonel Callava then ordered his aiddecamp to go to Don Andrew Jackson, and inform him that Sub-Lieutenant Sousa was indeed one of his officers, and had no authority to deliver the papers intrusted to him. If Don Andrew would only address himself to him, Colonel Callava, Don Andrew should have every satisfaction.

Exeunt Sousa and the officers in whose custody he was. Exit the aiddecamp. Exit Colonel Callava stricken with indigestion. Colonel Callava goes home in agony. Dinner party disperses. Mrs. Brooke compassionate. Sousa is conducted to the calaboose.

SCENE VI.—The office of General Jackson. The general has been informed of the result of the interview between Sousa and his colonel. The blood of the terrible Don Andrew is now thoroughly up. He will have the papers before he sleeps, or know the reason why. He writes the following brief but ominous order, addressed to Colonel Brooke: "Sir, you will furnish an officer, sergeant, corporal, and twenty men, and direct the officer to call on me by half-past eight o'clock, P. M., for orders. They will have their arms and accouterments complete, with twelve rounds of ammunition."

At the time appointed, Lieutenant Mountz, of the fourth regiment, with a file of twenty men, arrived at the office of Governor Jackson and waited for further orders. The irate governor proceeded with much circumspection. His orders were that Colonel

Robert Butler, of the army, Dr. Bronaugh, and Alcalde Brackenridge, should proceed to the house of Colonel Callava, accompanied by the troops, and demand the papers. If Colonel Callava gave them up, well; if not Lieutenant Mountz was ordered "immediately to take the said Colonel Callava and his steward Fullarat into custody and bring them before me, to answer such interrogatories as are required by the circumstances attending the case."

SCENE VII.—At the residence of Don José Callava, Colonel in the Spanish army and ex-governor of Pensacola. The papers were formally demanded. Whether Colonel Callava would not or could not understand the affair, is not quite certain; but he could not be induced to give up the papers. "One of the three," wrote Callava, afterward, "presented himself in my house, and gave me an abstract, written on a half sheet of paper, in the English language, and signed *Alcalde Brackenridge*. I took it; I told him that I should have it translated, and should reply to it; he went away; I gave it to the interpreter at that hour, which was nine at night, and sought repose on the bed: but, a while after, and without further preliminaries, a party of troops, with the commissioners, assaulted the house, breaking the fence (notwithstanding the door was open), and the commissioners entered my apartment; they surrounded my bed with soldiers with drawn bayonets in their hands, they removed the mosquito net, they made me sit up, and demanded *the papers, or they would use the arms against my person*. It ought to be remarked that, of the three, only one spoke and understood a little of the Spanish language; he was the only interpreter, and I neither speak nor understood one word of English."

The American commissioners, in their report, said: "We again demanded the papers, reiterating our sentiments, that his refusal would be viewed as an act of open mutiny to the civil authority exercised in the Floridas, and that he must expect the consequences. He persisted to refuse, and the officer of the guard was ordered to take him and his steward Fullarat into custody and bring them before your excellency, which is now done. We would add, in conclusion, that Colonel Callava repeatedly asserted that he would not be taken out of his house alive, but he seemed to act without much difficulty when the guard was ordered to prime and load."

SCENE VIII.—Again at the office of General Jackson. Time about ten in the evening. Present, a great crowd of excited spec-

tators. Colonel Callava, the alcalde, Colonel Butler, and Dr. Bronaugh, enter the apartment, and General Jackson politely waves Colonel Callava to a seat. A scene of the utmost violence ensued, and continued for two hours. One of the Spanish officers present gives a curious account of what occurred: "The governor, Don Andrew Jackson, with turbulent and violent actions, with disjointed reasonings, blows on the table, his mouth foaming, and possessed with the furies, told the Spanish commissary to deliver the papers as a private individual; and the Spanish commissary, with the most forcible expressions, answered him that he (the commissary) did not resist the delivery of papers, because he still did not know what papers were demanded of him; that, as soon as he could know it, if they were to be delivered, he would deliver them most cheerfully; and that, if papers were demanded of him which he ought not to deliver, he would resist it by the regular and prescribed means; that all these questions were not put to him in writing; that his answers were the same as he had given to every interrogatory which had been put to him, because he was not permitted to write in his own defense; and also, that he would answer for the future consistency of it, as well as what had been asked of him, and all that had been done to him; that he wished for this protection of the law to every man; and that he would never yield.

"The governor, Don Andrew Jackson, furious, did not permit the interpreter to translate what the Spanish commissary answered, that the bystanders, it appears, might not understand it; and the interpreter made such short translations that what the Spanish commissary took two minutes to explain he reduced to only two words; and that, when the governor gave him time enough (as has been since related by various persons who spoke both languages), of what the Spanish commissary said, not even half was interpreted, and that little not faithfully. Lastly, the governor, Don Andrew Jackson, after having insulted the Spanish commissary with atrocious words, took out an order, already written, and made the interpreter read it, and it contained the order for his imprisonment.

"The Spanish commissary said that he obeyed it, but asked if the governor, Don Andrew Jackson, was not afraid to put in execution deeds so unjust against a man like him; and, rising to his feet, he addressed himself to the secretary, whom the governor kept on his right hand, and said, in a loud voice, that he protested solemnly,

before the government of the United States, against the author of the violations of justice against his person and public character.

"The governor, Don Andrew Jackson, answered to the protest that for his actions he was responsible to no other than to his government, and that it was of little importance to him whatever might be the result, and that he might even protest before God himself."

SCENE IX.—After midnight. An uninclosed place in Pensacola, with a narrow, low, small brick building in the midst thereof, similar in size and appearance to an old brick stable. This building was the calaboose. It had served, for some time, as a guard-house; giving shelter to twenty or thirty Spanish soldiers, whose occupation of it had not improved its appearance within or without. In short, the calaboose was as forlorn, dirty, and uncomfortable an edifice as can be imagined. It contained two prisoners, Lieutenant Sousa and a young man from New Jersey, who had been arrested for shooting a snipe on the common, contrary to orders. Colonel Callava, his major-domo, and all the Spanish officers in the town, escorted by Lieutenant Mountz and a file of American troops, arrive at the calaboose. All the Spaniards enter. Sentinels are posted outside.

Upon getting within the calaboose, Colonel Callava, who was really a good fellow, was seized with a sense of the ludicrousness of his situation, and communicated the same to his officers. Peals of laughter were heard within the calaboose. Clothes, chairs, cots, beds, were sent for and brought in, also a superabundant supply of provisions, including cigars, claret, and champagne. There was a popping of corks and a gurgling of wine. There were songs, jokes, imitations of the fiery governor, and great merriment. In short, Colonel Callava and his officers made a night of it.

SCENE X.—Very early the next morning. At the residence of Judge Fromentin. "My house," wrote the judge to the secretary of state, "was soon filled with people of all descriptions and languages," and all were clamoring for his interference in behalf of the imprisoned ex-governor. But what could he do? How procure even a copy of the warrant upon which Callava had been arrested? In the course of the morning four Spanish gentlemen of the highest respectability, among whom were Innerarity and two Catholic priests, made a formal demand of a writ of *habeas corpus* for the deliverance of Callava. "Although," continued Judge Fromentin, "I do not believe a word of what is attempted to be laid in the

charge of Colonel Callava, yet, in consequence of the state of agitation into which the whole country was thrown, I deemed it a duty under the discretionary power vested in all the judges, who have a right to grant the writ of *habeas corpus*, to require security, and I informed the friends of Colonel Callava who applied to me for the writ that I would, before setting Colonel Callava at liberty, require security for the production before me of the papers said to be in his possession. Security was offered to any amount. I mentioned forty thousand dollars; Colonel Callava himself in twenty thousand, and the two securities in ten thousand dollars each. Mr. Lama and Mr. Innerarity agreed to become securities. I then issued the writ and delivered it to be served on the officer who had the guard of the prison where Colonel Callava was confined."

That officer courteously received the writ, but observed that no notice would be taken of it. He handed the document to his superior officer, who conveyed it to Governor Jackson.

SCENE XI.—Office of General Jackson. Present, the general, the alcalde, and various American officers and citizens. The question now occurred, What next? Callava was in prison, Sousa was in prison, Fullarat was in prison; but the PAPERS were still in a sealed and corded box at Callava's house. Pensacola had, so far, been convulsed to no purpose. The learned alcalde then suggested that the next thing to do was to send commissioners to the residence of Colonel Callava, take the papers out of the box, and bring them to the governor. The suggestion was approved and adopted. The commissioners soon returned with the papers. The object of the governor was accomplished.

The question again rose, What next? Obviously, the discharge of the prisoners. This proposal also met the governor's approbation. The order for the discharge was written, signed, and about to be issued, when, what should the governor receive but the writ of *habeas corpus* granted by Judge Fromentin! Fire and fury! Terrible was the wrath of General Jackson at this interference with his proceedings. The order for the discharge of the prisoners, however, was issued, and Callava was conducted to his house and released. Sousa, Fullarat, and the snipe-shooter were also set free. With regard to Judge Fromentin, the general sent him a written order to appear that afternoon at five o'clock at the office of the governor.

SCENE XII.—Judge Fromentin did not appear at the office of General Jackson at five, P. M., but sent an excuse to the effect that he was suffering under so severe an attack of rheumatism that he could not walk. He waited, during the evening, in momentary expectation of being carried away to the calaboose by a file of soldiers. That felicity was denied him, however, and he slept undisturbed.

“The next day,” says Judge Fromentin in his official narrative, “about noon, Colonel Walton returned, and observed that both the general and myself must be desirous of making a report of this affair to the government by the next mail; that there was no time to be lost; and that it was the general’s wish that I should call at his office the next day. Accordingly, at four o’clock, P. M., I went to the office of General Jackson. The conversation, as you may suppose, was nearly all on one side, not unmingled with threats of what he said he had a right to do for my having dared to interfere with his authority. He asked me whether I would dare to issue a writ to be served upon the captain-general of the island of Cuba? I told him, no; but that if the case should require it, and I had the necessary jurisdiction, I would issue one to be served upon the president of the United States. Ultimately, he wished to know the names of the persons who had applied for the writ of *habeas corpus*. I unhesitatingly told them to him. Then he wished to know whether they had made the usual affidavit, stating that they had been refused a copy of the warrant upon which Colonel Callava was confined. I told him, no; that the application to me was a verbal one. General Jackson then required me to sign what I had just declared; I told him I was ready to do it, and I did it accordingly; Dr. Bronaugh, who was present at the conversation, having reduced that part of it to writing. Much more was said by the general respecting the extent of his powers, the happy selection made of him by the president, the hope that no living man should ever in future be clothed with such extraordinary authority. How fortunate it was for the poor that a man of his feelings had been placed at the head of the government, etc., etc., etc., the whole intermingled with, or rather consisting altogether of the most extravagant praises of himself, and the most savage and unmerited abuse of Colonel Callava, and of myself for doing my duty in attempting to set him at liberty. The first time the authority of General Jackson is contested, I should

not be surprised if, to all the pompous titles by him enumerated in his order to me, he should superadd that of grand inquisitor; and if, finding in my library many books formerly prohibited in Spain, and among others the constitution of the United States, he should send me to the stake."

Other accounts represent this scene to have been an extremely stormy one. General Jackson himself says that he gave the judge a "lecture" which he hoped he would remember; and in his dispatch to the secretary of state, he denounces the hapless judge in terms of unmeasured severity.

FINALE.—A few days after his liberation Colonel Callava left Florida for Washington, to protest against the indignity done him. Several of his officers who remained behind published a statement of the late proceedings; in the course of which they said that "none of the interrogatories and highly offensive accusations of the general were faithfully interpreted to Colonel Callava, any more than the replies of the latter to the former. It was therefore out of the power of our chief, not knowing what was said to him, to make the auditory understand how innocent he was of the foul charges with which his unsullied honor was endeavored to be stained." They also observed that they "shuddered" at the violent and tyrannical course of General Jackson.

Upon reading this statement (which was, in fact, a reply to one issued on the part of the governor), General Jackson published a proclamation to the following effect: "Whereas, the said publication is calculated to excite resistance to the existing government of the Floridas, and to disturb the harmony, peace, and good order of the same, as well as to weaken the allegiance enjoined by my proclamation, heretofore published, and entirely incompatible with any privileges which could have been extended to the said officers, even if permission had been expressly given to remain in the said province, and, under existing circumstances, a gross abuse of the lenity and indulgence heretofore extended to them:

"This is therefore to make known to the said officers to withdraw themselves, as they ought heretofore to have done, from the Floridas, agreeably to the said seventh article, on or before the third day of October next; after which day, if they, or any of them, shall be found within the Floridas, all officers, civil and military, are hereby required to arrest and secure them, so that they may be brought

before me, to be dealt with according to law, for contempt and disobedience of this my proclamation."

This proclamation allowed the officers four days in which to prepare for their departure. They sailed on the fourth day, leaving behind them for insertion in the *Floridian* another protest; which, that paper refusing to publish, found its way into the columns of the *National Intelligencer*. "We are induced to obey the governor's orders," said the banished officers, "neither by the terror of his prisons, nor by the dread of the many vexations which a judge so despotic as he has shown himself to be is capable to exercise against us—a judge glutting at every expense the vengeance excited in his breast by the firm and courageous manner with which our worthy superior, Don José Callava, maintained his own dignity, and treated with merited contempt his furious and inconceivable outrages."

They added that they left the province to assist Colonel Callava in getting before the world and the two governments interested the whole truth respecting General Jackson's arbitrary and indecent conduct.

And so ended this comedy of much ado about less than nothing. I say less than nothing. To be exact, I may add, one hundred and fifty-seven dollars less than nothing. For, upon a legal examination of the papers and evidence in the case of the heirs of Vidal against Forbes & Co., it appeared that the estate of the deceased Vidal, after the payment of all claims against it, was *indebted to the house of Forbes & Co. in the sum of one hundred and fifty-seven dollars!!* So the poor quadroon woman had nothing to receive.

Home again on the 3d of November. The administration still sustained him—though Mr. Adams said afterward to a friend, who repeated the remark to me, that he dreaded the arrival of a mail from Florida, not knowing what General Jackson might do next; and knowing well that whatever he might do the secretary of state was the individual who would have to explain it away to the Spanish government. The country judged the general's proceedings in Florida very leniently. Congress talked the matter over a little, annulled some of the governor's acts, but did nothing worthy of particular record.

It is not the business of the biographer to comment upon the acts of his subject, though he may do so if he will. Every reader perceives that the conduct of General Jackson in this affair was well-

intentioned, hasty and wrong. As a soldier, he should have respected the honorable scruples of Lieutenant Sousa, and applied respectfully to Colonel Callava for the papers which Colonel Callava alone could lawfully deliver. He should have been patient with the respectable Callava, and allowed time for him to comprehend what was required. Even in the last extremity, he should have forborne to put so gross an indignity upon an honorable soldier and worthy gentleman as thrust him into the place appointed for the safe-keeping of felons. If arrest was necessary, how easy to confine him to his own house. It is evident that Colonel Callava had no ill intention in retaining the Vidal papers, but was bursting with willingness to give them up, if they proved to be of the character attributed to them. Vidal had been a Spanish officer, and, consequently, the papers relating to his estate were placed with those of the military tribunal, and neither Sousa nor Callava had the slightest interest in keeping or concealing them. The papers, as we have seen, proved to be valueless.

The real sinners in this business were Old Prejudice and Chronic Diarrhea. The prejudice of General Jackson against Spaniards was a thing of forty years' growth. He *expected* perfidy from a Spanish governor; and an expectation of that kind very easily becomes conviction. If you think a man is a horse-thief, you resent his looking at your stable. The disease, too, under which the governor labored is one which inflames the temper and relaxes self-control, nourishes suspicion, and kills charity. Nevertheless, after giving due weight to these extenuating circumstances, many readers will feel that General Jackson's treatment of Sousa, Callava, and Fromentin, was only saved from being atrocious by being ridiculous.

General Jackson was fifty-four years of age when he returned home from Florida to spend the evening of his life among his neighbors on the banks of the Cumberland. He had already lived, as it were, two lives. He had first assisted to subdue the western wilderness, and then taken the lead in defending it. He had first broken the power of the southern Indians, and then, by a series of treaties, regulated the terms upon which they were to live in neighborhood with the conquering race. He had first won by his diligence and skill a fair private estate, and then acquired, by his valor and conduct in war, national renown, and intense popularity. He might well think that he had done his part, had borne his share of

private and public burdens, and might now, with impaired health and strength, sit down under his own vine and fig-tree and rest. That such was his sincere desire and real intention there are sufficient reasons to believe. Civil service he appears always to have accepted unwillingly, and resigned gladly. Nothing but a summons to the field ever completely overcame his reluctance to leave his happy home; and now that the aspect of the world was such as to promise a lasting peace to his country, he had, doubtless, no thought but to pass his remaining days in the pleasant labors of his farm and the tranquil enjoyment of his home.

A far different lot awaited him. His life, we may almost say, was yet to begin; these fifty-four years that we have reviewed being but preliminary to the important events yet to occur, in which he was to play the most conspicuous part.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

THE presidential campaign of 1824 was the least instructive one that ever occurred, because it was the one most exclusively personal. But it was far from being the least exciting. The long lull in the political firmament had given every one a keen desire for a renewal of the old excitements, and there was everywhere an eager buzz of preparation. During the last three years of Mr. Monroe's second term the great topic of conversation throughout the country was, Who shall be our next president?

Six candidates were spoken of and parographed.

First, William Harris Crawford, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury. He was the heir apparent of the Virginian dynasty, and the "regular," the "caucus" candidate of the republican (or democratic) party. Next to Mr. Crawford the candidate most prominent was John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, Secretary of State. Beginning his public life a federalist, Mr. Adams had gone over to the republican party, and served it unflinchingly.

During the presidency of Mr. Monroe the diplomatic department of the administration had been particularly prominent, and the correspondence of the secretary of state with foreign powers had filled the newspapers, and given the country a high idea of the secretary's vigor, patriotism, and ability. Another candidate was John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, Secretary of War, then but forty-one years of age. Mr. Calhoun's hopes of reaching the presidential chair were founded, like those of Mr. Crawford, upon an expectation of winning to his support one of the great northern states. As Mr. Crawford depended chiefly upon New York, Mr. Calhoun relied most upon Pennsylvania. It was thought, too, by his friends that New England would cast many electoral votes for a man who was looked upon with peculiar pride by her young and aspiring scholars. His high reputation at Yale College for diligence, talents, and good morals was still remembered, and tutors pointed to him as an instance of youthful virtue meeting its just reward.

Henry Clay, of Kentucky, long the speaker and pride of the house of representatives, was also a candidate. The great West had grown into importance at this time, and gave promise of the magnificent development it has since exhibited. No president, no vice-president, no secretary of state had yet been chosen from that part of the Union; and the time had now come, it was thought, when the states west of the Alleghanies should be represented in the highest office. Those states had borne the brunt, had won the victories, had reared the general of the war of 1812. Those states had shown peculiar and constant attachment to the principles of the republican party. Would it not be a graceful and becoming act, a just and politic concession, to select from one of those young and patriotic states the candidate of the party in behalf of which they had fought as well as voted? Unquestionably it would, thought the lovers of Henry Clay, all of whose friends were lovers.

De Witt Clinton, of New York, whose canal policy had given him national renown, while the name of its originator was unknown, was also frequently spoken of for the succession to Mr. Monroe. But he could not indulge hopes of being then elected, whatever his expectations of the future may have been. The field was preoccupied, the competitors were too numerous. A proud, aspiring, unpliant man, he could never have reached the highest place. He would not stoop to conquer. He was as unskilled in the arts of concilia-

tion as he was destitute of the spirit of complaisance. He was a statesman without being a politician.

These candidates do not appear to have anticipated the serious proposal of Andrew Jackson for the coveted office. I see an occasional paragraph in the northern papers of 1822 and 1823, suggesting his name for the vice-presidency. The friends of Mr. Adams seem to have had a dream of that kind. But in computing their chances of success I do not believe that either Crawford, Adams, Calhoun, or Clay took into account the possible candidacy of General Jackson until the year 1823.

But the name of Jackson had no sooner been presented to the nation by the legislature of Tennessee, than it was discovered that his popularity was about to render him a most formidable competitor. To promote his presidential prospects, his friends caused him to be elected to the senate of the United States. Pennsylvania soon seconded his nomination, and most of the southern states showed a strong inclination to support him. Mr. Calhoun withdrew his own name in favor of the victor of New Orleans, and consented to stand for the vice-presidency. The prospects of General Jackson were further improved by Mr. Crawford being stricken with paralysis, which totally prostrated him, and, in effect, narrowed the contest to Adams and Jackson. The result of this election, it is necessary for us to understand precisely; else we shall not be able to judge correctly the subsequent events.

John C. Calhoun was elected vice-president by a great majority. He received 182 electoral votes out of 261. All New England voted for him except Connecticut and one electoral district of New Hampshire. General Jackson received thirteen electoral votes for the vice-presidency, and was the choice of two entire states for that office—Connecticut and Missouri. The result was a triumph for Mr. Calhoun, placed him in a commanding position before the country, and seemed to open the way to the easy and speedy attainment of the highest office.

Now, for the presidency. For William H. Crawford, only two states cast their undivided vote, Georgia and Virginia. New York gave him five votes out of thirty-six; Maryland, one vote out of eleven; Delaware two out of three. His vote stood thus: Virginia, 24; Georgia, 9; New York, 5; Delaware, 2; Maryland, 1; total, 41. Forty-one out of two hundred and sixty-one! Mr. Clay re-

ceived the entire electoral vote of three states, Kentucky, Missouri, and Ohio. The following was his vote: Kentucky, 14; Ohio 16; Missouri, 3; New York, 4; total, 37. For Mr. Adams, New England cast her undivided vote, and New York gave him twenty-six out of thirty-six. He stood thus: Maine, 9; New Hampshire, 8; Vermont, 7; Massachusetts, 15; Connecticut, 8; Rhode Island, 4; New York, 26; Delaware, 1; Maryland, 3; Louisiana, 2; Illinois, 1; total, 84. The following was the vote for Andrew Jackson: New York, 1; New Jersey, 8; Pennsylvania, 28; Maryland, 7; North Carolina, 15; South Carolina, 11; Tennessee, 11; Louisiana, 3; Mississippi, 3; Alabama, 5; Indiana, 5; Illinois, 2; total, 99. A plurality, not a majority. The people had not elected a president.

Mr. Adams was the choice of seven states; General Jackson, of eleven states; Mr. Clay of three states; Mr. Crawford of three states. Still no majority. The population of the United States in 1820 was about nine and a half millions. The population of the three states which gave a majority for Mr. Clay was 1,212,337. The population of the three states which preferred Mr. Crawford was 1,497,029. The population of the seven states which gave a majority for Mr. Adams was 3,032,766. The population of the eleven states which voted for General Jackson was 3,757,756. It thus appears that General Jackson received, first, more electoral votes; secondly, the vote of more states; thirdly, the votes of more people than any other candidate. Add to these facts, the fact not less indisputable, that General Jackson was the second choice of Kentucky, Missouri, and Georgia; and it must be admitted that he came nearer being elected by the people than any other candidate. He was, moreover, a gaining candidate. Every month added to his strength. A delay of a few weeks longer would probably have given him a majority. No man who surveyed the scene with an unprejudiced eye could doubt that he, more than any one else, was the nation's choice. The opinions of a host of able politicians, beginning with that of Mr. Jefferson, could be cited in support of this position, but it needs no support. Simple addition and the census of 1820 are sufficient to establish it.

The result was not known in all its details when the time came for Senator Jackson to begin his journey to Washington in the fall of 1824. That he was pretty confident, however, of being the successful candidate, was indicated by Mrs. Jackson's accompanying

him to the seat of government. They traveled in their own coach-and-four, I believe, on this occasion. The opposition papers, at least, said so, and descanted upon the fact as an evidence of aristocratic pretensions; considering it anti-democratic to employ four horses to draw a load that four horses sometimes could not tug a mile an hour, and were a month in getting to Washington.

The people having failed to elect a president, it devolved upon the house of representatives, voting by states, each state having one vote, to elect one from the three candidates who had received the highest number of electoral votes. A majority of states being necessary to an election, some one candidate had to secure the vote of thirteen states. The great question was to be decided on the 9th of February, 1825.

Henry Clay, though excluded from the coming competition by the smallness of his electoral vote, became, as soon as the fact was known, the most important personage in Washington; the man upon whom all eyes were fixed, upon whom all hopes depended. The influence which he wielded in the house of representatives, derived from his long connection with it, from his winning cast of character, from his strenuous will, from his eloquence, placed it in his power to give the election to whichever of the candidates he preferred. He was Warwick the king-maker. He was Banquo who should get kings, but be none. From being the great defeated, he was amused to find himself the universally sought.

Mr. Clay was not on cordial terms with either of the two highest candidates. His relations with General Jackson had long been unfriendly, but there had recently been a partial reconciliation between them. He was far from being a lover or an admirer of Mr. Adams. He had opposed, with all his eloquence and all his influence, many of the most important measures of Mr. Monroe's administration; of which administration Mr. Adams had been the animating soul and the exculpatory pen. That Spanish treaty which gained Florida and yielded Texas, upon which Mr. Adams particularly plumed himself, had been denounced by Mr. Clay in the house of representatives. There had been, moreover, a personal difference between the secretary and the speaker, growing out of the negotiations at Ghent in 1814. And, in no circumstances conceivable, could there have been cordiality between the warm, popular, generously ambitious Clay, and the patient, plodding, austere, ambitious Adams.

Nor, in deciding the question before him, was Mr. Clay to make or mar his own fortunes. He was destined to create enemies and to encounter obliquy, however he decided it. We may, also, hazard the assertion that to whomsoever he should give the presidency, he would himself be invited to make his own selection of the offices in the gift of the president. No one, I think, can survey the whole scene of contention, as it appeared in the spring of 1825, without assenting to that conclusion. So far as his own interests were concerned, there was but one consideration calculated to bias his determination. If he gave the presidency to Jackson, it would injure his own prospects for the *next succession*, as the republican party would hesitate to select a candidate from the west to succeed a western president. Turn about is fair play. In 1828 or 1832, the slighted North—New England, New York, Pennsylvania—would urge a powerful claim to the succession—powerful but not irresistible.

No man can say that General Jackson would have appointed Mr. Clay to high office, if Mr. Clay had given him the appointing power; but it is extremely probable that he would. Mr. Clay received at least *one* most significant hint to that effect, from a gentleman who stood high in General Jackson's regard. He determined, however, to give his vote and influence in favor of Mr. Adams. The reasons that induced Mr. Clay thus to disregard the known wishes of the West appear plainly enough in his familiar correspondence. To Mr. Blair he again wrote late in January: "Mr. Adams, you know well, I should never have selected, if at liberty to draw from the whole mass of our citizens for a president. But there is no danger in his elevation now, or in time to come. Not so of his competitor, of whom I can not believe that killing two thousand five hundred Englishmen at New Orleans qualifies for the various, difficult, and complicated duties of the chief magistracy." To Mr. Francis Brooke, of Maryland: "As a friend of liberty, and to the permanence of our institutions, I can not consent, in this early stage of their existence, by contributing to the election of a military chieftain, to give the strongest guaranty that the republic will march in the fatal road which has conducted every other republic to ruin." The adhesion of Mr. Clay to the Adams party, which he took no great pains to conceal, rendered its success nearly, but not absolutely certain. The old federalists, who could never quite forgive Mr. Adams for deserting them, still hesitated. Long excluded from office, they were

anxious to know whether Mr. Adams, if elected, would continue to proscribe them. It was the influence of Daniel Webster, more than that of any other man, that finally removed the hesitation of the few members of the federal party that still lingered on the public stage.

At noon, on the 9th of February, the members of the senate, with their president at their head, preceded by the sergeant-at-arms, entered the representatives' hall. The president of the senate was invited to a seat at the right hand of the speaker, and the senators took their seats together in front of the speaker's chair. Every member of the house was in his place except one, who was known to be sick at his lodgings. The galleries were packed with spectators, and the areas were thronged with judges, ambassadors, governors of states, and other privileged persons. The first business in order was the formal opening of the electoral packets, and the formal announcement that Mr. Calhoun had been elected vice-president; that no one had received a majority of electoral votes for the presidency, and that the house of representatives had then to elect a president from the three highest candidates—Jackson, Adams, and Crawford.

The senators retired. The roll of the house was called by states, and the members of each delegation took their seats together. The vote of each state was deposited in a box by itself, and placed upon tables. The tellers previously appointed, Daniel Webster and John Randolph, proceeded to open the boxes and count the ballots. A long contest had been expected. The friends of Crawford were present in great force, fondly hoping that the house, after wearying itself by repeated ballotings, would turn to their candidate and end the affair by giving him the election.

The result, when announced by the tellers, surprised almost every one; surprised many of the best informed politicians who heard it. Upon this first ballot, Mr. Adams received the vote of thirteen states, which was a majority. Maryland and Illinois, which had given popular majorities for Jackson, voted for Adams. Kentucky, Ohio, and Missouri, which had given popular majorities for Clay, voted for Adams. Crawford received the vote of four states, Delaware, North Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia. General Jackson, for whom eleven states had given an electoral majority, received the vote of but seven states in the house.

When the election of Mr. Adams was announced by Mr. Web-

ster, there was a momentary burst of applause from the galleries, followed by some hissing. The house paused in its proceedings, and ordered the galleries to be cleared, and they were cleared accordingly. The house adjourned a few minutes afterward, and the friends of the different candidates hastened away to congratulate or console.

There was a presidential levee that evening, to which all Washington rushed; and there was a pleasant gentleman among the throng who has been so obliging as to tell the world, in his most agreeable manner, what he saw in the rooms of the White House on that occasion. We quote from the "Recollections" of Mr. S. G. Goodrich:

"I shall pass over other individuals present, only noting an incident which respects the two persons in the assembly who, most of all others, engrossed the thoughts of the visitors—Mr. Adams the elect, General Jackson the defeated. It chanced in the course of the evening that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions, yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around, seeing what was to happen, by a sort of instinct stepped aside and left them face to face. Mr. Adams was by himself; General Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment, and then General Jackson moved forward, and reaching out his long arm, said: 'How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair: I hope you are very well, sir.' All this was gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the general's hand, and said, with chilling coldness: 'Very well, sir; I hope General Jackson is well.' It was curious to see the western planter, the Indian fighter, the stern soldier, who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans, genial and gracious in the midst of a court, while the old courtier and diplomat was stiff, rigid, cold as a statue! It was all the more remarkable from the fact that, four hours before, the former had been defeated, and the latter was the victor, in a struggle for one of the highest objects of human ambition. The personal character of these two individuals was in fact well expressed in that chance meeting: the gallantry, the frankness, and the heartiness of the one, which captivated all; the coldness, the distance, the self-concentration of the other, which repelled all."

Five days after the election, Mr. Clay wrote a hasty note to his friend, Francis Brooke: "Southard remains in the navy department. I am offered that of the state, but have not yet decided. The others not yet determined on. Crawford retires. What shall I do?"

We all know what he did. He deliberated a week, consulted with friends, and accepted the office. Warnings he had, but he disregarded them. He evidently knew not what he did, and anticipated nothing of what followed. "From the first," he wrote to Mr. Crittenden, "I determined to throw myself into the hands of my friends, and if they advised me to decline the office, not to accept it; but if they thought it was my duty, and for the public interest to go into it, to do so. I have an unaffected repugnance to any executive employment, and my rejection of the offer, if it were in conformity to their deliberate judgment, would have been more compatible with my feelings than its acceptance. But as their advice to me is to accept, I have resolved accordingly, and I have just communicated my final determination to Mr. Adams. An opposition is talked of here; but I regard that as the ebullition of the moment, the natural offspring of chagrin and disappointment."

Was General Jackson, indeed, so heartily acquiescent in his defeat as he seemed to be? Far from it. He was disappointed and indignant, believing that he had been defrauded of the presidency by a corrupt bargain between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay. To his friend, Major Lewis, five days after the election, he dashed off the following note: "I am informed this day, by Colonel R. M. Johnson, of the senate, that Mr. Clay has been offered the office of secretary of state, and that he will accept it. So, you see, the *Judas* of the West has closed the contract and will receive the thirty pieces of silver. His end will be the same. Was there ever witnessed such a barefaced corruption in any country before? The senate (if this nomination is sent to it) will do its duty. No imputation will be left at its door. We will soon be with you. Farewell. Mr. Clay told Colonel J. the above."

In this most erroneous and groundless belief, General Jackson lived and died. His partisans took up the cry, and made it the chief ground of opposition to Mr. Adams' administration.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ELECTED PRESIDENT.

GENERAL JACKSON was renominated for the presidency by the legislature of Tennessee, before Mr. Adams had served one year. The general resigned his seat in the senate, and entered heartily into the schemes of his friends. His popularity, great as it was before, seemed vastly increased by his late defeat, and by the belief, industriously promulgated, that he had been cheated of the office to which the people desired to elevate him. An active canvass, in his behalf, was kept up during the whole of Mr. Adams' term; and in the state of New York, Mr. Van Buren gave all his influence and talents to the general's cause.

The campaign of 1828 opened with a stunning flourish of trumpets. Louisiana, like New York, was a doubtful and troublesome state. Its scattering vote of 1824 it was highly desirable to concentrate in 1828; and it was resolved that enthusiasm should effect in the southwest what management was accomplishing in New York. In 1827 the legislature of Louisiana, which had refused to recognize General Jackson's services in 1815, invited him to revisit New Orleans, and unite with them in the celebration of the eighth of January, 1828, on the scene of his great victory. General Jackson, who in 1804 would not call upon his friend Jefferson, lest he should seem to be a suitor for the governorship of Louisiana; General Jackson, who in 1824 declined to visit Boston, though assured that the visit would secure his election to the presidency; General Jackson, who in 1826 would not go to the Harrodsburg Springs, for fear the object of the journey should be misinterpreted, accepted the invitation of the legislature of Louisiana. His blood was up. He was resolute to win. Congress had been calling up the forgotten affair of the six militia-men, and the arrests at New Orleans. The Eighth of January should reply.

The reception of General Jackson at New Orleans on this occasion was, I presume, the most stupendous thing of the kind that had ever occurred in the United States, and has been surpassed since that day only by the reception of the orator Kossuth in the

city of New York. Delegations from states as distant as New York were sent to New Orleans to swell the eclat of the demonstration.

"The morning of the auspicious day," wrote an eye-witness, "dawned upon New Orleans. A thick mist covered the water and the land, and at ten o'clock began to rise into clouds; and when the sun at last appeared, it served only to show the darkness of the horizon, threatening a storm in the north. It was at that moment the city became visible, with its steeples and the forest of masts rising from the waters. At that instant, too, a fleet of steamboats was seen advancing toward the *Pocahontas*, which had now got under way, with twenty-four flags waving over her lofty decks. Two stupendous boats, lashed together, led the van. The whole fleet kept up a constant fire of artillery, which was answered from several ships in the harbor and from the shore. General Jackson stood on the back gallery of the *Pocahontas*, his head uncovered, conspicuous to the whole multitude, which literally covered the steamboats, the shipping, and the surrounding shores. The van which bore the revolutionary soldiers and the remnant of the old Orleans battalion passed the *Pocahontas*, and, rounding to, fell down the stream, while acclamations of thousands of spectators rang from the river to the woods, and back to the river.

"In this order the fleet, consisting of eighteen steamboats of the first class, passed close to the city, directing their course toward the field of battle. When it was first descried, some horsemen only, the marshals of the day, had reached the ground. But in a few minutes it seemed alive with a vast multitude, brought thither on horseback and in carriages, and poured forth from the steamboats. A line was formed by Generals Planché and Labaltat, and the committee repaired on board the *Pocahontas*, in order to invite the general to land and meet his brother-soldiers and fellow-citizens. I have no words to describe the scene which ensued."

The rest can be imagined—the landing at the levee of the city, the procession, the banquet, the scenes at the theater. "Mrs. Jackson," adds the chronicler, "who, with several ladies from Tennessee, accompanied her husband, was met and waited upon, the moment she landed from the *Pocahontas*, by Mrs. Marigny, and other respectable ladies, who, after having congratulated her on her safe arrival, conducted her to Mr. Marigny's house, where refreshments

had been prepared, and where she received the salutations of a large and brilliant circle." The festivities continued four days, at the expiration of which the general and his friends reëmbarked on board the *Pocahontas*, and returned homeward.

The campaign now set in with its usual severity. During the rest of the year, the country rang with the names of JACKSON AND CALHOUN, ADAMS AND RUSH. The contest, during this final year, became one of personalities chiefly. Against Mr. Adams, every possible charge was rung upon bargain and corruption. He was accused of federalism, of haughtiness, of selfishness, of extravagant expenditures, and, O, crime of crimes! of polluting the White House, that sacred abode of purity and wisdom, with a billiard table! Mr. Adams' son and secretary had actually bought, out of his allowance, a billiard table, and set it up in an apartment of the presidential mansion. Mr. Adams was further accused of being a Unitarian; upon which a statement appeared in the papers, declaring that the president attended and was a trustee of a Presbyterian church, to which he had contributed eighteen hundred dollars. It was charged against him, that the East Room, in which his excellent mother had hung clothes to dry, was now furnished with such appalling extravagance, that country members were quite overcome at the spectacle; and could only relieve their minds by quoting Cicero against Catiline—O tempora, O mores!

General Jackson was accused of every crime, offense, and impropriety that man was ever known to be guilty of. His whole life was subject to the severest scrutiny. Every one of his duels, fights, and quarrels was narrated at length. His connection with Aaron Burr was, of course, a favorite theme. The eleven military executions which he had ordered were all recounted. John Binns, of Philadelphia, issued a series of hand bills, each bearing the outline of a coffin-lid, upon which was printed an inscription recording the death of one of these victims. Campaign papers were first started this year. One entitled, *We the People*, and another, called the *Anti-Jackson Expositor*, were particularly prominent. The conduct of General Jackson in Florida during his governorship of that territory was detailed. The peculiar circumstances of his marriage, long forgotten, were paraded with the grossest exaggerations, to the sore grief of good Mrs. Jackson, and to the general's unspeakable wrath. The mother, too, of General Jackson was not permit-

ted to rest quietly in her grave. Mrs. Jackson once found her husband in tears. Pointing to a paragraph reflecting on his mother, he said, "Myself I can defend; you I can defend; but now they have assailed even the memory of my mother."

To refute the charges against the general, the famous Tennessee "White-washing Committee" was called into existence. Major William B. Lewis suggested the measure, and was one of the most laborious members of the committee. With regard to the arduous labors of the White-washing Committee, they doubtless had their effect. But there was a paragraph of two or three lines, which was set afloat in the Jackson newspapers in the course of the summer, that probably did as much as all their publications, to remove the impression made upon the average voter by the case of the six militia-men and the executions in Florida. This was the paragraph:

"COOL AND DELIBERATE MURDER.—Jackson coolly and deliberately put to death upward of fifteen hundred British troops on the 8th of January, 1815, on the plains below New Orleans, for no other offense than that they wished to sup in the city that night."

This was a crushing and blinding argument. For those who could not read it, there was another, which was legible to the most benighted intellect. In every village, as well as upon the corners of many city streets, was erected a hickory pole. Many of these poles were standing as late as 1845, rotten mementos of the delirium of 1828.

The number of electoral votes in 1828 was two hundred and sixty-one. One hundred and thirty-one was a majority. General Jackson received one hundred and seventy-eight; Mr. Adams, eighty-three. With the exception of one electoral district in Maine, Messrs. Adams and Rush received the entire vote of New England; New Hampshire itself, despite the exertions of Isaac Hill, voting for them. Of the thirty-six electoral votes cast by the state of New York, Adams and Rush obtained sixteen; Jackson and Calhoun, twenty. New Jersey voted entire for Adams and Rush; so did Delaware. In Maryland, the same candidates obtained a bare majority—six votes to Jackson's five. In Georgia, Mr. Crawford had still influence enough to withdraw seven votes out of nine from Mr. Calhoun, and throw them away upon William Smith, of South Carolina. The entire vote of Georgia, however, was given

to General Jackson, Mr. Crawford more than consenting thereto. Every other state in the Union—Pennsylvania, Virginia, both Carolinas, Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Indiana, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois—gave an undivided vote for Jackson and Calhoun. For the vice-presidency Mr. Calhoun received one hundred and seventy-one votes, out of two hundred and sixty-one. There were no scattering or wasted votes except the seven cast for William Smith in Georgia.

In all Tennessee, Adams and Rush obtained less than three thousand votes. In many towns, every vote was cast for Jackson and Calhoun. A distinguished member of the North Carolina legislature told me that he happened to enter a Tennessee village in the evening of the last day of the presidential election of 1828. He found the whole male population out hunting; the object of the chase being two of their fellow-citizens. He inquired by what crime these men had rendered themselves so obnoxious to their neighbors, and was informed that they had voted against General Jackson. The village, it appeared, had set its heart upon sending up a unanimous vote for the general, and these two voters had frustrated its desire. As the day wore on, the whisky flowed more and more freely, and the result was a universal chase after the two voters, with a view to tarring and feathering them. They fled to the woods, however, and were not taken.

The news of General Jackson's election to the presidency, I am informed by Major Lewis, created no great sensation at the Hermitage, so certain beforehand were its inmates of a result in accordance with their desires. Mrs. Jackson quietly said:

“Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake, I am glad; for my own part, I never wished it.”

The people of Nashville, greatly elated by the success of their general, resolved to celebrate it in the way in which they had long been accustomed to celebrate every important event in his career. A banquet unparalleled should be consumed in honor of his last triumph. The day appointed for this affair was the twenty-third of December, the anniversary of the night battle below New Orleans. General Jackson accepted the invitation to be present. Certain ladies of Nashville, meanwhile, were secretly preparing for Mrs. Jackson a magnificent wardrobe, suitable, as they thought, for the adornment of her person when, as mistress of the White House, she

would be deemed the first lady in the nation. She was destined never to wear those splendid garments.

For four or five years the health of Mrs. Jackson had been precarious. She had complained, occasionally, of an uneasy feeling about the region of the heart; and, during the late excitements, she had been subject to sharper pains and palpitation. The aspersions upon her character had wounded deeply her feelings and her pride. She was frequently found in tears. Long esteemed as the kindest and most motherly of women, she had of late years been revered by a circle of religious ladies as their chief, their guide, their ornament. That her name should be ruthlessly dragged into the public prints; that she, a faithful wife of thirty-seven years, should be held up to the contempt of the whole country as an adulteress, was more than she could endure. It aggravated her disease; it shortened her life. Perhaps, if the truth were known, it would be found that she is not the only female victim of our indecent party contentions.

I learned the story of her death from good "Old Hannah," the faithful servant in whose arms she breathed her last.

It was a Wednesday morning, December 17th. All was going on as usual at the Hermitage. The general was in the fields, at some distance from the house, and Mrs. Jackson, apparently in tolerable health, was occupied in her household duties. Old Hannah asked her to come into the kitchen to give her opinion upon some article of food that was in course of preparation. She performed the duty required of her, and returned to her usual sitting-room, followed by Hannah. Suddenly, she uttered a horrible shriek, placed her hands upon her heart, sunk into a chair, struggling for breath, and fell forward into Hannah's arms. There were only servants in the house; many of whom ran frantically in, uttering the loud lamentations with which Africans are wont to give vent to their feelings. The stricken lady was placed upon her bed, and while messengers hurried away for assistance, Hannah employed the only remedy she knew to relieve the anguish of her mistress; "I rubbed her side," said the plain-spoken Hannah, "till it was black and blue."

No relief. She writhed in agony. She fought for breath. The general came in alarmed beyond description. The doctor arrived. Mrs. A. J. Donelson hurried in from her house near by. The Hermitage was soon filled with near relatives, friends, and servants. With short intervals of partial relief, Mrs. Jackson continued to suf-

fer all that a woman could suffer, for the space of sixty hours ; during which her husband never left her bedside for ten minutes. On Friday evening she was much better ; was almost free from pain ; and breathed with far less difficulty. The first use, and, indeed, the only use she made of her recovered speech was, to protest to the general that she was quite well, and to implore him to go to another room and sleep, and by no means to allow her indisposition to prevent his attending the banquet on the 23d. She told him that the day of the banquet would be a very fatiguing one, and he must not permit his strength to be reduced by want of sleep.

Still, the general would not leave her. He distrusted this sudden relief. He feared it was the relief of torpor or exhaustion ; and the more, as the remedies prescribed by Doctor Hogg, the attending physician, had not produced their designed effect. Saturday and Sunday passed, and still she lay free from serious pain, but weak and listless ; the general still her watchful, constant, almost sleepless attendant.

On Monday evening, the evening before the 23d, her disease appeared to take a decided turn for the better ; and she then so earnestly entreated the general to prepare for the fatigues of the morrow by having a night of undisturbed sleep, that he consented, at last, to go into an adjoining room and lie down upon a sofa. The doctor was still in the house. Hannah and George were to sit up with their mistress.

At nine o'clock, the general bade her good-night, went into the next room, and took off his coat, preparatory to lying down. He had been gone about five minutes ; Mrs. Jackson was then, for the first time, removed from her bed, that it might be rearranged for the night. While sitting in a chair supported in the arms of Hannah, she uttered a long, loud, inarticulate cry ; which was immediately followed by a rattling noise in the throat. Her head fell forward upon Hannah's shoulder. She never spoke nor breathed again.

There was a wild rush into the room of husband, doctor, relatives, friends, and servants. The general assisted to lay her upon the bed. "Bleed her," he cried. No blood flowed from her arm. "Try the temple, doctor." Two drops stained her cap, but no more followed.

It was long before he would believe her dead. He looked eagerly

into her face, as if still expecting to see signs of returning life. Her hands and feet grew cold. There could be no doubt then, and they prepared a table for laying her out. With a choking voice the general said :

"Spread four blankets upon it. If she does come to, she will lie so hard upon the table."

He sat all night long in the room by her side, with his face in his hands, "grieving," said Hannah, and occasionally looking into the face, and feeling the heart and pulse of the form so dear to him. Major Lewis, who had been immediately sent for, arrived just before daylight, and found him still there, nearly speechless and wholly inconsolable. He sat in the room nearly all the next day, the picture of despair. It was only with great difficulty that he was persuaded to take a little coffee.

"And this was the way," concluded Hannah, "that old mistus died ; and we always say, that when we lost her, we lost a mistus and a mother, too : and more a mother than a mistus. And we say the same of old master ; for he was more a father to us than a master, and many's the time we've wished him back again, to help us out of our troubles."

The sad news reached Nashville early on the morning of the 23d, when already the committee of arrangements were busied with the preparations for the general's reception. "The table was well-nigh spread," said one of the papers, "at which all was expected to be hilarity and joy, and our citizens had sallied forth on the morning with spirits light and buoyant, and countenances glowing with animation and hope, when suddenly the scene is changed : congratulations are turned into expressions of condolence, tears are substituted for smiles, and sincere and general mourning pervades the community."

On the day of the funeral, every vehicle in Nashville was employed in conveying its inhabitants to the Hermitage. The grounds about the mansion were crowded with people. "Such a scene," wrote an eye-witness, "I never wish to witness again. The poor old gentleman was supported to the grave by General Coffee and Major Rutledge. I never pitied any person more in my life. The road to the Hermitage was almost impassable, and an immense number of persons attended the funeral. The remains were interred in the lower part of the garden. I never before saw so much

affliction among servants on the death of a mistress. Some seemed completely stupefied by the event; others wrung their hands and shrieked aloud. The woman who had waited on Mrs. Jackson had to be carried off the ground. After the funeral, the old gentleman came up to me, took my hand, and shook it. Some of the gentlemen mentioned my name. He again caught my hand, and squeezed it three times, but all he could utter was, 'Philadelphia.' I never shall forget his look of grief."

The remains of Mrs. Jackson still lie in the corner of the Hermitage garden, next those of her husband, in a tomb prepared by him in these years for their reception. It resembles, in appearance, an open summer-house—a small, white dome supported by pillars of white marble. The tablet that covers the remains of Mrs. Jackson reads as follows:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair; her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

General Jackson never recovered from the shock of his wife's death. He was never quite the same man afterward. It subdued his spirit and corrected his speech. Except on occasions of extreme excitement, few, and far between, he never again used what is commonly called "profane language;" not even the familiar phrase, "By the Eternal." There were times, of course, when his fiery passions asserted themselves; when he uttered wrathful words; when he wished even to throw off the robes of office, as he once said, that he might call his enemies to a dear account. But these were rare occurrences. He mourned deeply and ceaselessly the loss of his truest friend, and was often guided, in his domestic affairs, by what he supposed would have been her will if she had been there to make it known.

CHAPTER XXXII.

INAUGURATION—MRS. EATON.

THERE was no time for mourning. Haggard with grief and watching, "twenty years older in a night," as one of his friends remarked, the president-elect was compelled to enter without delay upon the labor of preparing for his journey to Washington. His inaugural address was written at the house of Major Lewis, near Nashville. But one slight alteration was made in this document after the general reached the seat of government. Before leaving home, the general drew up a series of rules for the guidance of his administration, one of which was, that no member of his cabinet should be his successor. General Jackson left home resolved to do right in his high office. Whether he ruled wisely or the contrary, it is certain that he left the grave of his wife determined, in his inmost soul, to stand by the people of the United States, and administer the government with a single eye to their good. But woe to those who had slandered and killed that wife! These two feelings had no struggle for mastery in his peculiarly constituted nature. In him they were one and the same.

The party left Nashville on a Sunday afternoon about the middle of January. The journey to Washington—every one knows what it must have been. The complete, the instantaneous acquiescence of the people of the United States in the decision of a constitutional majority—a redeeming feature of our politics—was well illustrated on this occasion. The steamboat that conveyed the general and his party down the Cumberland to the Ohio and up the Ohio to Pittsburg, a voyage of several days, was saluted or cheered as often as it passed a human habitation. At Cincinnati, it seemed as if all Ohio, and, at Pittsburg, as if all Pennsylvania, had rushed forth to shout a welcome to the president-elect. Indeed, the whole country appeared to more than acquiesce in the result of the election.

The day of the inauguration was one of the brightest and balmiest of the spring. Mr. Webster, in his comic manner, remarks: "I never saw such a crowd here before. Persons have come five hun-

dred miles to see General Jackson, *and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger!*" The ceremony over, the president drove from the capitol to the White House, followed soon by a great part of the crowd who had witnessed the inauguration. Judge Story, a strenuous Adams man, did not enjoy the scene which the apartments of the "palace," as he styles it, presented on this occasion. "After the ceremony was over," he wrote, "the president went to the palace to receive company, and there he was visited by immense crowds of all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished, down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation. I never saw such a mixture. The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant. I was glad to escape from the scene as soon as possible." A letter-writer said: "A profusion of refreshments had been provided. Orange punch by barrels full was made; but as the waiters opened the door to bring it out, a rush would be made, the glasses broken, the pails of liquor upset, and the most painful confusion prevailed. To such a painful degree was this carried, that wine and ice-creams could not be brought out to the ladies, and tubs of punch were taken from the lower story into the garden, to lead off the crowd from the rooms. On such an occasion it was certainly difficult to keep any thing like order, but it was mortifying to see men, with boots heavy with mud, standing on the damask satin covered chairs, from their eagerness to get a sight of the president."

So little was known of General Jackson's intentions with regard to cabinet appointments that some of the members of the cabinet of Mr. Adams were actually in doubt whether they ought to resign or not. Mr. Wirt, the attorney-general, wrote to Mr. Monroe, asking his opinion on the point. Mr. Monroe advised him to resign, but added, that, in all probability, the new president would desire to retain the services of an officer who, for twelve years, had discharged the duties of his place to universal acceptance. So well did General Jackson keep his secret, that no man in or out of Washington, except the chosen few, knew who would compose the new administration, until the general, with his own hands, gave to the editor of the *Telegraph* the list for publication. It appeared in the official newspaper on the 26th of February. It would not even then have seen the light but for the secret opposition made to one of the appointments.

Soon after General Jackson arrived at the seat of government, he informed Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, that Mr. Van Buren was the foreordained secretary of state of the incoming administration, and offered him the choice of the seats remaining. Mr. Livingston, just then elected to the senate, preferred his senatorship to any office in the government except the one already appropriated.

In distributing the six great offices, General Jackson assigned two to the north, two to the west, and two to the south.

Mr. Van Buren accepted the first place without hesitation, resigned the governorship of New York after holding it seventy days, and entered upon his duties at Washington three weeks after the inauguration.

Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, was appointed to the second place in the cabinet, that of secretary of the treasury. Mr. Ingham came of a sturdy Bucks county Quaker family, a thriving, industrious race, settled there for four generations. His father, a physician, farmer, and clothier, was also a devotee of classical learning, and a dissenter from the tenets of the broad-brimmed sect. His son, Samuel, showing no great inclination for classical knowledge, was apprenticed to a paper-maker, and, in due time, set up a paper-mill on the paternal farm, which proved a successful venture. From the peaceful pursuits of business he was drawn away gradually into the whirl of politics.

John H. Eaton, senator from Tennessee, was appointed secretary of war. General Jackson was, from the first, determined to have in his cabinet one of his own Tennessee circle of friends, and Mr. Eaton was the one selected.

The navy department was assigned to John Branch, for many years a senator from North Carolina.

John McPherson Berrien, of Georgia, was appointed attorney-general. Mr. Berrien was born and educated in New Jersey, graduating at Nassau Hall, but was admitted to the bar in Georgia, where he rose to great and merited eminence as a lawyer, judge, and legislator.

William T. Barry, of Kentucky, was appointed postmaster-general. Elected to Congress at the age of twenty-seven, Mr. Barry had been in public life for twenty years; chiefly, however, in state offices.

Such, then, was the first cabinet of the new president. With the

exception of Mr. Van Buren, its members had no great influence over the measures of their chief, and play no great part in the general history of the times.

No sooner had General Jackson announced the names of the gentlemen who were to compose his cabinet, than an opposition to one of them manifested itself of a peculiar and most virulent character. Mr. Eaton, the president's friend and neighbor, was the object of this opposition, the grounds of which must be particularly stated, for it led to important results.

A certain William O'Neal kept at Washington for many years a large old-fashioned tavern, where members of Congress, in considerable numbers, boarded during the sessions of the national legislature. William O'Neal had a daughter, sprightly and beautiful, who aided him and his wife in entertaining his boarders. It is not good for a girl to grow up in a large tavern. Peg O'Neal, as she was called, was so lively in her deportment, so free in her conversation, that, had she been born twenty years later, she would have been called one of the "fast" girls of Washington. A witty, pretty, saucy, active tavern-keeper's daughter, who makes free with the inmates of her father's house, and is made free with by them, may escape contamination, but not calumny.

When Major Eaton first came to Washington as a senator of the United States, in the year 1818, he took board at Mr. O'Neal's tavern, and continued to reside there every winter for ten years. He became acquainted, of course, with the family, including the vivacious and attractive Peg. When General Jackson came to the city as senator in 1823, he also went to live with the O'Neals, whom he had known in Washington before it had become the seat of government. For Mrs. O'Neal, who was a remarkably efficient woman, he had a particular respect. Even during his presidency, when he was supposed to visit no one, it was one of his favorite relaxations, when worn out with business, to stroll with Major Lewis across the "old fields" near Washington to the cottage where Mrs. O'Neal lived in retirement, and enjoy an hour's chat with the old lady. Mrs. Jackson, also, during her residence in Washington in 1825, became attached to the good Mrs. O'Neal and to her daughter.

In the course of time Miss O'Neal became the wife of purser Timberlake of the United States Navy, and the mother of two

children. In 1828 came the news that Mr. Timberlake, then on duty in the Mediterranean, had cut his throat in a fit of melancholy, induced, it was said, by previous intoxication. On hearing this intelligence, Major Eaton, then a widower, felt an inclination to marry Mrs. Timberlake, for whom he had entertained an attachment quite as tender as a man could lawfully indulge for the wife of a friend and brother-mason. He took the precaution to consult General Jackson on the subject. "Why, yes, major," said the general, "if you love the woman, and she will have you, marry her by all means." Major Eaton mentioned what the general well knew, that Mrs. Timberlake's reputation in Washington had not escaped reproach, and that Major Eaton himself was supposed to have been too intimate with her. "Well," said the general, "your marrying her will disprove these charges, and restore Peg's good name." And so, perhaps, it might, if Major Eaton had not been taken into the cabinet.

Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake were married in January, 1829, a few weeks before General Jackson arrived at the seat of government. As soon as it was whispered about Washington that Major Eaton was to be a member of the new cabinet, it occurred with great force to the minds of certain ladies, who supposed themselves to be at the head of society at the capital, that, in that case, Peg O'Neal would be the wife of a cabinet minister, and, as such, entitled to admission into their own sacred circle. Horrible to contemplate! Forbid it, morality! Forbid it, decency! Forbid it, General Jackson!

Among those who were scandalized at the appointment of Major Eaton was the Rev. J. N. Campbell, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Washington, which the general and Mrs. Jackson had both attended, and which, it was supposed, President Jackson would attend. Not caring to speak with the general himself on the subject, Mr. Campbell communicated the ill things he had heard of Mrs. Eaton to the Rev. E. S. Ely, of Philadelphia, who had known General Jackson in his mercantile days, and had come to Washington to witness the inauguration of his old friend. Dr. Ely desired to converse with General Jackson on the subject, but finding no opportunity to do so in Washington, wrote to the general, after his return to Philadelphia, a very long letter, in which he detailed all the charges he had heard against Mrs. Eaton. He informed the president that she had borne a bad reputation in Washington from

her girlhood ; that the ladies of Washington would not speak to her ; that a gentleman, at the table of Gadsby's Hotel, was said to have declared that he personally knew her to be a dissolute woman ; that Mrs. Eaton had told her servants to call her children Eaton, not Timberlake, for Eaton was their rightful name ; that a clergyman of Washington had told Dr. Ely, that a deceased physician had told him, that Mrs. Timberlake had had a miscarriage when her husband had been absent a year ; that the friends of Major Eaton had persuaded him to board elsewhere, for the sake of getting him away from Mrs. Timberlake ; that Mrs. Jackson herself had entertained the worst opinion of Mrs. Timberlake ; that Major Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake had traveled together, and recorded their names on hotel registers as man and wife, in New York and elsewhere.

For your own sake, said the reverend doctor, for your dead wife's sake, for the sake of your administration, for the credit of the government and the country, you should not countenance a woman like this.

This letter was dated March 18th, 1829. General Jackson replied to it immediately, and in a manner peculiarly characteristic. He told the reverend doctor that, with regard to many of the charges against the lady, he, the president, knew them to be false, and he believed them all to be. Dr. Ely replied. He was glad to learn, he said, that the president was so sure of Mrs. Eaton's innocence, and expressed a hope, that if she had done wrong in past times, she would now be restored by repentance to the esteem of the virtuous. Dr. Ely was, evidently, not quite convinced of Mrs. Eaton's immaculate purity. The president hastened to renew his efforts in her defense. He wrote again and again to his reverend friend, and these letters, long and vehement as they are, convey but a faint idea of the interest felt by General Jackson in the vindication of the lady. He sent a gentleman to New York to investigate the hotel register story. He wrote so many letters and statements in relation to this business that Major Lewis, who lived in the White House, was worn out with the nightly toil of copying. The entire mass of the secret and confidential writings relating to Mrs. Eaton, all dated in the summer and autumn of 1829, and most of them originally in General Jackson's hand, would fill about eighty-five of these pages. And besides these, there was a large number

of papers and documents not deemed important enough for preservation. General Jackson, indeed, made the cause his own, and brought to the defense of Mrs. Eaton all the fire and resolution with which, forty years before, he had silenced every whisper against Mrs. Jackson. He considered the cases of the two ladies parallel. His zeal in behalf of Mrs. Eaton was a manifestation or consequence of his wrath against the calumniators of his wife.

Will it be believed, that, at length, the president of the United States brought this matter before his cabinet? The members of the cabinet having assembled one day in the usual place, Dr. Ely and Mr. Campbell were brought before them, when the president endeavored to demonstrate that Mrs. Eaton was "as chaste as snow." Whether the efforts of the president had or had not the effect of convincing the ladies of Washington that Mrs. Eaton was worthy of admission into their circle, shall in due time be related. Upon a point of that nature ladies are not convinced easily. Meanwhile, the suitors for presidential favor are advised to make themselves visible at the lady's receptions. A card in Mrs. Eaton's card basket, is not unlikely to be a winning card.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TERROR AMONG THE OFFICE-HOLDERS.

It is delightful to observe with what a scrupulous conscientiousness the early presidents of this republic disposed of the places in their gift. Washington set a noble example. He demanded to be satisfied on three points with regard to an applicant for office: Is he honest? Is he capable? Has he the confidence of his fellow-citizens? Not till these questions were satisfactorily answered did he deign to inquire respecting the political opinions of a candidate. Private friendship between the president and an applicant was absolutely an obstacle to his appointment, so fearful was the president of being swayed by private motives. "My friend," he says, in one of his letters, "I receive with cordial welcome. He is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart; but with all his good qualities

he is not a man of business. His opponent, with all his politics so hostile to me, *is* a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in the case. I am not George Washington, but president of the United States. As George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power—as president of the United States, I can do nothing.”

If General Washington would not appoint a friend because he was a friend, nor a partisan because he was a partisan, still less was he capable of removing an enemy because he was an enemy, or an opponent because he was an opponent. During his administration of eight years, he removed nine persons from office; namely, six unimportant collectors, one district surveyor, one vice-consul, and one foreign minister. We all know that he recalled Mr. Pinckney from Paris because that conservative gentleman was offensive to the French Directory. The other dismissals were all “for cause.” Politics had nothing to do with one of them.

The example of General Washington was followed by his successors. John Adams doubted, even, whether it was strictly proper for him to retain his son in a foreign employment to which President Washington had appointed him. He removed nine subordinate officers during his presidency; but none for political opinion's sake. Jefferson, owing to peculiar circumstances well known to readers of history, removed thirty-nine persons; but he himself repeatedly and solemnly declared, that not one of them was removed because he belonged to the party opposed to his own. The contrary imputation he regarded in the light of a calumny, and refuted it as such. In one respect Mr. Jefferson was even over-scrupulous. He would not appoint any man to office, however meritorious, who was a relative of his own. Mr. Madison made five removals; Mr. Monroe, nine; Mr. John Quincy Adams, two. Mr. Calhoun tells us, that during the seven years that he held the office of secretary of war, only two of his civil subordinates were removed, both for improper conduct. In both cases, he adds, the charges were investigated in the presence of the accused, and “the officers were not dismissed until after full investigation, and the reason of dismissal reduced to writing and communicated to them.” Colonel McKenney mentions, in his “Memoirs,” that when a vacancy occurred in one of the departments, the chief of that department would inquire among his friends for “a qualified” person to fill it.

Up to the hour of the delivery of General Jackson's inaugural address, it was supposed that the new president would act upon the principles of his predecessors. In his former letters he had taken strong ground against partisan appointments, and when he resigned his seat in the senate he had advocated two amendments to the constitution designed to limit and purify the exercise of the appointing power. One of these proposed amendments forbade the reelection of a president, and the other the appointment of members of Congress to any office not judicial.

The sun had not gone down upon the day of his inauguration before it was known in all official circles in Washington that the "reform," alluded to in the inaugural address, meant a removal from office of all who had conspicuously opposed, and an appointment to office of those who had conspicuously aided the election of the new president. The work was promptly begun. Figures are not important here, and the figures relating to this matter have been disputed. Some have declared that during the first year of the presidency of General Jackson two thousand persons in the civil employment of the government were removed from office, and two thousand partisans of the president appointed in their stead. This statement has been denied. It can not be denied that in the first month of this administration more removals were made than had occurred from the foundation of the government to that time. It can not be denied that the principle was now acted upon that partisan services should be rewarded by public office, though it involved the removal from office of competent and faithful incumbents. Colonel Benton will not be suspected of overstating the facts respecting the removals, but he admits that their number, during this year, 1829, was six hundred and ninety. He expresses himself on this subject with less than his usual directness. His estimate of six hundred and ninety does not include the little army of clerks and others who were at the disposal of some of the six hundred and ninety. The estimate of two thousand includes all who lost their places in consequence of General Jackson's accession to power; and, though the exact number can not be ascertained, I presume it was not less than two thousand. Colonel Benton says that of the eight thousand postmasters, only four hundred and ninety-one were removed; but he does not add, as he might have added, that the four hundred and ninety-one vacated places comprised nearly all in the department

that were worth having. Nor does he mention that the removal of the postmasters of half a dozen great cities was equivalent to the removal of many hundreds of clerks, book-keepers, and carriers.

Terror reigned in Washington. No man knew what the rule was upon which removals were made. No man knew what offenses were reckoned causes of removal, nor whether he had or had not committed the unpardonable sin. The great body of officials awaited their fate in silent horror, glad when the office hours expired at having escaped another day. "The gloom of suspicion," says Mr. Stansbury, himself an office-holder, "pervaded the face of society. No man deemed it safe and prudent to trust his neighbor, and the interior of the department presented a fearful scene of guarded silence, secret intrigue, espionage, and talebearing. A casual remark, dropped in the street, would within an hour, be repeated at head-quarters; and many a man received unceremonious dismissal who could not, for his life, conceive or conjecture wherein he had offended."

At that period, it must be remembered, to be removed from office in the city of Washington was like being driven from the solitary spring in a wide expanse of desert. The public treasury was almost the sole source of emolument. Salaries were small, the expenses of living high, and few of the officials had made provision for engaging in private business or even for removing their families to another city. No one had anticipated a necessity of removal. Clerks, appointed by the early presidents, had grown gray in the service of the government, and were so habituated to the routine of their places, that, if removed, they were beggared and helpless.

As a general rule, the dismissal of officers was sudden and unexplained. Occasionally, however, some reason was assigned. Major Eaton, for example, dismissed the chief clerk of the war department in the terms following: "Major — : The chief clerk of the department should to his principal stand in the relation of a confidential friend. Under this belief, I have appointed Dr. Randolph, of Virginia. I take leave to say, that since I have been in this department, nothing in relation to you has transpired to which I would take the slightest objection, nor have I any to suggest."

These facts will suffice to show that the old system of appointments and removals was changed, upon the accession of General Jackson, to the one in vogue ever since, which Governor Marcy completely

and aptly described when he said that to the victors belong the spoils. Some of the consequences of this change are the following:

I. The government, formerly served by the *elite* of the nation, is now served, to a very considerable extent, by its refuse. That, at least, is the tendency of the new system, because men of intelligence, ability, and virtue, universally desire to fix their affairs on a basis of permanence. It is the nature of such men to make each year do something for all the years to come. It is their nature to abhor the arts by which office is now obtained and retained. In the year of our Lord 1859, the fact of a man's holding office under the government is presumptive evidence that he is one of three characters, namely, an adventurer, an incompetent person, or a scoundrel. From this remark must be excepted those who hold offices that have never been subjected to the spoils system, or offices which have been "taken out of politics."

II. The new system places at the disposal of any administration, however corrupt, a horde of creatures in every town and county, bound, body and soul, to its defence and continuance.

III. It places at the disposal of any candidate for the presidency, who has a slight prospect of success, another horde of creatures in every town and county, bound to support his pretensions. I once knew an apple-woman in Wall Street who had a personal interest in the election of a president. If *her* candidate gained the day, her "old man" would get the place of porter in a public warehouse. The circle of corruption embraces hundreds of thousands.

IV. The spoils system takes from the government employé those motives to fidelity which, in private life, are found universally necessary to secure it. As no degree of merit whatever can secure him in his place, he must be a man of heroic virtue who does not act upon the principle of getting the most out of it while he holds it. Whatever fidelity may be found in office-holders must be set down to the credit of unassisted human virtue.

In a word, the spoils system renders pure, decent, orderly, and democratic government impossible. Nor has any government of modern times given such a wonderful proof of inherent strength as is afforded by the fact that this government, after thirty years of rotation, still exists.

The spoils system, we may hope, however, has nearly run its course. It is already well understood that every service in which

efficiency is indispensable must be *taken out of politics* ; and this process, happily begun in some departments of municipal government, will assuredly continue.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

At the beginning of the administration of General Jackson, the Bank of the United States was a truly imposing institution. Its capital was thirty-five millions. The public money deposited in its vaults averaged six or seven millions ; its private deposits, six millions more ; its circulation, twelve millions ; its discounts, more than forty millions a year ; its annual profits, more than three millions. Besides the parent bank at Philadelphia with its marble palace and hundred clerks, there were twenty-five branches in the towns and cities of the Union, each of which had its president, cashier, and board of directors. The employés of the bank were more than five hundred in number, all men of standing and influence, all liberally salaried. In every county of the Union, in every nation on the globe, were stockholders of the Bank of the United States. One-fifth of its stock was owned by foreigners. One-fourth of its stock was held by women, orphans, and the trustees of charity funds — so high, so unquestioned was its credit. Its bank-notes were as good as gold in every part of the country. From Maine to Georgia, from Georgia to Astoria, a man could travel and pass these notes at every point without discount. Nay, in London, Paris, Rome, Cairo, Calcutta, St. Petersburg, the notes of the Bank of the United States were worth a fraction more or a fraction less than their value at home, according to the current rate of exchange. They could usually be sold at a premium at the remotest commercial centers. It was not uncommon for the stock of the bank to be sold at a premium of forty per cent. The directors of this bank were twenty-five in number, of whom five were appointed by the President of the United States. The bank and its branches received and disbursed the entire revenue of the nation.

At the head of this great establishment was the once renowned Nicholas Biddle. To his pen Mr. Biddle owed his conspicuous position. A graduate of Princeton—a student of law in Philadelphia—secretary of legation in Paris, first under General Armstrong, then under Mr. Monroe—afterward Philadelphia lawyer and editor of a literary magazine—author of the “Commercial Digest,” prepared at the request of President Monroe—unsuccessful candidate for Congress. In 1819, Mr. Monroe appointed him government director of the Bank of the United States, in which office he exhibited so much vivacity and intelligence, that, in 1823, he was elected president of the institution by an unanimous vote. It was a pity. Mr. Biddle was a man of the pen—quick, graceful, fluent, honorable, generous, but not practically able; not a man for a stormy sea and a lee shore. The practically able man is not fluent of tongue or pen. The man who can not, to save his soul, sell a cargo of cotton at a profit, is your man to write brilliant articles on the cotton trade. In ordinary times, Mr. Biddle would have doubtless been able to retain his title of the Emperor Nicholas, of which he was a little vain, and to conduct his bank along the easy path with general applause. But he fell upon evil days, and the pen that made him ruined him.

He was one of those charioteers with whose magnificent driving no fault can be found, except that, at last, *it upsets the coach*. How many such charioteers there are in this world!

There is a tradition in Washington to this day, that General Jackson came up from Tennessee to Washington, in 1829, resolved on the destruction of the Bank of the United States, and that he was only dissuaded from aiming a paragraph at it in his inaugural address by the prudence of Mr. Van Buren. No less distinguished a person than Mr. Bancroft has fallen into this error.

General Jackson had no thought of the bank until he had been president two months. He came to Washington expecting to serve but a single term, during which the question of rechartering the bank was not expected to come up. The bank was chartered in 1816 for twenty years, which would not expire until 1836, three years after General Jackson hoped to be at the Hermitage once more, never to leave it. The first intercourse, too, between the bank and the new administration was in the highest degree courteous and agreeable. A large payment was to be made of the public debt

early in the summer, and the manner in which the bank managed that affair, at some loss and much inconvenience to itself, but greatly to the advantage of the public and to the credit of the government, won from the secretary of the treasury a warm eulogium.

But while this affair was going on so pleasantly, trouble was brewing in another quarter. Isaac Hill, from New Hampshire, then second controller of the treasury, was a great man at the White House. He had a grievance. Jeremiah Mason, one of the three great lawyers of New England, a federalist, a friend of Daniel Webster and of Mr. Adams, had been appointed to the presidency of the branch of the United States Bank at Portsmouth, New Hampshire—much to the disgust of Isaac Hill and other Jackson men of that little state. Isaac Hill desired the removal of Mr. Mason and the appointment in his place of a gentleman who was a friend of the new administration.

Mr. Hill caused petitions to be addressed to the directors of the bank, in which Mr. Mason was accused of partiality, haughtiness, mismanagement, and his removal demanded. Mr. Biddle went himself to Portsmouth, where he spent six days in investigating the charges, and satisfied himself that they were groundless. He informed the secretary of the treasury, who had addressed him on the subject, that the directors would not remove a faithful servant for political reasons. He added passages like this: “I deem it my duty to state to you in a manner perfectly respectful to your official and personal character, yet so clear as to leave no possibility of misconception, that the board of directors of the Bank of the United States, and the boards of directors of the branches of the Bank of the United States, acknowledge not the slightest responsibility of any description whatsoever to the secretary of the treasury touching the political opinions and conduct of their officers, that being a subject on which they never consult, and never desire to know, the views of any administration. It is with much reluctance the board of directors feel themselves constrained to make this declaration. But charged as they are by Congress with duties of great importance to the country, which they can hope to execute only while they are exempted from all influences not authorized by the laws, they deem it most becoming to themselves, as well as to the executive, to state with perfect frankness their opinion of any interference in the concerns of the institution confided to their care.”

So the Bank of the United States triumphed over Isaac Hill and the administration. It was a dear victory.

The reader has perused the previous pages of this work to little purpose, if he does not know what effect upon the mind of the president the bank's calm defiance was certain to produce. Before the next month closed, the editors of the *New York Courier and Enquirer* received a confidential hint from Washington, that the forthcoming presidential message would take ground against the Bank of the United States. So says Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who was then the active working man of that great newspaper.

"For a considerable time," says Mr. Bennett, "after I joined the *Courier and Enquirer* in 1829, and the greater portion of which journal I then wrote with my own hand—and up to the year 1830, it presented no particular hostility to the United States Bank. I think it was in the month of November, 1829, when M. M. Noah was surveyor of the port, that in going to his office one day, I found him reading a letter which he had just received from Amos Kendall, and which informed him that ground would be taken against the bank by General Jackson in the message to be delivered the next month on the opening of Congress. On the same day, a portion of Amos Kendall's letter, with a head and tail put to it, was sent over to the *Courier* office, and published as an editorial next morning."

Accordingly, near the close of the new president's first message, was the famous passage which sounded the first note of war against the United States Bank: "The charter of the Bank of the United States expires in 1836, and its stockholders will most probably apply for a renewal of their privileges. In order to avoid the evils resulting from precipitancy in a measure involving such important principles, and such deep pecuniary interests, I feel that I cannot, in justice to the parties interested, too soon present it to the deliberate consideration of the legislature and the people. Both the constitutionality and the expediency of the law creating this bank are well questioned by a large portion of our fellow-citizens; and it must be admitted by all, that it has failed in the great end of establishing a uniform and sound currency. Under these circumstances, if such an institution is deemed essential to the fiscal operations of the government, I submit to the wisdom of the legislature whether a national one, founded, upon the credit of the government and its revenues, might not be devised, which would avoid all constitutional

difficulties; and, at the same time, secure all the advantages to the government and country which were expected to result from the present bank."

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONGRESS IN SESSION.

GENERAL JACKSON prepared his messages very much as the editor of a metropolitan journal "gets up" his thundering leaders; only not quite so expeditiously. He used to begin to think about his message three or four months before the meeting of Congress. Whenever he had "an idea," he would make a brief memorandum of it on any stray piece of paper that presented itself, and put it into his capacious white hat for safe keeping. By the time it became necessary to put the document into shape he would have a large accumulation of these memoranda; some of them consisting of a few words on the margin of a newspaper, and some of a page or two of foolscap. These were all confided to the hands of Major Donelson, the president's private secretary, whose duty it was to write them out into orderly and correct English. Thus was formed the basis of the message, to which the members of the cabinet added each his proportion. It is not difficult, in reading over the volume of General Jackson's messages, to detect the traces of the general's own large steel pen.

Congress met on the seventh of December. Such was the strength of the administration in the house of representatives, that Andrew Stephenson was reelected to the speakership by one hundred and fifty-two votes out of one hundred and ninety-one. This Congress, however, came in with the administration, and had been elected when General Jackson was elected.

The message, eagerly looked for, as a first message always is, was delivered on the day following that of the organization of the house. A calm deliberateness of tone marked this important paper. If any where the hand of the chief was particularly apparent, it was where, on opening the subject of the foreign relations, in the midst

of friendly declarations and confident hopes of a peaceful settlement of all points in dispute, the president observed that, the country being blessed with every thing which constitutes national strength, he should ask nothing of foreign governments that was not right, and submit to nothing that was wrong; flattering himself, he said, that, aided by the intelligence and patriotism of the people, we shall be able to cause all our just rights to be respected. After this Jacksonian ripple, the message flowed on with Van Buren placidity to its close.

The debates began. No president ever watched the proceedings of Congress with more attention than President Jackson. Nothing escaped him. No matter to how late an hour of the night the debates were protracted, he never went to sleep till Major Lewis or Major Donelson came from the capitol and told him what had been said and done there. We must note such events of the session as were of particular interest to him.

The proceedings of the senate were the first to kindle the president's ire. The senate was not so disposed to confirm as the president had been to appoint. The executive sessions, that had previously been so short and so harmonious, were now protracted and exciting. Sometimes the senate was engaged for several days (once five days) in succession in the single business of confirming the nominations that were sent in from the presidential mansion. Some of the nominations were in the senate for several months without being reached.

Although the proceedings in executive session are secret, many of the senate's executive acts during this session were such as could not be concealed. A large number of the nominations were opposed, and several, upon which the president had set his heart, were rejected. The most remarkable case of rejection was that of Isaac Hill. It was also the one that gave the president the deepest offense, and which he avenged most promptly and most strikingly. The pretext for Mr. Hill's rejection was, that in the course of the late campaign he had libeled Mrs. Adams. He denied the charge, averring that, in his capacity of publisher, he had merely published a book of European travel that contained the aspersions complained of.

• It was not unreasonable for General Jackson to conclude, and it is not unfair for us to conjecture, that it was Isaac Hill's conduct

in the Portsmouth affair against the Bank of the United States, that caused a majority of the senate to vote against his confirmation to the second controller-ship of the treasury. Mr. Hill, moreover, was a man of inferior presence, small and slight, lame and awkward. He was not the "style" of person whom senators had been accustomed to see in high and responsible positions under the government.

The president set about righting the wrong which he felt his friend had received with a tact and vigor all his own. A long communication was prepared at Washington for publication in the *New Hampshire Patriot*, calculated to make every Jackson man in the state regard the rejection of Isaac Hill as a personal affront. If Mr. Amos Kendall was not the author of this artful and forcible production, then I am sure Mr. Amos Kendall can tell us who was. "I assure you, sir," said this anonymous writer, "*on my own personal knowledge*, that the president has entire confidence in Mr. Hill, and looks upon his rejection as a blow aimed at himself. He can not protect those whom he honors with appointments from combinations of designing men operating on the approving power; but the people can."

Precisely so. The term of Mr. Senator Woodbury was about to expire. Waiving a reflection for reasons better known to himself than to the public, Mr. Woodbury lent his great influence in New Hampshire to the support of Isaac Hill for the seat in the senate about to be vacated. Hill was taken up by the Jackson men in the state with prompt enthusiasm, and a large number of the other party joined in the support of a man who was supposed to have been the victim of aristocratic pride and bank influence. He was elected by an unusual majority, and came back to Washington a member of the body that had deemed him unworthy of a far less elevated post. "Were we in the place of Isaac Hill," said the *Courier and Enquirer*, "we would reject the presidency of the United States, if attainable, to enjoy the supreme triumph, the pure, the unalloyed, the legitimate victory of stalking into that very senate and taking our seat—of looking our enemies in the very eye—of saying to the men who violated their oaths by attempting to disfranchise citizens, "Give me room—stand back—do you know me? I am that Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, who, in this very spot, you slandered, vilified, and stripped of his rights; the people, your *masters*, have

sent me here to take my seat in this very chamber, as your equal and your peer."

The confirmation of Amos Kendall and Major Noah, two strong anti-bank men, was powerfully opposed in the senate. The session was nearly at an end before their cases were decided. Daniel Webster, on the 9th of May, wrote to his friend Dutton: "On Monday we propose to take up Kendall and Noah. My expectation is that they will both be confirmed by the casting vote of the vice-president, if the senate should be full, as I think it will be. A week ago I was confident of their rejection, but one man who was relied on, will yield, I am fearful, to the importunities of friends and the dragooning of party. We have had a good deal of debate in closed session on these subjects, and sometimes pretty warm. Some of the speeches, I suppose, will be hereafter published; none of mine, however. Were it not for the fear of the outdoor popularity of General Jackson, the senate would have negatived more than half his nominations. There is a burning fire of discontent, that must, I think, some day break out. When men go so far as to speak warmly against things which they yet feel bound to vote for, we may hope they will soon go a little further. No more of politics." Mr. Noah was rejected by a vote of 25 to 23. Mr. Kendall was confirmed by the casting vote of the vice-president.

The disgust and anger of the president at the conduct of the senate in rejecting so many of his friends were extreme. The removal-and-appointment question was ably discussed in both houses during the session, and many plans were suggested for limiting the dread power of removal. But against so powerful an administrative majority in the house, nothing could be done on a question which was made a strictly party one, and by the proper adjustment of which the party in power could not but be a loser. Mr. Webster, it appears from his correspondence, had doubts whether the constitution gave the president the power to remove without the consent of the senate. He consulted Chancellor Kent on the point, and the chancellor's reply strengthened his doubt.

The Bank of the United States enjoyed two triumphs during this session of Congress. The committee of ways and means, to which was referred that part of the president's message that related to the bank, a committee headed by the distinguished Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, reported strongly in favor of the existing bank, and

as strongly against the bank proposed by the president. Later in the session, Mr. Potter, of North Carolina, introduced into the house four resolutions adverse to the bank. First, that the constitution conferred no power to create a bank; secondly, that if it had, the establishment of the bank was inexpedient; third, that paper-money and banks are injurious to the interests of labor, and dangerous to liberty; fourth, that the house will not consent to the recharter of the bank. These resolutions were immediately laid upon the table by the decisive and significant vote of eighty-nine to sixty-six. The president must proceed cautiously, therefore. He did proceed cautiously, but not the less resolutely. The bank exulted, and exulted openly; but the bank was a doomed bank, notwithstanding.

The removal of all the southern Indians to a territory west of the Mississippi was a measure which General Jackson entirely approved, and upon which, indeed, he was resolved. It was much debated this winter, and most strenuously opposed. The philanthropic feelings of the country were aroused. The letter of many treaties was shown to be against the measure. The peaceful society of Friends opposed it. A volume of the leading speeches in opposition to the removal was widely circulated. The opinions of great lawyers were adverse to it. It was, indeed, one of those wise and humane measures by which great good is done and great evil prevented, but which cause much immediate individual misery, and much grievous individual wrong. It was painful to contemplate the sad remnant of tribes that had been the original proprietors of the soil, leaving the narrow residue of their heritage, and taking up a long and weary march to strange and distant hunting-grounds. More painful it would have been to see those unfortunate tribes hemmed in on every side by hostile settlers, preyed upon by the white man's cupidity, the white man's vices, and the white man's diseases, until they perished from the face of the earth. Doomed to perish they are. But no one, I presume, has now any doubt that General Jackson's policy of removal, which he carried out cautiously, but unrelentingly, and not always without stratagem and management, has caused the inevitable process of extinction to go on with less anguish and less demoralization to the whites than if the Indians had been suffered to remain in the states of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi.

This was the session of Congress signalized by the great debate between Mr. Hayne and Mr. Webster, the first of many debates upon nullification. The future readers of this discussion will be at a loss to discover, either in Mr. Foot's resolution that gave rise to it, or in Mr. Hayne's first speech upon that resolution, an adequate cause for Mr. Webster's magnificent explosions of eloquence. The source of his inspiration is to be sought in the unrecorded feeling of the hour. That tariff bill for which General Jackson had voted, followed as it was by a depression in the market for southern produce, had created in the southern states an extreme and general discontent. Georgia, in the spring of 1829, had sent to Washington a solemn protest against the existing tariff, which Mr. Berrien presented to the senate in an impressive speech. Both the protest and the speech, however, expressed the warmest devotion to the Union. But in South Carolina other language had been used. A distinguished citizen of that state had publicly said that it was time for the south to begin to calculate the value of the Union; and the remark had been hailed with what seemed, at a distance, to be general applause. In the chair of the senate sat Mr. Calhoun, who was already regarded by southern extremists as their predestined chief. There was a small, loud party in Washington, who were already in the habit of giving utterance to sentiments with regard to the Union which, familiar as they are to us, thrilled with horror the patriotic spirits of thirty years ago.

In these circumstances, Mr. Samuel A. Foot, of Connecticut, introduced his harmless resolution to inquire into the expediency of suspending for a time the sale of the public lands. The debate upon this resolution, which has made it so memorable, was a brilliant accident, which surprised no one more than it surprised the eminent men who took the leading part in it. "The whole debate," wrote Mr. Webster to one of his friends, "was a matter of accident. I had left the court pretty late in the day, and went into the senate with my court papers under my arm, just to see what was passing. It so happened that Mr. Hayne very soon rose in his first speech. I did not like it, and my friends liked it less."

The entire offense of Mr. Hayne's speech is contained in one of its sentences, if not in a single phrase. "I am one of those," said Mr. Hayne, "who believe that the very life of our system is the independence of the states, and that there is no evil more to be depre-

cated than *the consolidation of this government.*" This was the little matter that kindled so great a fire.

General Jackson, not yet believing that the doctrine of nullification was destined to become formidable, and being very friendly to Mr. Hayne, the brother of his old aide-de-camp and inspector-general, was disposed, at the moment, to sympathize with the champion of South Carolina. Major Lewis, upon returning from the capitol after hearing the first day's portion of Mr. Webster's principal speech, found the general up, as usual, and waiting for intelligence.

"Been to the capitol, major?" asked the president.

"Yes, general."

"Well, and how is Webster getting on?"

"He is delivering a most powerful speech," was the reply. "I'm afraid he's demolishing our friend Hayne."

"I expected it," said the general.

The president was not long in discovering that there was possible danger in the new doctrine. His own position with regard to it was peculiar, inasmuch as he had been elected to the presidency by the aid of the extreme southern or states-rights party. It is evident that the nullifiers at this stage of their operations, expected from the president some show of acquiescence and support. They were quickly undeceived.

It had been a custom in Washington, for twenty years, to celebrate the birthday (April 13th) of Thomas Jefferson, the apostle of democracy. As General Jackson was regarded by his party as the great restorer and exemplifier of Jeffersonian principles, it was natural that they should desire to celebrate the festival, this year, with more than usual eclat. It was so resolved. A banquet was the mode selected; to which the president, the vice-president, the cabinet, many leading members of Congress, and other distinguished persons were invited. Colonel Benton, who attended the banquet, narrates the part played in it by the president and Mr. Calhoun:

"There was a full assemblage when I arrived, and I observed gentlemen standing about in clusters in the anterooms, and talking with animation on something apparently serious, and which seemed to engross their thoughts. I soon discovered what it was—that it came from the promulgation of the twenty-four regular toasts, which savored of the new doctrine of nullification; and which, acting on some previous misgivings, began to spread the feeling, that the din-

ner was got up to inaugurate that doctrine, and to make Mr. Jefferson its father. Many persons broke off, and refused to attend further; but the company was still numerous, and ardent, as was proved by the number of volunteer toasts given—above eighty—in addition to the twenty-four regulars; and the numerous and animated speeches delivered—the report of the whole proceedings filling eleven newspaper columns. When the regular toasts were over, the president was called upon for a volunteer, and gave it—the one which electrified the country, and has become historical:

“‘OUR FEDERAL UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED.’

“This brief and simple sentiment, receiving emphasis and interpretation from all the attendant circumstances, and from the feeling which had been spreading from the time of Mr. Webster’s speech, was received by the public as a proclamation from the president, to announce a plot against the Union, and to summon the people to its defense. Mr. Calhoun gave the next toast; and it did not at all allay the suspicions which were crowding every bosom. It was this:

“‘The Union: Next to our liberty the most dear: may we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the states, and distributing equally the benefit and burden of the Union.’

“This toast touched all the tender parts of the new question—liberty *before* union—*only* to be preserved—*state-rights*—inequality of *burdens* and *benefits*.”

It was supposed, at the time, that the toast offered by the president was an impromptu. On the contrary, the toast was prepared with singular deliberation, and was designed to produce the precise effect it did produce. Major Lewis favors the reader with the following interesting reminiscence: “This celebrated toast, ‘The Federal Union: It must be preserved,’ was a cool, deliberate act. The *United States Telegraph*, General Duff Green’s paper, published a programme of the proceedings for the celebration the day before, to which the general’s attention had been drawn by a friend, with the suggestion that he had better read it. This he did in the course of the evening, and came to the conclusion that the celebration was to be a *nullification affair altogether*. With this impression on his mind, he prepared early the next morning (the day of the celebra-

tion) three toasts which he brought with him when he came into his office, where he found Major Donelson and myself reading the morning papers. After taking his seat he handed them to me and asked me to read them, and tell him which I preferred: I ran my eye over them and then handed him the one I liked best. He handed them to Major Donelson also with the same request, who, on reading them agreed with me. He said he preferred that one himself for the reason that it was shorter and more expressive. He then put that one into his pocket and threw the others into the fire. That is the true history of the toast the general gave on the Jefferson birthday celebration in 1830, which fell among the nullifiers like an exploded bomb!"

If the nullifying faction of the states-rights party were offended by the president's toast, the patriotic majority of that party were gratified, a month later, by his veto of the Maysville and Lexington road bill. No more internal improvements, said the president in his veto message, until two things are done, namely, the national debt paid, and the constitution revised, so as to distinctly authorize appropriations for the construction of public roads.

This veto, the first of a long series, excited a prodigious clamor among the opposition. The opposition, however, could not command a two-thirds vote in either house. So the bill was lost. It is questionable if, from the volume of presidential messages, an argument more unanswerable can be selected than this Maysville veto message. Would that the principles it unfolds had been permanently adopted! It did vast good, however, in checking the torrent of unwise appropriation, and in throwing upon the people themselves the task of making the country more habitable and accessible.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. VAN BUREN CALLS UPON MRS. EATON.

THESE may seem trivial words with which to head a chapter that treats of dynasties, successions to the presidency, and other high matters. Believing, however, that the political history of the United

States, for the last thirty years, dates from the moment when the soft hand of Mr. Van Buren touched Mrs. Eaton's knocker, I think the heading appropriate.

General Jackson succeeded in showing that the charges against Mrs. Eaton were not supported by testimony, but he did not succeed in convincing the ladies who led the society of Washington that Mrs. Eaton was a proper person to be admitted into their circle. They would not receive her. Mrs. Calhoun would not, although she had called upon the lady soon after her marriage, in company with the vice-president, her husband. Mrs. Berrien would not, although Mr. Berrien, ignorant, as he afterward said, of the lady's standing at the capital, had been one of the guests at her wedding. Mrs. Branch would not, although Mr. Branch had been taken into the cabinet upon Major Eaton's suggestion. Mrs. Ingham would not, although the false gossip of the hour had not wholly spared her own fair fame. The wives of the foreign ministers would not. Mrs. Donelson, the mistress of the White House, though compelled to receive her, would not visit her. "Any thing else, uncle," said she, "I will do for you, but I can not call upon Mrs. Eaton." The general's reply, in effect, was this: "Then go back to Tennessee, my dear." And she went to Tennessee. Her husband, who was also of the anti-Eaton party, threw up his post of private secretary, and went with her; and Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, of the state department, was appointed private secretary in his stead. Six months after, however, by the interposition of friends, Major Donelson and his wife were induced to return and assume their former positions in the mansion of the president.

Three weeks after the inauguration, when the president was in the midst of his correspondence with Dr. Ely, and when his feelings upon the subject of that correspondence were keenest, Mr. Van Buren arrived in Washington to enter upon his duties as secretary of state.

Mr. Van Buren was a widower. He had no daughters. Apprized of the state of things in Washington, he did what was proper, natural, and right. He called upon Mrs. Eaton—received Mrs. Eaton—made parties for Mrs. Eaton; and on all occasions treated Mrs. Eaton with the marked respect with which a gentleman always treats a lady whom he believes to have been the victim of unjust aspersion. A man does not get much credit for an act of virtue which is, also, of all the acts

possible in his circumstances, the most politic. Many men have the weakness to refrain from doing right, because their doing so will be seen to signally promote their cherished objects.* We have nothing to do with Mr. Van Buren's motives. I believe them to have been honest. I believe that he faithfully endeavored to perform the office of oil upon the troubled waters. The course he adopted was the right course, whatever may have been its motive.

The letter-writers of that day were in the habit of amusing their readers with the gossip of the capital, as letter-writers are now. But not a whisper of these scandals escaped into print until society had been rent by them into hostile "sets" for more than two years. After the explosion, one of the Washington correspondents gave an exaggerated and prejudiced, but not wholly incorrect, account of certain scenes in which "Bellona" (the nickname of Mrs. Eaton) and the secretary of state had figured. It was among the diplomatic corps, with whom Mr. Van Buren had an official as well as personal intimacy, that he strove to make converts to the Eatonian cause. It chanced that Mr. Vaughan, the British minister, and Baron Krudener, the Russian minister, were both bachelors, and both entered good-naturedly into the plans of the secretary of state.

"A ball and supper," says the writer just referred to, "were got up by his excellency, the British minister, Mr. Vaughan, a particular friend of Mr. Van Buren. After various stratagems to keep Bellona afloat during the evening, in which almost every cotillon in which she made her appearance was instantly dissolved into its original elements, she was at length conducted by the British minister to the head of his table, where, in pursuance of that instinctive power of inattention to whatever it seems improper to notice, the ladies seemed not to know that she was at the table. This ball and supper were followed by another given by the Russian minister (another old bachelor). To guard against the repetition of the mortification in the spontaneous dissolution of the cotillons, and the neglect of the ladies at supper (where, you must observe, none but ladies sat down), Mr. Van Buren made a direct and earnest appeal to the lady of the minister of Holland, Mrs. Huygens, whom he entreated in her own language to consent to be introduced to the 'accomplished and lovely Mrs. Eaton.'

"The ball scene arrived, and Mrs. Huygens, with uncommon

dignity, maintained her ground, avoiding the advances of Bellona and her associates, until supper was announced, when Mrs. Huygens was informed by Baron Krudener that Mr. Eaton would conduct her to the table. She declined and remonstrated, but in the meantime Mr. Eaton advanced to offer his arm. She at first objected, but to relieve him from his embarrassment, walked with him to the table, where she found Mrs. Eaton seated at the head, beside an empty chair for herself. Mrs. Huygens had no alternative but to become an instrument of the intrigue, or decline taking supper; she chose the latter, and taking hold of her husband's arm, withdrew from the room. This was the offense for which General Jackson afterward threatened to send her husband home.

"The next scene in the drama was a grand dinner, given in the east room of the palace, where it was arranged that Mr. Vaughan was to conduct Mrs. Eaton to the table, and place her at the side of the president, who took care by his marked attentions, to admonish all present (about eighty, including the principal officers of the government and their ladies) that Mrs. Eaton was one of his favorites, and that he expected her to be treated as such in all places. Dinner being over, the company retired to the coffee-room, to indulge in the exhilarating conversation which wine and good company usually excite. But all would not do—nothing could move the inflexible ladies."

How exquisitely gratifying to General Jackson Mr. Van Buren's emphatic public recognition of Mrs. Eaton must have been, every reader will perceive. General Jackson had thrown his whole soul into her cause, as has been abundantly shown in previous pages of this volume. But it was not General Jackson alone whom Mr. Van Buren's conduct penetrated with delight and gratitude. It completely won the four persons who enjoyed more of General Jackson's confidence and esteem than any others in Washington. First, Major Eaton, the president's old friend and most confidential cabinet-adviser. Secondly, Mrs. Eaton. Thirdly, Mrs. O'Neal, the mother of Mrs. Eaton, the friend of the president and of his lamented wife. Lastly, but not least in importance, Major William B. Lewis, an inmate of the White House, the president's most intimate and most constant companion, and formerly the brother-in-law of Major Eaton. The preference and friendship of these four persons included the preference and support of Amos Kendall,

Isaac Hill, Dr. Randolph, and all the peculiar adherents of General Jackson.

The year 1829 had not closed before General Jackson was resolved to do all that in him lay to secure the election of Mr. Van Buren as his successor to the presidency. Nor did that year come to an end before he began to act in furtherance of the project. "All through the summer and fall of 1829," writes Major Lewis, "General Jackson was in very feeble health, and in December of the same year his friends became seriously alarmed for his safety. Indeed, his physical system seemed to be totally deranged. His feet and legs particularly had been much swollen for several months, and continued to grow worse every day, until his extreme debility appeared to be rapidly assuming the character of a confirmed dropsy. The general himself was fully aware of his critical and alarming situation, and frequently conversed with me upon the subject. The conversations occasionally led to another subject, in which I took a deep interest, to wit, the election of Mr. Van Buren as his successor. This I thought highly important, for the purpose of carrying out the principles upon which the general intended to administer the government. But if he were to die so soon after his advent to power, I greatly feared this object would be defeated. However, even in that event, I did not entirely despair of success. It occurred to me that General Jackson's name, though he might be dead, would prove a powerful lever, if judiciously used, in raising Mr. Van Buren to the presidency. I therefore determined to get the general, if possible, to write a letter to some friend, to be used at the next succeeding presidential election (in case of his death), expressive of the confidence he reposed in Mr. Van Buren's abilities, patriotism, and qualifications for any station, even the highest within the gift of the people. Having come to this resolution, I embraced the first favorable opportunity of broaching the subject to him, and was happy to find that he was not disposed to interpose the slightest objection to the proposition. He accordingly wrote a letter to his old friend, Judge Overton, and handed it to me to copy, with authority to make such alterations as I might think proper. After copying it (having made only a few verbal alterations), I requested him to read it, and if satisfied with it, to sign it. He read it, and said it would do, and then put his name to it, remarking, as he returned it to me:

“‘If I die, you have my permission to make such use of it as you may think most desirable.’”

The letter to Judge Overton contained these words: “Permit me here to say of Mr. Van Buren that I have found him every thing that I could desire him to be, and believe him not only deserving my confidence, but the confidence of the nation. Instead of his being selfish and intriguing, as has been represented by some of his opponents, I have ever found him frank, open, candid, and manly. As a counselor, he is able and prudent—republican in his principles, and one of the most pleasant men to do business with I ever saw. He, my dear friend, is well qualified to fill the highest office in the gift of the people, who in him will find a true friend and safe depositary of their rights and liberty. I wish I could say as much for Mr. Calhoun and some of his friends. You know the confidence I once had in that gentleman. I, however, of him desire not to speak; but I have a right to believe that most of the troubles, vexations, and difficulties I have had to encounter, since my arrival in this city, have been occasioned by his friends. But for the present let this suffice.”

Judge Overton, I believe, never knew the purpose for which this letter was written. The copy retained was signed by General Jackson and placed among the secret papers of Major Lewis, where it reposed until copied for the readers of these pages in 1858.

General Jackson and Major Lewis knew how to keep a secret; and this secret was confided, at first, to no one. Yet I find, from the correspondence of Mr. Webster and others, that some inkling of the truth with regard to General Jackson's preference of Mr. Van Buren for the succession, escaped the inner offices of the White House almost immediately. Sixteen days after the letter to Judge Overton had been written, Mr. Webster wrote to his friend, Dutton: “Mr. Van Buren has evidently, at this moment, quite the lead in influence and importance. He controls all the pages on the back stairs, and flatters what seems to be at present the Aaron's serpent among the president's desires, a settled purpose of making out the lady, of whom so much has been said, a person of reputation. It is odd enough, but too evident to be doubted, that the consequence of this dispute in the social and fashionable world, is producing great political effects, and *may very probably determine*

who shall be successor to the present chief magistrate. Such great events," etc., etc., etc.

A month later (February 27th, 1830) Mr. Webster wrote to Jeremiah Mason: "Calhoun is forming a party against Van Buren, and as the president is supposed to be Van Buren's man, the vice-president has great difficulty to separate his opposition to Van Buren from opposition to the president. Our idea is to let them pretty much alone; by no means to act a secondary part to either. We never can and never must support either. While they are thus arranging themselves for battle, that is, Calhoun and Van Buren, there are two considerations which are likely to be overlooked or disregarded by them, and which are material to be considered. 1. The probability that General Jackson will run again; that that is his present purpose I am quite sure. 2. The extraordinary power of this anti-Masonic party, especially in Pennsylvania."

Mr. Webster was correct in his opinion that General Jackson was likely to "run again," but he was exceedingly mistaken in supposing that the fact was "overlooked" by Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren was far too acute a politician not to be aware that there was only one man in the country, and he Andrew Jackson, who, in 1832, could defeat the combined opposition of Calhoun and the South, Clay and the West, Webster and the North. Mr. Van Buren, from the first, insisted upon General Jackson's running a second time. It was an essential part of the programme. It was that which alone could make the rest of the programme possible.

The cabinet, meanwhile, was unharmonious in the extreme. It was divided into two parties upon the all-absorbing question of Mrs. Eaton's character. For Mrs. Eaton were Mr. Van Buren, Major Eaton, Mr. Barry, and the president. Against Mrs. Eaton were Mr. Ingham, Mr. Branch, Mr. Berrien, and the vice-president. The situation of poor Eaton was most embarrassing and painful; for the opposition to his wife being feminine, it could neither be resisted nor avenged. He was the most miserable of men, and the more the fiery president strove to right the wrongs under which he groaned, the worse his position became. The show of civility kept up between himself and the three married men in the cabinet was, at last, only maintained on occasions that were strictly official. Months passed during which he did not exchange a word with Mr. Branch except in the presence of the president.

After enduring this unhappy state of things for nearly a year, the president's patience was completely exhausted, and he was determined that his cabinet should either be harmonized or dissolved. After much preliminary negotiation, the president offered his personal mediation for the purpose of restoring harmony between Major Eaton and his colleagues, and so this affair was temporarily adjusted. For the next fifteen months there was the semblance of harmony among the members of this ill-assorted cabinet. The president, however, did not often consult the three gentlemen who had families. The time-honored cabinet councils were seldom held, and were at length discontinued. Mr. Van Buren maintained and strengthened his position as the president's chief counselor and friend. The president spoke of the secretary of state, among his familiars, by the name of "Van," and called him "Matty" to his face.

Scarcely had the cabinet been pacificated, when the suppressed feud between General Jackson and Mr. Calhoun was changed, so far as the president was concerned, into avowed and irreconcilable hostility. A succession of accidental circumstances led General Jackson to know, that Mr. Calhoun, while a member of Mr. Monroe's cabinet, had disapproved the general's conduct in Florida in 1818, and had proposed, in cabinet council, an investigation of that conduct. Upon obtaining this information, General Jackson addressed to Mr. Calhoun the following letter :

GENERAL JACKSON TO MR. CALHOUN.

"May 13, 1830.

"SIR : The frankness, which, I trust, has always characterized me through life, toward those with whom I have been in the habits of friendship, induces me to lay before you the inclosed copy of a letter from William H. Crawford, Esq., which was placed in my hands on yesterday. The submission, you will perceive was authorized by the writer. The statements and facts it presents being so different from what I had heretofore understood to be correct, requires that it should be brought to your consideration. They are different from your letter to Governor Bibb, of Alabama, of the 13th May, 1818, where you state, 'General Jackson is vested with full power to conduct the war in the manner he may judge best,' and different, too, from your letters to me at that time, which breathe throughout

a spirit of approbation and friendship, and particularly the one in which you say, 'I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th ultimo, and to acquaint you with the entire approbation of the president of all the measures you have adopted to terminate the rupture with the Indians.' My object in making this communication is to announce to you the great surprise which is felt, and to learn of you whether it be possible that the information given is correct; whether it can be, under all the circumstances of which you and I are both informed, that any attempt seriously to affect me was moved and sustained by you in the cabinet council, when, as is known to you, I was but executing the *wishes* of the government, and clothed with the authority to 'conduct the war in the manner I might judge best.'

"You can, if you please, take a copy: the one inclosed you will please return to me.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your humble servant,

"ANDREW JACKSON."

Mr. Calhoun was betrayed by his extreme desire to stand well with the president, and to defeat the supposed machinations of his rival, into the weakness of replying to his letter at prodigious length. Instead of taking the proper and dignified ground of declining to reveal the proceedings of a cabinet council, he avowed that, in the belief that General Jackson had transcended his orders in 1818, he *did* express that opinion in the cabinet council, and proposed the investigation of General Jackson's conduct by a court of inquiry. He justified his course, and inveighed against Mr. Crawford for betraying the secret. He reminded General Jackson, that the approbatory sentence quoted by him in his letter was written before the news of the seizure of the Spanish ports and of the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister had reached Washington. He adduced many proofs of Crawford's hostility to General Jackson and to himself, and denounced this whole proceeding as a plot to effect his own political extinction and the exaltation of his enemies. He declared that his conduct toward General Jackson, from the beginning of their acquaintance, had been that of a true friend and faithful public servant. General Jackson's reply was the following:

GENERAL JACKSON TO MR. CALHOUN.

May 30th, 1830.

"SIR: Your communication of the 29th instant was handed me this morning just as I was going to church, and of course was not read until I returned.

"I regret to find that you have entirely mistaken my note of the 13th instant. There is no part of it which calls in question either your conduct or your motives in the case alluded to. Motives are to be inferred from actions, and judged by our God. It had been intimated to me many years ago, that it was you, and not Mr. Crawford, who had been secretly endeavoring to destroy my reputation. These insinuations I indignantly repelled, upon the ground that you, in all your letters to me, professed to be my personal friend, and approved *entirely* my conduct in relation to the Seminole campaign. I had too exalted an opinion of your honor and frankness, to believe for one moment that you could be capable of such deception. Under the influence of these friendly feelings (which I always entertained for you), when I was presented with a copy of Mr. Crawford's letter, with that frankness which ever has, and I hope ever will, characterize my conduct, I considered it due to you, and the friendly relations which had always existed between us, to lay it forthwith before you, and ask if the statements contained in that letter could be true. I repeat, I had a right to believe that you were my sincere friend, and, until now, never expected to have occasion to say of you, in the language of Cæsar, *Et tu Brute?* The evidence which has brought me to this conclusion is abundantly contained in your letter now before me. In your and Mr. Crawford's dispute I have no interest whatever; but it may become necessary for me hereafter, when I shall have more leisure, and the documents at hand, to place the subject in its proper light, to notice the historical facts and references in your communication, which will give a very different view of this subject.

"It is due to myself, however, to state that the knowledge of the executive documents and orders in my possession will show conclusively that I had authority for all I did, and that your explanation of my powers, as declared to Governor Bibb, shows your own understanding of them. Your letter to me of the 29th, handed to-day, and now before me, is the first intimation to me that *you*

ever entertained any opinion or view of them. Your conduct, words, actions, and letters, I have ever thought, show this. Understanding you now, no further communication with you on this subject is necessary. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON."

Mr. Calhoun persisted in continuing the correspondence. He added, however, nothing of importance to what he had stated in his first communication, and General Jackson again declared that he desired to hear no more upon the subject. He gave Mr. Calhoun plainly to understand that friendly relations between them were forever out of the question.

In reviewing this affair, at once so trivial and so important, I find no evidence whatever that Mr. Calhoun was guilty of duplicity toward General Jackson. Not only was he not bound to communicate to General Jackson the transactions of the cabinet council, but he was bound *not* to reveal them. Nor does it appear that he ever professed, publicly or privately, to General Jackson or to any one else, that he approved *all* of the general's proceedings in Florida. Nor was it any just cause of reproach that he did not approve those proceedings. He admitted that General Jackson's motives had been patriotic, and if he disapproved some of his acts, the general had no right to make that disapproval a ground of offense. Mr. Calhoun's only fault in this business was in his deigning to make any reply to the general's first letter, except civilly to decline giving the information sought. He should have taken high ground at first, and kept it. He should have disdained to fight Mr. Crawford with his own weapons, and not followed his example of revealing cabinet secrets.

The truth is, that before this affair began, the president was, in his heart, totally estranged from Mr. Calhoun, and would have been glad of any pretext for breaking with him.

The feud between the president and the vice-president which was not known to the public for nearly a year after their correspondence closed, began to produce serious effects almost immediately. Among those who most lamented the estrangement, and had most reason to lament it, was General Duff Green, editor of the *United States Telegraph*, and printer to Congress. "We endeavored," he said afterward, in his paper, "to postpone the crisis by direct ap-

peals to the president and to Mr. Calhoun. We refused to read the correspondence between them, because we had hoped, although almost against hope, even up to the last moment, that the eyes of the president would be opened, and that a reconciliation would take place. When the question came in this shape there was less difficulty. It was not a desertion of our friends or of our principles. We were compelled to choose, and we took the weaker side; not because we preferred Mr. Calhoun, but because his was the side of truth and honor."

Soon after the difference between the first officers of the government was known by their friends to be irreconcilable, the *Telegraph* began, gradually and cautiously, to change its tone. For a considerable time General Jackson would not perceive the change, for he was attached to the paper and to its editor, and had many agreeable recollections connected with both. The *Telegraph* had supported him, both before and after his election, with that daring unscrupulousness which was congenial with the feelings of this man of war. Mr. Kendall, however, and Major Lewis saw the coming defection of General Green very plainly, and advised the president to provide in time for the establishment of another organ.

"No," said the general, "you are mistaken. Give Duff time. He will come out right after a little reflection."

Major Lewis felt so confident of the correctness of his surmises that he wrote confidentially, and without consulting the president, to Mr. Gooch, of the *Richmond Inquirer*, asking him if he would come to Washington and establish an organ, in case the president should, at any future time, desire it. Mr. Gooch declined. Mr. Kendall had his eye upon another gentleman, his old friend and voluntary contributor, Francis P. Blair, of Kentucky.

If the country had been searched for the express purpose of selecting the man best fitted for the editorship of the proposed organ, no one could have been found whose history, opinions, antipathies, and cast of character so adapted him for the post as Mr. Blair. Descended from the Scotch family of whom the famous Hugh Blair was a member, born in Virginia, reared and educated in Kentucky, he had been from his youth up an ardent but disinterested politician. For ten years he had taken part in the discussion of the question whether the branches of the Bank of the United States were, or were not, subject to state taxation, a question that

was nowhere argued with such heat and pertinacity as in Kentucky. Mr. Blair was against the bank. The ten years' agitation had made him acquainted with all the vulnerable points of the institution, and familiar with the weapons of attack. He was among the most decided opponents of the bank in the Union. Another of his special antipathies was nullification; and yet another was John Quincy Adams and the high federalism of his messages. Master of an easy and vigorous style, which could become slashing and fierce upon occasion, his whole training as a writer and a politician had been belligerent. He was only a warrior upon paper, however. In person slender and unimposing, in demeanor retiring and quiet, in character amiable, affectionate, and grateful, the man and the editor were two beings as dissimilar as can be imagined. Jackson men who called at the office of the *Globe*, expecting to find the thunderer of their party a man of Kentuckian proportions, with pistols peeping from his breast-pocket, and a bowie-knife stiffening his back, were amazed upon being told that the little man sitting in a corner, writing on his knee, was the great editor they had come to get a sight of.

The summons to Washington, though unexpected, Mr. Blair obeyed without hesitation and without delay. He reached the capital in sorry plight; almost penniless, with a single presentable coat, and that a frock-coat; with a great gash in the side of his head from an oversight near Washington. When he entered the president's office, Major Lewis could hardly conceal his disappointment. For weeks, Mr. Blair had been the coming man to all the *habitués* of that apartment. Whenever General Duff had ventured to come out a little bolder than usual against the administration or its friends, they had said to one another, in effect, "Never mind. Wait till Blair comes. *He* will talk to him." And this was he—this little man attired in frock-coat and court-plaster! Said Major Lewis, with a sly glance at the black patch, "Mr. Blair, we want stout hearts and sound heads here."

The general took to him at once, and he to the general. At the very first interview, the president revealed to him the situation of affairs without any reserve whatever. The difficulties he had had in his own household, the alleged machinations of the nullifiers, the supposed atrocities of the bank, the imaginary devices of that arch-devil, Henry Clay, the cabinet combination against poor Major

Eaton—all were unfolded. The president invited Mr. Blair to dinner. When the hour came, the editor was horrified to find a great company of ambassadors and other high personages assembled in the east room, all in costume superb. The tails of his uncomfortable frock-coat hung heavily upon the soul of the stranger, who shrunk into a corner abashed and miserable. The president, as soon as he entered the room, sought him out, placed him at the table in the seat of honor at his own right hand, and completed the conquest of his heart. In Francis P. Blair, General Jackson gained a lover as well as a champion.

Like Jonah's gourd, the *Globe* appeared to spring into existence in a night—without capital, without a press, without types, without subscribers, without advertisements. Amos Kendall made a contract for the printing. Major Lewis, Mr. Kendall, and all the confidants of the administration exerted themselves to obtain subscribers. The office-holders were given to understand that to subscribe for the *Globe* was the thing they were expected to do, and the Jackson presses throughout the country announced that the *Globe* was, and the *Telegraph* was not, the confidential organ of the administration. Subscribers came in by hundreds in a day, and the *Globe* became a paying enterprise in a few weeks.

In due time, came the election of Messrs. Blair and Rives as printers to Congress, which added fortune to the fame and power given them by the *Globe*. Mr. John C. Rives, the well-known partner of Mr. Blair, was a gentleman who added to respectable literary attainments an extraordinary efficiency in the management of business.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DISSOLUTION OF THE CABINET.

IN the spring of 1831, Mr. Calhoun published his "Book," as it was sneeringly called at the time; a pamphlet of fifty pages octavo, containing his late correspondence with the president, and a mass of letters, statements, and certificates, illustrative thereof. In a

prefatory address to the people of the United States, Mr. Calhoun explained his reasons for making a publication so unusual and unexpected.

"Previous to my arrival at Washington" (in December, 1830), said he, "I had confined the knowledge of the existence of the correspondence to a few confidential friends, who were politically attached both to General Jackson and myself; not that I had any thing to apprehend from its disclosure, but because I was unwilling to increase the existing excitement in the present highly critical state of our public affairs. But when I arrived here, late in December, I found my caution had been of no avail, and that the correspondence was a subject of conversation in every circle, and soon became a topic of free comment in most of the public journals. The accounts of the affair, as is usually the case on such occasions, were for the most part, grossly distorted, and were, in many instances, highly injurious to my character. Still I deemed it my duty to take no hasty step, being determined to afford time for justice to be done me without appeal to you; and, if it should be, to remain silent, as my only object was the vindication of my conduct and character. Believing that further delay would be useless, I can see no adequate motive to postpone, any longer, the submission of all the facts of the case to your deliberate and final decision."

The pamphlet was discussed in a strictly partisan spirit; all the Jackson papers condemning it, all the opposition papers applauding it. A few weeks after its appearance, the *New York Courier and Enquirer* gave extracts from nearly two hundred democratic papers, vindicating the president, and condemning the course of Mr. Calhoun.

The president's retort was prompt, adroit, audacious, and overwhelming. By a series of skillful movements, he shelved the three members of his cabinet—Messrs. Ingham, Branch, and Berrien—who were Mr. Calhoun's friends and political allies. A dissolution of the cabinet was the expedient hit upon. Mr. Van Buren and Major Eaton were to resign and to be provided for. Mr. Barry, the postmaster-general, should retain his place awhile. The obnoxious three were expected to take a hint and leave; if not, the president was prepared to ask their resignations. Go they should.

Every thing was considered, and, as far as possible, provided for before the first step was taken. Mr. Edward Livingston, senator

from Louisiana, was notified of coming events, and offered the post of secretary of state, which he agreed to accept. He had recently paid off, principal and interest, the sum due from him to the government, on account of the misconduct of his clerks in 1803. Thus, a possible objection to his appointment was removed. Mr. Louis McLane, minister to England, was recalled; which provided a place for Mr. Van Buren and a new secretary of the treasury for General Jackson. Judge Hugh L. White, senator from Tennessee, was the gentleman designed to fill the place about to be vacated by Major Eaton. If Judge White accepted, of which there was then no doubt, there would be a vacant seat in the senate for Major Eaton, to which, it was thought, he could be appointed. Mr. Levi Woodbury was ready to take the place of secretary of the navy.

By the bold and artful measures contemplated a great many desirable objects were expected to be gained. A united cabinet, devoted to General Jackson and to the furtherance of his schemes, was one object. The removal of Mr. Van Buren from the scene of strife to a safe and commanding position abroad was thought to be a proceeding well calculated to promote his interests. Moreover, the president had made known to many persons, at the beginning of his administration, his resolve that no member of his cabinet should be his successor. A minor object was to relieve the unhappy Eaton from his painfully embarrassing situation, and restore him to the place he preferred, a seat in the senate.

Mr. Van Buren returned to New York, where his friends received him triumphantly. Early in August, Mr. McLane arrived from London, and Mr. Van Buren, soon after, went abroad as American minister to the Court of St. James. Mr. Livingston reigned over the state department in his stead. Mr. Woodbury was duly appointed secretary of the navy.

On one point only did the scheme of the president fail of success. Judge White refused, point-blank, to accept the place of secretary of war, and thus create a vacancy in the senate for Major Eaton. He had been, for some time, jealous of Mr. Van Buren's ascendancy in the councils of the president, an ascendancy to which he had himself aspired, and which, for a short period, he had been thought to enjoy. Perhaps he had indulged hopes of being adopted as the successor of General Jackson; for General Jackson had shown him his list of rules for the guidance of his administration,

one of which was that no member of the cabinet should succeed him. The general, too, had written to him in October, 1828, as soon as his election to the presidency was felt to be certain, in terms which appeared to justify such an expectation.

When it was known that Judge White had declined a place in the cabinet, the most extraordinary exertions were made by the president and his friends to induce him to change his purpose. Mr. J. K. Polk, General Coffee, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Catron, General Armstrong, and other Tennessee friends wrote to him, entreating him to accept. General Armstrong's letter was familiar and fervent. "I have just parted from the president," he wrote on the 1st of May. "He informs me, confidentially, that you have declined the office of secretary of war. The old man said he wrote you yesterday, urging you still to accept. I know your friendship for the president, and I know, too, judge, the sacrifices you have ever been willing to make for the love of your country. I write this at the request of the old general, because he says I have been present here, and can describe plainly to you the situation of things as they are. The old man says, that *all his plans will be defeated unless you agree to come*; should it be but for a period short of the continuance of his administration?"

But, no. He did not yield. The *Courier and Enquirer* informed the public that Judge White, of Tennessee, on account of severe domestic afflictions, had declined the office of secretary of war, which the president had offered him. From that time to the end of his life, Judge White was *taboo* among the extreme Jacksonians. No more were his public labors extolled in the *Globe*; no more was his advice asked upon important measures. He went into opposition, at length; was feebly run for president against Mr. Van Buren; and was driven, finally, into retirement.

A new man was summoned to the councils of the president, Lewis Cass, governor of the territory of Michigan, who was installed as head of the department of war in July. Though little known, at that day, to the country at large, Governor Cass had been for nearly a quarter of a century in the service of the government. It was he who, as member of the Ohio legislature in 1806, originated the measures against Aaron Burr which caused the explosion of that individual's Mexican projects. Born in New Hampshire to a revolutionary father, Lewis Cass trudged on foot across the Alleghanies,

when he was but seventeen, to seek his fortune in the western wilderness. He studied law, and became a leading man in Ohio; won the notice and favor of President Jefferson by his zeal against Burr, and received the appointment of marshal. He served with ability and distinction through the war of 1812, fighting at the battle of the Thames by the side of General Harrison, as his volunteer aide-de-camp. President Madison appointed him, in 1813, governor of Michigan, a post which he held for the unusual period of nineteen years, until he was invited by General Jackson to the cabinet in 1831.

The vacant attorney-generalship was conferred upon Mr. Roger B. Taney, then attorney-general of Maryland, now the chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Taney was a lawyer of the first distinction in his native state. He was one of the federalists who had given a zealous support to General Jackson in 1828.

Louis McLane, who came from England to take the office of secretary of the treasury, was a native of Delaware, where he studied law under James A. Bayard, known in political history as the friend and correspondent of Alexander Hamilton. Mr. McLane, also, was a gentleman of the federalist persuasion, and a friend to the Bank of the United States. He had distinguished himself, in London, by the zeal and ability with which he conducted important negotiations.

At the next session of Congress, the senate confirmed the nominations of Edward Livingston, Louis McLane, Levi Woodbury, Lewis Cass, and Roger B. Taney to their respective places in the cabinet. Not so the nomination of Mr. Van Buren to the post of British ambassador. Mr. Calhoun, at that time, in common with most of the opposition, attributed to the machinations of Mr. Van Buren his rupture with the president, and the dissolution of the cabinet. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster were of opinion that it was Mr. Van Buren who had induced the president to adopt the New York system of party removals. Mr. Clay ought to have known the president and Mr. Van Buren better than to cherish an opinion so erroneous. But it seems he did not. And, certainly, Mr. Van Buren, by supporting the president in that bad system, and supplying him with plausible arguments to justify it, must ever be held to share in the responsibility of having debauched the

public service. I believe, however, that so far from urging the new policy upon the president, his influence tended to lessen the number of removals.

The leaders of the senate had resolved upon the rejection of Mr. Van Buren. They knew, before Congress came together, that this could be done, and they had discovered an available pretext for doing it. That pretext was found in the very transaction upon which the late secretary of state plumed himself most, and which General Jackson esteemed the first and one of the most valuable triumphs of his administration. In one of his dispatches to Mr. McLane, Mr. Van Buren, by the explicit order of the president, had directed Mr. McLane to say to the British ministry, that the action of the late administration was not to be considered as expressing the sense of the American people, who had expelled it from power. "Now," said Mr. Webster, in commenting upon this dispatch, "this is neither more nor less than saying to Mr. McLane: 'You will be able to tell the British minister, whenever you think proper, that you, and I, and the leading persons in this administration, have opposed the course heretofore pursued by the government and the country, on the subject of the colonial trade. Be sure to let him know that, on that subject, *we* have held with *England*, and *not* with *our own government*.'" Mr. Webster added: "Sir, I submit to you, and to the candor of all just men, if I am not right in saying that the pervading topic throughout the whole is, not American rights, not American interests, not American defense, but denunciation of past *pretensions* of our own country, reflections on the past administrations, and exultation, and a loud claim of merit for the administration now in power."

The debate was animated but brief. Fifty-one days, Colonel Benton informs us, were consumed in the preliminary maneuvers, but the debates lasted but two.

The nomination of Mr. Van Buren was rejected. Colonel Benton, in his "Thirty Years' View," gives us some rare glimpses into the senate chamber while the deed was in progress: "It was Mr. Gabriel Moore, of Alabama, who sat near me, and to whom I said, when the vote was declared, 'You have broken a minister, and elected a vice-president.' He asked me how? and I told him the people would see nothing in it but a combination of rivals against a competitor, and would pull them all down, and set him up.

‘ Good God !’ said he, ‘ why didn’t you tell me that before I voted, and I would have voted the other way.’ ”

“ On the evening of the day, on the morning of which all the London newspapers heralded the rejection of the American minister, there was a great party at Prince Talleyrand’s—then the representative at the British court, of the new king of the French, Louis Philippe. Mr. Van Buren, always master of himself, and of all the proprieties of his position, was there, as if nothing had happened; and received distinguished attention, and complimentary allusions. Lord Auckland, grandson to the Mr. Eden who was one of the commissioners of conciliation sent to us at the beginning of the revolutionary troubles, said to him, ‘ It is an advantage to a public man to be the subject of an outrage’—a remark, wise in itself, and prophetic in its application to the person to whom it was addressed. He came home—apparently gave himself no trouble about what had happened—was taken up by the people—elected, successively, vice-president and president—while none of those combined against him ever attained either position.

“ There was, at the time, some doubt among their friends as to the policy of the rejection, but the three chiefs were positive in their belief that a senatorial condemnation would be political death. I heard Mr. Calhoun say to one of his doubting friends, ‘ It will kill him, sir, kill him dead. He will never kick, sir, never kick;’ and the alacrity with which he gave the casting votes, on the two occasions, both vital, on which they were put into his hands, attested the sincerity of his belief, and his readiness for the work.”

The rejection secured Mr. Van Buren’s political fortune. His elevation to the presidency, long before desired and intended by General Jackson, became, from that hour, one of his darling objects. The “ party,” also, took him up with a unanimity and enthusiasm that left the wire-pullers of the White House little to do. Letters of remonstrance and approbation, signed by influential members of the party, were sent over the sea to Mr. Van Buren, who soon found that his rejection was one of the most fortunate events of his public life.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BANK BILL VETOED.

THERE was division in the bank councils. A large number of the bank's wisest friends desired, above all things, to keep the question of rechartering out of the coming presidential campaign. Others said: "It is now or never with us. We have a majority in both houses in favor of rechartering. Let us seize the opportunity while we have it, for it may never return." "No," said the opposite party, "the president will most assuredly veto the bill; and we can not carry it over the veto. Then if the president is re-elected, which, alas! is only too possible, the bank is lost irrecoverably. Precipitation gives us but one chance; delay may afford us many."

Mr. Clay's powerful will decided this controversy. Said he, in substance: "We have the president in a dilemma, upon one of the horns of which we can certainly transfix him. The legislature of his favorite state, his own devoted Pennsylvania, has unanimously pronounced in favor of rechartering the bank. The bank is *in* Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania is proud of it, and thinks her prosperity identified with it. If the president vetoes the bill, he loses Pennsylvania, the bulwark of his power and popularity. If he does not veto the bill, he loses fatally in the South and West. Now is our time." This reasoning may not have quite convinced the leading friends of the bank; but the commanding influence of Henry Clay, then in the very zenith of his power and of his fame, caused it to be adopted as the policy of the institution.

So the issue between the opposition and the administration was joined. The administration, there is good reason to believe, would have gladly avoided the issue at this session. I am assured, upon authority no less distinguished than Mr. Edward Livingston, that, at this stage of the contest, the president was really disposed to cease the war upon the bank. It was Mr. Livingston's opinion that if, at the beginning of this session, the bank had shown a little complaisance to the president, had consulted him, had consented to cer-

tain modifications of its charter, the president could have been induced to sign the re-chartering bill. Mr. Biddle and Mr. Clay determined otherwise. They seized the earliest moment to taunt and defy the president, who accepted the issue.

On the 9th of January, Mr. George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, presented to the senate a memorial from the president and directors of the bank, asking a renewal of their charter. The memorial, which was chiefly an apology for what might seem a premature agitation of the subject, was couched in language most modest and respectful. It was not for them, said the directors, to speak of the value to the public of an institution established with so much difficulty and conducted with so much toil. But the bank was connected in so many ways with the business of the country, that it was highly desirable the country should learn, as soon as possible, whether the present financial system was to cease on the 4th of March, 1836, or endure for many years to come. If Congress, in its wisdom, should decree the extinction of the bank, the directors would do all in their power to aid the community to devise new financial facilities, and would endeavor to close the bank with as little detriment to the business of the country as their experience in the management of financial affairs would enable them.

In presenting this gentlemanlike memorial, Mr. Dallas, a friend of the bank, admitted that he thought its presentation, just then, unwise. He feared that the bank "might be drawn into real or imagined conflict with some higher, some more favorite, some more immediate wish or purpose of the American people." Observe the senator's descending scale of adjectives: "Some higher, some more favorite, some more immediate." Hard lot, to be a statesman in a country where all politics necessarily resolve themselves into a contest for the first office—a contest renewed as soon as the wretched incumbent has taken his seat!

The bill rechartering the Bank of the United States passed the senate on the eleventh of June, by a vote of twenty-eight to twenty, and the house on the third of July, by a vote of one hundred and nine to seventy-six. It was presented to the president on the fourth of July, and by him returned to Congress, VETOED, on the tenth of the same month. The message accompanying the vetoed bill was one of the longest and one of the most adroit ever sent to Congress by a president.

The objections of the administration to the renewal of the bank charter, as expressed in this famous message, may be summed up in one ugly word, and that word is **MONOPOLY**.

Here, said the president (in effect), is a certain small body of men and women, the stockholders of the Bank of the United States, upon whom the federal government has bestowed, and by the renewal bill proposes to continue, exclusive privileges of immense pecuniary value; and, by doing so, restricts the liberty of all other citizens. This is a monopoly. The granting of it, in the first place, inasmuch as the effect of the measure could not have been foreseen, may be excused; but for its continuance there is not the shadow of an excuse. The following odious features of the monopoly were enumerated in the message:

1. Eight millions of the stock of the bank was held by foreigners. The renewal of the charter would raise the market value of that stock at least twenty or thirty per cent. Renew the charter, and the American republic will make a present to foreign stockholders of some millions of dollars, without deriving the slightest advantage from the munificent gift.

2. Let it be granted that the government should bestow this monopoly. Then a fair price should be paid for it. The actual value of the privileges conferred by the bill is computed to be seventeen millions of dollars, and the act proposes to sell those privileges for the annual sum of two hundred thousand dollars; or, in other words, for three millions of dollars, payable in fifteen annual installments of two hundred thousand dollars each.

3. The act excludes competition. Persons of wealth and respectability had offered to take a charter on terms more favorable to the government than those proposed by the bill.

4. The bill concedes to banks dealing with the bank of the United States what it denies to individuals. If a state bank in Philadelphia owes money to the Bank of the United States, and has notes issued by the St. Louis branch, it can pay its debt with those notes; but a merchant must either sell his St. Louis notes at a discount, or send them to St. Louis to be cashed. This boon to banks operates as a bond of union among the banking institutions of the whole country, "erecting them into an interest separate from that of the people."

5. The stock held by foreigners can not be taxed, a fact which

gives such stock a value ten or fifteen per cent. greater than that held by citizens.

6. As each state can tax only the amount of stock held by its citizens, and not the amount employed in the state, the tax will operate unequally and unjustly.

7. Though nearly a third of the stock of the bank is held by foreigners, foreigners have no voice or vote in the election of the officers of the bank. Of the twenty-five directors, five are appointed by the government, and twenty by the citizen stockholders. Stock is continually going abroad, and the renewal of the charter will greatly accelerate its departure. The consequence will inevitably be, to throw the control of the bank into the hands of a few resident stockholders, who will be able to reelect themselves from year to year, and who will wield a power dangerous to the institutions of the country.

8. Should the stock ever pass principally into the hands of the subjects of a foreign country, and we should become involved in a war with that country, the interests and feelings of the directors will be opposed to those of their countrymen. "All the operations of the bank within would be in aid of the hostile fleets and armies without. Controlling our currency, receiving our public moneys, and holding thousands of our citizens in dependence, it would be more formidable and dangerous than the naval and military power of the enemy." If we must have a bank, every consideration of sound policy, and every impulse of American feeling, admonishes that it should be purely American. And this the more, as domestic capital was so abundant, that competition in subscribing to a local bank had recently almost led to a riot.

From this enumeration, the message proceeded to discuss the question of the constitutionality of the bill. A preliminary remark excited great clamor at the time. "Each public officer," said the president, "who takes an oath to support the constitution, swears that he will support it *as he understands it*, and not as it is understood by others;" even though those "others" be the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. "The opinion of the judges has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of Congress has over the judges; and, on that point, the president is independent of both." The judges, it was true, had decided the law incorporating the bank to be constitutional, but only on the gen-

eral ground that Congress had power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper" for carrying the powers of the general government into execution. Necessary and proper! The question, then, resolved itself into an inquiry whether such an institution as this bill proposed was necessary and proper. To that inquiry the author of the message addressed himself; arriving, of course, at the conclusion that the act contained many provisions most unnecessary and most improper; and, therefore, unconstitutional.

Concerning the financial and legal principles laid down in this important document, financiers and lawyers differ in opinion. The humbler office of the present chronicler is to state that the bank-veto message of President Jackson came with convincing power upon a majority of the people of the United States. It settled the question. And it may be safely predicted that while that message endures, and the Union, as it is now constituted, endures, a bank of the United States can never exist. If ever it should be seriously proposed to establish one again, that message will rise from its grave in the volume of presidential messages, where it sleeps forgotten, to crush the proposition.

It was the singular fortune of the bank-veto message to delight equally the friends and the foes of the bank. The opposition circulated it as a campaign document! Duff Green published it in his extra *Telegraph*, calling upon all the opponents of the administration to give it the widest publicity, since it would damn the administration wherever it was read. The *New York American* characterized it thus: "It is indeed and verily beneath contempt. It is an appeal of ignorance to ignorance, of prejudice to prejudice, of the most unblushing partisan hostility to the obsequiousness of partisan servility. No man in the cabinet proper will be willing to share the ignominy of preparing or approving such a paper."

Nicholas Biddle himself was enchanted with it, for he thought it had saved the bank by destroying the bank's great enemy. "You ask," he wrote to Henry Clay, "what is the effect of the veto? My impression is, that it is working as well as the friends of the bank and of the country could desire. I have always deplored making the bank a party question, but since the president will have it so, he must pay the penalty of his own rashness. As to the veto message, I am delighted with it. It has all the fury of a chained

panther, biting the bars of his cage. It is really a manifesto of anarchy, such as Marat or Robespierre might have issued to the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine; and my hope is, that it will contribute to relieve the country from the dominion of these miserable people. You are destined to be the instrument of that deliverance, and at no period of your life has the country ever had a deeper stake in you. I wish you success most cordially, because I believe the institutions of the Union are involved in it."

So little did Mr. Biddle, and such as he, know the country in which they lived! As little do such now know it!

On the 16th of July, at six o'clock in the morning Congress adjourned. The opposition members went home to join their allies of the press in the attempt to convince the people of the United States that the veto was ruining the country, and would completely ruin it, unless they elected Messrs. Clay and Sergeant to the first offices of the government in the following November.

The opposition press told the people that the veto had caused the stock of the great bank to decline four per cent.; that bricks had fallen from five dollars per thousand to three; that wild consternation pervaded the great cities; that real estate had lost a fourth of its value; that western men were contracting to deliver pork, next season, at two dollars and a half if Clay was elected, and at one and a half if Jackson was elected; that mechanics were thrown out of employment by thousands, and were going supperless to bed; that no more steamboats were to be built on the western rivers until there was a change of rulers; that the old friends of General Jackson were falling away from him in every direction; that mass meetings were held in every state denouncing the veto; that the Irish voters were seceding from General Jackson, thousands of them at one meeting; and that the defeat of the tyrant was as certain to occur as the sun was certain to rise on the morning of election day.

The result of the election astonished every body. Not the wildest Jackson man in his wildest moment had anticipated a victory quite so overwhelming. Two hundred and eighty-eight was the whole number of electoral votes in 1832. General Jackson received two hundred and nineteen—seventy-four more than a majority. Mr. Van Buren, for the vice-presidency, received one hundred and eighty-nine electoral votes—forty-four more than a majority. Clay and Sergeant obtained FORTY-NINE! William Wirt, of Maryland,

and William Ellmaker, of Pennsylvania, the candidates of the anti-masonry party, received the electoral vote of one state, Vermont—a result to which the vehement denunciations of a printer's boy, named Horace Greeley, may have contributed a few votes. South Carolina threw her vote away upon John Floyd, of Virginia, and Henry Lee, of Massachusetts, neither of whom were nullifiers.

The states that voted for General Jackson were these: Maine, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Mississippi, Indiana, Illinois, Alabama, and Missouri—sixteen. All of these states but one gave their electoral vote to Mr. Van Buren for the vice-presidency. Pennsylvania preferred William Wilkins for that office, one of her own citizens, who received accordingly thirty votes, and caused Mr. Van Buren to fall thirty votes behind his chief. The states that gave a majority for Clay and Sergeant were: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky—six.

The Bank of the United States was doomed. The *Globe* had the audacity to say, soon after the election, that members of the defeated party were prompting the “minions of the bank” to save the institution by the only expedient that could save it—the assassination of the president! It further stated, that two members of the opposition had been overheard to declare, that the man who should do the deed would render his country a signal service, which the bank would gladly reward with a gift of fifty thousand dollars. There was one man then living in the United States who believed that there was truth in these stories. Andrew Jackson was his name. When, a little later, a lunatic aimed a pistol at him, he thought for days that the “minions of the bank” had set him on.

Well, the clamor of the election, the shouts of triumph, the groans of the defeated, died away in the month of November, and were forgotten. The president, it will be admitted, was a very popular man just then. But who could have foreseen that, within one little month, he was to win over to his side the very class and the only class that had opposed his reelection, and attain a popularity more fervid and universal than has been incurred by a citizen of the United States since the first term of General Washington's presidency? Who could have expected to see all New England, headed by New England's favorite, Daniel Webster, joining with all the

north and most of the south, in one burst of enthusiastic praise of Andrew Jackson?

Indeed, some of the newspapers went so far as to nominate General Jackson for a third term. "My opinion is," wrote Mr. Wirt, "that he may be president for life if he chooses."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NULLIFICATION.

THE old Jackson men still speak of Mr. Calhoun in terms which show that they consider him at once the most wicked and the most despicable of American statesmen. He was a coward, conspirator, hypocrite, traitor, and fool, say they. He strove, schemed, dreamed, lived, only for the presidency; and when he despaired of reaching that office by honorable means, he sought to rise upon the ruins of his country—thinking it better to reign in South Carolina than to serve in the United States. General Jackson lived and died in this opinion. In his last sickness he declared that, in reflecting upon his administration, he chiefly regretted that he had not had John C. Calhoun executed for treason. "My country," said the general, "would have sustained me in the act, and his fate would have been a warning to traitors in all time to come."

But let us come to the facts. The war of 1812 left the country burdened with a debt of one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, and blessed with a great number of small manufactories. The debt and the manufactories were both results of the war. By cutting off the supply of foreign manufactured articles, the war had produced upon the home manufacturing interest the effect of a prohibitory tariff. To pay the interest of this great debt and occasional installments of the principal, it was necessary for the government to raise a far larger revenue than had ever before been collected in the United States. The new manufacturing interest asked that the duties should be so regulated as to afford some part of that complete protection which the war had given it. The peace, that had been welcomed with such wild delight in 1815, had prostrated entire

branches of manufacture to which the war had given a sudden development.

Among those who advocated the claims of the manufacturers in the session of 1815-'16, and strove to have the protective principle permanently incorporated into the revenue legislation of Congress, the most active, the most zealous, was John C. Calhoun, member of the house of representatives from South Carolina. He spoke often on the subject, and he spoke unequivocally. Mr. Clay, who was then the friend, ally, and messmate of Mr. Calhoun, admitted that the Carolinian had surpassed himself in the earnestness with which he labored in the cause of protection.

One of his arguments was drawn from the condition of Poland at the time. "The country in Europe," said he, "having the most skillful workmen, is broken up. It is to us, if wisely used, more valuable than the repeal of the Edict of Nantes was to England. She had the prudence to profit by it—let us not discover less political sagacity. Afford to ingenuity and industry immediate and AMPLE PROTECTION, and they will not fail to give a preference to this free and happy country."

The protectionists, led by Messrs. Clay and Calhoun, triumphed in 1816. In the tariff bill of 1820, the principle was carried farther, and still farther in those of 1824 and 1828. Under the protective system, manufactures flourished, and the public debt was greatly diminished. It attracted skillful workmen to the country, as Mr. Calhoun had said it would, and contributed to swell the tide of ordinary emigration.

But, about the year 1824, it began to be thought, that the advantages of the system were enjoyed chiefly by the Northern States, and the South hastened to the conclusion that the protective system was the cause of its lagging behind. There was, accordingly, a considerable southern opposition to the tariff of 1824, and a general southern opposition to that of 1828. In the latter year, however, the South elected to the presidency General Jackson, whose votes and whose writings had committed him to the principle of protection. Southern politicians felt that the general, as a southern man, was more likely to further their views than Messrs. Adams and Clay, both of whom were peculiarly devoted to protection.

As the first years of General Jackson's administration wore away without affording to the South the "relief" which they had hoped

from it, the discontent of the southern people increased. Circumstances gave them a new and most telling argument. In 1831, the public debt had been so far diminished as to render it certain that in three years, the last dollar of it would be paid. The government had been collecting about twice as much revenue as its annual expenditures required. In three years, therefore, there would be an annual surplus of twelve or thirteen millions of dollars. The South demanded, with almost a united voice, that the duties should be reduced so as to make the revenue equal to the expenditure, and that, in making this reduction, the principle of protection should be, in effect, abandoned. Protection should thenceforth be "incidental" merely. The session of 1831-'32 was the one during which southern gentlemen hoped to effect this great change in the policy of the country. The president's message, as we have seen, also announced that, in view of the speedy extinction of the public debt, it was high time that Congress should prepare for the threatened surplus.

The case was one of real difficulty. It was a case for a statesman. To reduce the revenue thirteen millions, at one fell and indiscriminate swoop, would close half the workshops in the country. At the same time, for the United States to go on raising thirteen millions a year more than was necessary for carrying on the government, would have been an intolerable absurdity.

Mr. Clay, after an absence from the halls of Congress of six years, returned to the senate in December, 1831—an illustrious figure, the leader of the opposition, its candidate for the presidency, his old renown enhanced by his long exile from the scene of his well-remembered triumphs. The galleries filled when he was expected to speak. He was in the prime of his prime. He never spoke so well as then, nor as often, nor so long, nor with so much applause. But he either could not, or dared not, undertake the choking of the Surplus. What wise, complete, far-reaching measure *can* a candidate for the presidency link his fortunes to? He wounded, without killing it; and he was *compelled*, at a later day, to do what it had been glorious voluntarily to attempt in 1832. He proposed merely "that the duties upon articles imported from foreign countries, and not coming into competition with similar articles made or produced within the United States, be forthwith abolished, except the duties upon wines and silks, and that those be reduced." After a debate of months' duration, a bill

in accordance with this proposition, passed both houses, and was signed by the president. It preserved the protective principle intact; it reduced the income of the government about three millions of dollars; and it inflamed the discontent of the South to such a degree, that one state, under the influence of a man of force, became capable of—Nullification.

The president signed the bill, as he told his friends, because he deemed it an approach to the measure required. His influence, during the session, had been secretly exerted in favor of compromise. Major Lewis, at the request of the president, had been much in the lobbies and committee-rooms of the capitol, urging members of both sections to make concessions. The president thought that the just course lay between the two extremes of abandoning the protective principle and of reducing the duties in total disregard of it.

To return to Mr. Calhoun. His hostile correspondence with the president was published by him, as we have before stated, in the spring of 1831. The president retorted by getting rid of the three members of the cabinet who favored the succession of Mr. Calhoun to the presidency. Three months after, in the *Pendleton Messenger* of South Carolina, Mr. Calhoun continued the strife by publishing his first treatise upon nullification.

The essay, which fills five columns of the *Courier and Enquirer*, is divided into two parts. First, the vice-president endeavors to show that nullification is the natural, proper, and peaceful remedy for an intolerable grievance inflicted by Congress upon a state or upon a section; secondly, that the tariff law of 1828, unless rectified during the next session of Congress, will be such a grievance. He went all lengths against the protective principle. It was unconstitutional, unequal in its operation, oppressive to the South, an evil "inveterate and dangerous." The reduction of duties to the revenue standard could be delayed no longer "without the most distracting and dangerous consequences." "The honest and obvious course is, to prevent the accumulation of the surplus in the treasury, by a timely and judicious reduction of the imposts; and thereby to leave the money in the pockets of those who made it; and from whom it can not be honestly nor constitutionally taken, unless required by the fair and legitimate wants of the government. If, neglecting a disposition so obvious and just, the government

should attempt to keep up the present high duties, when the money is no longer wanted, or to dispose of this immense surplus by enlarging the old, or devising new schemes of appropriations; or, finding that to be impossible, it should adopt the most dangerous, unconstitutional, and absurd project ever devised by any government, of dividing the surplus among the states (a project which, if carried into execution, could not fail to create an antagonist interest between the states and general government, on all questions of appropriations, which would certainly end in reducing the latter to a mere office of collection and distribution), either of these modes would be considered, by the section suffering under the present high duties, as a fixed determination to perpetuate forever what it considers the present unequal, unconstitutional, and oppressive burden; *and, from that moment, it would cease to look to the general government for relief.*"

Nullification is distinctly announced in this passage.

In this performance, Mr. Calhoun did not refer to his forgotten championship of the protective policy in 1816. The busy burrowers of the press, however, occasionally brought to the surface a stray memento of that championship, which the press of South Carolina denounced as slanderous. A Mr. Reynolds, of South Carolina, was moved, by his disgust at such reminders, to write to Mr. Calhoun, asking him for information respecting "the origin of a system so abhorrent to the South." Mr. Calhoun's reply to the inquiry does not read like the letter of an honest man. It certainly conveyed impressions at variance with the truth. He said that "he had always considered the tariff of 1816 as in reality a measure of revenue—as distinct from one of protection;" that it reduced duties instead of increasing them; that the protection of manufactures was regarded as a mere incidental feature of the bill; that he had regarded its protective character as temporary, to last only until the debt should be paid; that, in fact, he had not paid very particular attention to the details of the bill at the time, as he was not a member of the committee which had drafted it; that "his time and attention were much absorbed with the question of the currency," as he was chairman of the committee on that subject; that the tariff bill of 1816 was innocence itself compared with the monstrous and unconstitutional tariff of 1828, and had no principle in common with it.

These assertions may not all be quite destitute of truth, but they are essentially false, and the impression created by them is most erroneous. The reader has but to turn to the debates of 1816, to discover that the discussion of the tariff bill turned entirely on its protective character, and that Mr. Calhoun was the special defender of its protective provisions. The strict constructionist or state-rights party was headed then in the house by John Randolph, who, on many occasions during the long debate, rose to refute Mr. Calhoun's protective reasoning. Calhoun was then a member of the other wing of the republican party. He was a bank man, an internal improvement man, a protectionist, a consolidationist.

Mr. Calhoun's fulmination in the *Pendleton Messenger* was dated July 26th, 1831. Congress met in December following, and debated the tariff all the winter and spring. Late in the month of June, by a majority of thirty-two to sixteen in the senate, by a majority of one hundred and twenty-nine to sixty-five in the house, Mr. Clay's bill, reaffirming the protective principle, and abolishing duties on articles not needing protection, was passed. A month after, Congress adjourned; the vice-president went home to South Carolina; and that turbulent little state soon prepared to execute the threats contained in the vice-president's Pendleton manifesto.

The legislature of the state, early in the autumn, passed an act calling a convention of the citizens of South Carolina, for the purpose of taking into consideration the late action of Congress, and of suggesting the course to be pursued by South Carolina in relation to it. At Columbia, on the nineteenth of November, the convention met. It consisted of about one hundred and forty members, the *élite* of the state. The Hamiltons, the Haynes, the Pinckneys, the Butlers, and, indeed, nearly all the great families of a state of great families were represented in it. It was a body of men as respectable in character and ability as has ever been convened in South Carolina. Courtesy and resolution marked its proceedings, and the work undertaken by it was done with commendable thoroughness. A committee of twenty-one was appointed to draw up an address to the people of the state, or rather a programme of the proceedings best calculated to promote the end designed. The chief result of the labors of this committee was the celebrated ORDINANCE; which ordinance, signed by the entire convention, con-

sisted of five distinct decrees, to the execution of which the members pledged themselves. It was ordained—

I. That the tariff law of 1828, and the amendment to the same of 1832, were “null, void, and no law, nor binding upon this state, its officers or citizens.”

II. No duties enjoined by that law or its amendment shall be paid, or permitted to be paid, in the state of South Carolina, after the first day of February, 1833.

III. In case involving the validity of the expected nullifying act of the legislature, shall an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States be permitted. No copy of proceedings shall be allowed to be taken for that purpose. Any attempt to appeal to the Supreme Court “may be dealt with as for a contempt of the court,” from which the appeal is taken.

IV. Every office-holder in the state, whether of the civil or the military service, and every person hereafter assuming an office, and every juror, shall take an oath to obey this ordinance, and all acts of the legislature in accordance therewith or suggested thereby.

V. If the government of the United States shall attempt to enforce the tariff laws, now existing, by means of its army or navy, by closing the ports of the state, or preventing the egress or ingress of vessels, or shall in any way harass or obstruct the foreign commerce of the state, then South Carolina will no longer consider herself a member of the federal Union: “the people of this state will thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connection with the people of the other states, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent states may of right do.”

Such was the nullifying ordinance of November 24th, 1832—Mr. Calhoun’s peaceful, constitutional, and union-cementing remedy for a federal grievance. The convention issued an address to the people of the other states of the Union, justifying its proceedings, and then adjourned.

The people of South Carolina accepted the ordinance with remarkable unanimity. There was a Union party in the state, respectable in numbers and character, but the nullifiers commanded an immense, an almost silencing majority. Robert Y. Hayne, a member of the convention, was elected governor of the state, and

the legislature that assembled early in December, was chiefly composed of nullifiers. The message of the new governor indorsed the acts of the convention in the strongest language possible. "I recognize," said the governor, "no allegiance as paramount to that which the citizens of South Carolina owe to the state of their birth or their adoption. I here publicly declare, and wish it to be distinctly understood, that I shall hold myself bound, by the highest of all obligations, to carry into full effect, not only the ordinance of the convention, but every act of the legislature, and every judgment of our own courts, the enforcement of which may devolve on the executive. I claim no right to revise their acts. It will be my duty to execute them; and that duty I mean, to the utmost of my power, faithfully to perform."

He said more: "If the sacred soil of Carolina should be polluted by the footsteps of an invader, or be stained with the blood of her citizens, shed in her defense, I trust in Almighty God that no son of hers, native or adopted, who has been nourished at her bosom, or been cherished by her bounty, will be found raising a parricidal arm against our common mother."

The legislature instantly responded to the message by passing the acts requisite for carrying the ordinance into practical effect. The governor was authorized to accept the services of volunteers, who were to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning. The state resounded with the noise of warlike preparation. Blue cockades, with a palmetto button in the center, appeared upon thousands of hats, bonnets, and bosoms. Medals were struck ere long, bearing this inscription: "John C. Calhoun, First President of the Southern Confederacy." The legislature proceeded soon to fill the vacancy created in the senate of the United States by the election of Mr. Hayne to the governorship. John C. Calhoun, vice-president of the United States, was the individual selected, and Mr. Calhoun accepted his seat. He resigned the vice-presidency, and began his journey to Washington in December, leaving his state in the wildest ferment.

Two months of the autumn of this year, General Jackson spent in visiting his beloved Hermitage, the grave of his wife. But he had had an eye upon South Carolina. Soon after his return to Washington in October, came news that the convention of the South Carolina nullifiers was appointed to meet on the nineteenth

of November. On the sixth of that month, the president sent secret orders to the collector of the port of Charleston of an energetic character :

“ Upon the supposition that the measures of the convention, or the acts of the legislature, may consist, in part at least, in declaring the laws of the United States imposing duties unconstitutional, and null and void, and in forbidding their execution, and the collection of the duties within the state of South Carolina, you will, immediately after it shall be formally announced, resort to all the means provided by the laws, and particularly by the act of the second of March, 1799, to counteract the measures which may be adopted to give effect to that declaration.

“ For this purpose you will consider yourself authorized to employ the revenue cutters which may be within your district, and provide as many boats, and employ as many inspectors, as may be necessary for the execution of the law, and for the purposes of the act already referred to. You will, moreover, cause a sufficient number of officers of cutters and inspectors to be placed on board, and in charge of every vessel arriving from a foreign port or place, with goods, wares, or merchandise, as soon as practicable after her first coming within your district, and direct them to anchor her in some safe place within the harbor, where she may be secure from any act of violence, and from any unauthorized attempt to discharge her cargo before a compliance with the laws; and they will remain on board of her at such place until the reports and entries required by law shall be made, both of vessel and cargo, and the duties paid, or secured to be paid to your satisfaction, and until the regular permit shall be granted for landing the cargo; and it will be your duty, against any forcible attempt, to retain and defend the custody of the said vessel, by the aid of the officers of the customs, inspectors, and officers of the cutters, until the requisitions of the law shall be fully complied with; and in case of any attempt to remove her or her cargo from the custody of the officers of the customs, by the form of legal process from state tribunals, you will not yield the custody to such attempt, but will consult the law officer of the district, and employ such means as, under the particular circumstances, you may legally do, to resist such process, and prevent the removal of the vessel and cargo.”

A few days after the dispatch of these orders, General Scott was

quietly ordered to Charleston, for the purpose, as the president confidentially informed the collector, "of superintending the safety of the ports of the United States in that vicinity." Other changes were made in the disposition of naval and military forces, designed to enable the president to act with swift efficiency, if there should be occasion to act. If ever a man was resolved to accomplish a purpose, General Jackson was resolved on this occasion to preserve intact the authority with which he had been intrusted. Nor can any language do justice to the fury of his contemptuous wrath against the author and fomentor of all this trouble.

Congress met on the third of December, 1832. Mr. Calhoun had not reached Washington, and his intention to resign the vice-presidency was not known there. Judge White, of Tennessee, was elected president of the senate, *pro tem.*, and the president of the United States was then notified that Congress was ready to receive the annual message.

The message of 1832 reveals few traces of the loud and threatening contentions amid which it was produced.

The troubles in South Carolina were dismissed in a single paragraph, which expressed a hope of a speedy adjustment of the difficulty.

While Congress was listening to this calm and suggestive message, the president was absorbed in the preparation of another document, and one of a very different description. A pamphlet containing the proceedings of the South Carolina Convention reached him on one of the last days of November. It moved him profoundly; for this fiery spirit loved his country as few men have loved it. Though he regarded those proceedings as the fruit of John C. Calhoun's treasonable ambition and treasonable resentment, he rose, on this occasion, above personal considerations, and conducted himself with that union of daring and prudence which had given him such signal success in war. He went to his office alone, and began to dash off page after page of the memorable proclamation which was soon to electrify the country. He wrote with that great steel pen of his, and with such rapidity, that he was obliged to scatter the written pages all over the table to let them dry. A gentleman who came in when the president had written fifteen or twenty pages, observed that three of them were glistening with wet ink at the same moment. The warmth, the glow, the

passion, the eloquence of that proclamation, were produced then and there by the president's own hand.

To these pages were added many more of notes and memoranda which had been accumulating in the presidential hat for some weeks, and the whole collection was then placed in the hands of Mr. Livingston, the Secretary of State, who was requested to draw up the proclamation in proper form. Major Lewis writes to me: "Mr. Livingston took the papers to his office, and, in the course of three or four days, brought the proclamation to the general, and left it for his examination. After reading it, he came into my room and remarked that Mr. Livingston had not correctly understood his notes—there were portions of the draft, he added, which were not in accordance with his views, and must be altered. He then sent his messenger for Mr. Livingston, and, when he came, pointed out to him the passages which did not represent his views, and requested him to take it back with him and make the alterations he had suggested. This was done, and the second draft being satisfactory, he ordered it to be published. I will add that, before the proclamation was sent to press to be published, I took the liberty of suggesting to the general whether it would not be best to leave out that portion to which, I was sure, the state-rights party would particularly object. He refused.

" 'Those are my views,' said he with great decision of manner, 'and I will not change them nor strike them out.' "

This celebrated paper was dated December 11th, 1832. The word proclamation does not describe it. It reads more like the last appeal of a sorrowing but resolute father to wayward, misguided sons. Argument, warning, and entreaty were blended in its composition. It began by calmly refuting, one by one, the leading positions of the nullifiers. The *right to annul*, and the *right to secede*, as claimed by them, were shown to be incompatible with the fundamental idea and main object of the constitution; which was "to form a more perfect Union." That the tariff act complained of did operate unequally was granted, but so did every revenue law that had ever been or could ever be passed. The right of a state to secede was strongly denied. "To say that any state may at pleasure secede from the Union is to say that the United States are not a nation." The individual states are not completely sovereign, for they voluntarily resigned part of their sovereignty. "How can

that state be said to be sovereign and independent whose citizens owe obedience to laws not made by it, and whose magistrates are sworn to disregard those laws, when they come in conflict with those passed by another?"

Finally, the people of South Carolina were distinctly given to understand, that, in case any forcible resistance to the laws were attempted by them, the attempt would be resisted by the combined power and resources of the other states. For one word, however, of this kind, there were a hundred of entreaty. "Fellow-citizens of my native state!" exclaimed the president, "let me not only admonish you as the first magistrate of our common country not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin. In that paternal language, with that paternal feeling, let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who are either deceived themselves or wish to deceive you."

Such were the tone and manner of this celebrated proclamation. It was clear in statement, forcible in argument, vigorous in style, and glowing with the fire of a genuine and enlightened patriotism. It was such a blending of argument and feeling as Alexander Hamilton would have drawn up for Patrick Henry.

The proclamation was received at the North with an enthusiasm that seemed unanimous, and was nearly so. The opposition press bestowed the warmest encomiums upon it. Three days after its appearance in the newspapers of New York, an immense meeting was held in the Park, for the purpose of stamping it with metropolitan approval. Faneuil Hall in Boston was quick in responding to it, and there were Union meetings in every large town of the Northern States. In Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, Louisiana, and Kentucky the proclamation was generally approved as an act, though its extreme federal positions found many opponents.

In South Carolina, however, it did but inflame the prevailing excitement. The legislature of that state, being still in session, immediately passed the following resolution:

"*Whereas*, the president of the United States has issued his proclamation, denouncing the proceedings of this state, calling upon the citizens thereof to renounce their primary allegiance, and threatening them with military coercion, unwarranted by the constitution, and

utterly inconsistent with the existence of a free state: Be it, therefore,

“*Resolved*, That his excellency the governor be requested, forthwith, to issue his proclamation, warning the good people of this state against the attempt of the president of the United States to seduce them from their allegiance, exhorting them to disregard his vain menaces, and to be prepared to sustain the dignity and protect the liberty of the state against the arbitrary measures proposed by the president.”

Governor Hayne issued his proclamation accordingly, and a most pugnacious document it was. He denounced the doctrines of the president's proclamation as “dangerous and pernicious;” as “specious and false;” as tending “to uproot the very foundation of our political system, annihilate the rights of the states, and utterly destroy the liberties of the citizen;” as contemplating “a great, consolidated empire, one and indivisible, the worst of all despotisms.” The governor declared that the state would maintain its sovereignty, or be buried beneath its ruins. “As unhappy Poland,” said he, “fell before the power of the autocrat, so may Carolina be crushed by the power of her enemies; but Poland was not surrounded by free and independent states, interested, like herself, in preventing the establishment of the very tyranny which they are called upon to impose upon a sister state.”

The proclamation of the governor of South Carolina was made public on the last day of the year 1832. The first of February, 1833, the day appointed for the nullification of the tariff laws to take effect, was drawing alarmingly near. Meanwhile the military posts in South Carolina were filling with troops of the United States, and a naval force was anchored off Charleston. The Carolinians continued their military preparations. Fair fingers were busier than ever in making palmetto cockades, and, it is said, a red flag with a black lone star in the center was adopted as the ensign of some of the volunteer regiments. Nullifying steamboats and hotels, it is also reported, exhibited the flag of the United States with the stars downward.

When the proclamation of Governor Hayne reached Washington, the president forthwith replied to it by asking Congress for an increase of powers adequate to the impending collision. The message in which he made this request, dated January 16th, 1833, gave

a brief history of events in South Carolina, and of the measures hitherto adopted by the administration; repeated the arguments of the recent proclamation, and added others: stated the legal points involved, and asked of Congress such an increase of executive powers as would enable the government, if necessary, to close ports of entry, remove threatened custom-houses, detain vessels, and protect from state prosecution such citizens of South Carolina as should choose, or be compelled, to pay the obnoxious duties.

One of the points made in this message, amused as many of the people, at the time, as were calm enough to be amused. "Oppression" was the favorite word of the South Carolinians in discoursing upon their grievances. That the revenue system hitherto pursued, said the president, "has resulted in no such oppression upon South Carolina, needs no other proof than the solemn and official declaration of the late chief magistrate of that state in his address to the legislature. In that he says that 'the occurrences of the past year, in connection with our domestic concerns, are to be reviewed with a sentiment of fervent gratitude to the Great Disposer of human events; that tributes of grateful acknowledgment are due for the various and multiplied blessings he has been pleased to bestow on our people; that abundant harvests in every quarter of the state have crowned the exertions of agricultural labor; that health, almost beyond former precedent, has blessed our homes; *and that there is not less reason for thankfulness in surveying our social condition.*'" This was a happy hit. It was probably the first time that the formal utterances of thanksgiving which precede state papers were ever made to do duty as rebutting evidence.

Mr. Calhoun was in his place in the senate chamber when this message was read. He had arrived two weeks before, after a journey which one of his biographers compares to that of Luther to the Diet of Worms. He met averted faces and estranged friends every where on his route, we are told; and only now and then, some daring man found courage to whisper in his ear: "If you are sincere, and are sure of your cause, go on, in God's name, and fear nothing." Washington was curious to know, we are further assured, what the arch-nullifier would do when the oath to support the constitution of the United States was proposed to him. "The floor of the senate chamber and the galleries were thronged with spectators. They saw him take the oath with a solemnity and dig-

nity appropriate to the occasion, and then calmly seat himself on the right of the chair, among his old political friends, nearly all of whom were now arrayed against him."

After the president's message had been read, Mr. Calhoun rose to vindicate himself and his state, which he did with that singular blending of subtlety and force, truth and sophistry, which characterized his later efforts. He declared himself still devoted to the Union, and said that if the government were restored to the principles of 1798, he would be the last man in the country to question its authority.

A bill conceding to the president the additional powers requested in his message of January 16th was promptly reported, and finally passed. It was nicknamed, at the time, the Force Bill, and was debated with the heat and acrimony which might have been expected. As other measures of Congress rendered this bill unnecessary, and it had no practical effect whatever, we need not dwell upon its provisions nor review the debates upon it. It passed by majorities unusually large, late in February.

The first of February, the dreaded day which was to be the first of a fratricidal war, had gone by, and yet no hostile and no nullifying act had been done in South Carolina. How was this? Did those warlike words mean nothing? Was South Carolina repentant? It is asserted by the old Jacksonians that one citizen of South Carolina was exceedingly frightened as the first of February drew near, namely, John C. Calhoun. The president was resolved, and avowed his resolve, that the hour which brought the news of one act of violence on the part of the nullifiers, should find Mr. Calhoun a prisoner of state upon a charge of high treason. And not Calhoun only, but every member of Congress from South Carolina who had taken part in the proceedings which had caused the conflict between South Carolina and the general government. Whether this intention of the president had any effect upon the course of events, we can not know. It came to pass, however, that, a few days before the first of February, a meeting of the leading nullifiers was held in Charleston, who passed resolutions to this effect: that, inasmuch as measures were then pending in Congress which contemplated the reduction of duties demanded by South Carolina, the nullification of the existing revenue laws should be postponed until after the adjournment of Congress; when the convention

would reassemble, and take into consideration whatever revenue measures may have been passed by Congress. The session of 1833 being the "short" session, ending necessarily on the fourth of March, the Union was respite^d thirty days by the Charleston meeting.

It remains now to relate the events which led to the pacification of this painful and dangerous dispute.

The president, in his annual message, recommended Congress to subject the tariff to a new revision, and to reduce the duties so that the revenue of the government, after the payment of the public debt, should not exceed its expenditures. He also recommended that, in regulating the reduction, the interest of the manufacturers should be duly considered. We discover, therefore, that while the president was resolved to crush nullification by force, if it opposed by force the collection of the revenue, he was also disposed to concede to nullification all that its more moderate advocates demanded. Accordingly, Mr. McLane, the Secretary of the Treasury, with the assistance of Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, of New York, and other administration members, prepared a new tariff bill, which provided for the reduction of duties to the revenue standard, and which was deemed by its authors as favorable to the manufacturing interest as the circumstances permitted. This bill, reported by Mr. Verplanck on the 28th of December, and known as the Verplanck Bill, was calculated to reduce the revenue thirteen millions of dollars, and to afford to the manufacturers about as much protection as the tariff of 1816 had given them. It put back the "American System," so to speak, seventeen years. It destroyed nearly all that Mr. Clay and the protectionists had effected in 1820, 1824, 1828, and 1832.

The Verplanck Bill made slow progress. The outside pressure against it was such, that there seemed no prospect of its passing. The session was within twenty days of its inevitable termination. The bill had been debated and amended, and amended and debated, and yet no apparent progress had been made toward that conciliation of conflicting interests without which no tariff bill whatever can pass. The dread of civil war, which overshadowed the capital, seemed to lose its power as a legislative stimulant, and there was a respectable party in Congress, led by Mr. Webster, who thought that all tariff legislation was undignified and improper while South Carolina maintained her threatening attitude. The constitution,

Mr. Webster maintained, was on trial. The time had come to test its reserve of self-supporting power. No compromise, no concession, said he, until the nullifying state returns to her allegiance.

On the 12th of February, Mr. Clay introduced his celebrated compromise bill for the regulation of the tariff. It differed from the measure devised by the administration and engineered by Mr. Verplanck, chiefly in this: Mr. Verplanck proposed a sudden, and Mr. Clay a gradual reduction of duties. The Verplanck Bill tended mainly to the conciliation of the nullifiers; the Clay compromise, to the preservation of the manufacturers. Mr. Clay's bill provided that, on the last day of the year 1833, all ad valorem duties of more than twenty per cent. should be reduced one-tenth; on the last day of the year 1835, there should be a second and a similar reduction; another, to the same amount, at the close of 1837; and, so on, reducing the duties every two years, until the 31st of June, 1842, all duties should be reduced to or below the maximum of twenty per cent. The object of Mr. Clay was to save all that he could save of the protective policy, and to postpone further action upon the tariff to a more auspicious day.

Then was seen an enchanting exhibition of political principle! Which of these two bills, O reader, innocent and beloved, was most in accordance with Mr. Calhoun's new opinions? Which of them could he most consistently have supported? Not Mr. Clay's, you will certainly answer. Yet it was Mr. Clay's bill that he did support and vote for; and Mr. Clay's bill was carried by the aid of his support and vote. If this course does not prove that Mr. Calhoun was a "coward and a conspirator," it does prove, I think, that he was not a person of that exalted and Roman-toga cast, which he set up to be, and which he enacted, for some years, with considerable applause. The nullifiers in Congress could have carried the Verplanck Bill if they had given it a frank and energetic support. They would have carried it, if the ruling motive of their chief had been purely patriotic.

Mr. Calhoun left Washington, and journeyed homeward post-haste, after Congress adjourned. "Traveling night and day, by the most rapid public conveyances, he succeeded in reaching Columbia in time to meet the convention before they had taken any additional steps. Some of the more fiery and ardent members were disposed to complain of the compromise act, as being only a

half-way, temporizing measure; but when his explanations were made, all felt satisfied, and the convention cordially approved of his course. The nullification ordinance was repealed, and the two parties in the state abandoned their organizations, and agreed to forget all their past differences." So the storm blew over.

One remarkable result of the pacification was, that it strengthened the position of the leading men of both parties. The course was cleared for Mr. Van Buren. The popularity of the president reached its highest point. Mr. Calhoun was rescued from peril, and a degree of his former prestige was restored to him. The collectors of political pamphlets will discover that, as late as 1843, he still had hopes of reaching the presidency by uniting the South in his support, and adding to the united South Pennsylvania. With too much truth he claimed, in subsequent debates, that it was the hostile attitude of South Carolina which alone had enabled Mr. Clay to carry his compromise.

Mr. Clay, as many readers may remember, won great glory at the North by his course during the session of 1833. He was received in New York and New England, this year, with that enthusiasm which his presence in the manufacturing states ever after inspired. The warmth of his reception consoled him for his late defeat at the polls, and gave new hopes to his friends.

But the Colossus of the session was Daniel Webster, well named, then, the expounder of the constitution. In supporting the administration in all its anti-nullification measures, he displayed his peculiar powers to the greatest advantage. The subject of debate was the one of all others the most congenial to him, and he rendered services then to his country to which his country may yet recur with gratitude. "Nullification kept me out of the Supreme Court all last winter," he says in one of his letters in 1833. He mentions, also, that the president sent his own carriage to convey him to the capitol on one important occasion. After the adjournment he visited the great West, where he was welcomed with equal warmth by the friends and the opponents of the administration.

Perhaps it is not extravagant to say, that the net result to the United States of the nullification of 1832, and a result worth its cost, was the four exhaustive propositions into which Mr. Webster condensed his opinions respecting the nature of the compact which unites these states :

"1. That the constitution of the United States is not a league, confederacy, or compact, between the people of the several states in their sovereign capacities; but a government proper, founded on the adoption of the people, and creating direct relations between itself and individuals.

"That no state authority has power to dissolve these relations; that nothing can dissolve them but revolution; and that, consequently, there can be no such thing as secession without revolution.

"3. That there is a supreme law, consisting of the constitution of the United States, acts of Congress passed in pursuance of it, and treaties; and that, in cases not capable of assuming the character of a suit in law or equity, Congress must judge of, and finally interpret, this supreme law, so often as it has occasion to pass acts of legislation; and, in cases capable of assuming, and actually assuming, the character of a suit, the Supreme Court of the United States is the final interpreter.

"4. That an attempt by a state to abrogate, annul, or nullify an act of Congress, or to arrest its operation within her limits, on the ground that, in her opinion, such law is unconstitutional, is a direct usurpation on the just powers of the general government and on the equal rights of other states; a plain violation of the constitution, and a proceeding essentially revolutionary in its character and tendency."

When all was over, General Jackson wrote that letter to the Rev. A. J. Crawford, of Georgia, which recent events have rendered the most celebrated of all his writings. May 1st, 1833, is the date of this famous production:

"I have had," wrote the president, "a laborious task here, but nullification is dead, and its actors and courtiers will only be remembered by the people to be execrated for their wicked designs to sever and destroy the only good government on the globe, and that prosperity and happiness we enjoy over every other portion of the world. Haman's gallows ought to be the fate of all such ambitious men who would involve the country in civil war, and all the evils in its train, that they might reign and ride on its whirlwinds, and direct the storm. The free people of the United States have spoken and consigned these wicked demagogues to their proper doom. Take care of your nullifiers you have among you.

Let them meet the indignant frowns of every man who loves his country. The tariff it is now well known was a mere pretext. Its burthens were on your coarse woollens; by the law of July, 1832, coarse woollens was reduced to five per cent for the benefit of the South. Mr. Clay's bill takes it up, and closes it with woollens at fifty per cent., reduces it gradually down to twenty per cent., and there it is to remain, and Mr. Calhoun and all the nullifiers agree to the principle. The cash duty and home valuation will be equal to fifteen per cent. more, and after the year 1842 you will pay on coarse woollens thirty-five per cent. If this is not protection, I cannot understand. Therefore the tariff was only the pretext, and disunion and a southern confederacy the real object. *The next pretext will be the negro or the slavery question.*"

General Jackson passed his sixty-sixth birthday in the spring of 1833. He stood then at the highest point of his career. Opposition was, for the moment, almost silenced; and the whole country, except South Carolina, looked up to him as to a savior. He had but to go quietly on during the remaining years of his term, making no new issues, provoking no new controversies, to leave the chair of state more universally esteemed than he was when he assumed it. Going quietly on, however, was not his forte. A storm was already brewing, compared with which the excitements of his first term were summer calms.

It may be convenient just to mention here—reserving explanations for another page—that three important changes in the cabinet occurred in the month of May, this year. Mr. Livingston, the secretary of state, left the cabinet to go out as ambassador to France, in the hope of peacefully arranging the spoliation imbroglio. Mr. Louis McLane, the secretary of the treasury, was advanced to the department of state. William J. Duane, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, son of the president's old friend, Colonel Duane, of the far-famed *Aurora*, was appointed secretary of the treasury. This appointment was the president's own. Strongly attached to Colonel Duane, and having the highest opinion of his talents and integrity, General Jackson was accustomed, when speaking of his son, to exhaust compliment by saying, "He's a chip of the old block, sir." So he took him into his cabinet. Mr. Duane was a conscientious opponent of the Bank of the United States, and a democrat of the Jeffersonian school.

The greater part of this summer was spent by General Jackson in traveling—in drinking deep draughts of the bewildering cup of adulation.

On the sixth of May, 1833, the president, accompanied by members of his cabinet, and by Major Donelson, left the capital, in a steamboat, for Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he was to lay the corner-stone of that monument to the mother of Washington which is still unfinished. At Alexandria, where the steamer touched, there came on board a Mr. Randolph, late a lieutenant in the navy, who had been recently dismissed the service. Randolph made his way to the cabin, where he found the president sitting behind a table reading a newspaper. He approached the table, as if to salute the president.

“Excuse my rising, sir,” said the general, who was not acquainted with Randolph. “I have a pain in my side which makes it distressing for me to rise.”

Randolph made no reply to this courteous apology, but appeared to be trying to take off his glove.

“Never mind your glove, sir,” said the general, holding out his hand.

At this moment, Randolph thrust his hand violently into the president’s face, intending, as it appeared, to pull his nose. The captain of the boat, who was standing by, instantly seized Randolph, and drew him back. A violent scuffle ensued, during which the table was broken. The friends of Randolph clutched him, and hurried him ashore before many of the passengers knew what had occurred, and thus he effected his escape. The passengers soon crowded into the cabin to learn if the general was hurt.

“Had I known,” said he, “that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared for him, and I could have defended myself. No villain,” said he, “has ever escaped me before; and he would not, had it not been for my confined situation.”

Some blood was seen on his face, and he was asked whether he had been much injured?

“No,” said he, “I am not much hurt; but in endeavoring to rise I have wounded my side, which now pains me more than it did.”

One of the citizens of Alexandria, who had heard of the outrage, addressed the general, and said: “Sir, if you will pardon me, in

case I am tried and convicted, I will kill Randolph for this insult to you, in fifteen minutes!"

"No, sir," said the president, "I can not do that. I want no man to stand between me and my assailants, and none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly villain's approach, I can assure you all that he would never have the temerity to undertake such a thing again."

Randolph published statements in the newspapers of the "wrongs" which he said he had received at the hands of the government. The opposition papers, though condemning the outrage, did not fail to remind the president of certain passages in his own life and conversation which sanctioned a resort to violence. Randolph, I believe, was not prosecuted for the assault. His friends said that his object was merely to pull the presidential nose, which, they further declared, he did.

Returning from Fredericksburg, after performing there the pious duty assigned him, the president, early in June, accompanied by Mr. Van Buren, Governor Cass, Mr. Woodbury, Major Donelson, Mr. Earl, and others, began that famous tour which enabled the North to express its detestation of nullification, and its approval of the president's recent conduct. Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Newark, Elizabethtown, Boston, Salem, Lowell, Concord, Newport, Providence, each received the president with every demonstration of regard which ingenuity could devise. Every one in the United States knows how these things are done. Every one can imagine the long processions; the crowded roofs and windows; the thundering salutes of artillery; steam-boats gay with a thousand flags and streamers; the erect, gray-headed old man, sitting on his horse like a centaur, and bowing to the wild hurrahs of the Unterried with matchless grace; the rushing forward of interminable crowds to shake the president's hand; the banquets, public and private; the toasts, addresses, responses; and all the other items of the price which a popular hero has to pay for his popularity.

CHAPTER XL.

REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITS.

GENERAL JACKSON recommended Congress, in his message of December, 1832, to sell out the stock held by the United States in the great bank, and to investigate again the condition of the bank, with a view to ascertain whether the public deposits were safe in its keeping. This intimation of the bank's insolvency caused a fall of six per cent. in the market price of its stock. In Congress, however, the institution was still so strong that the proposition to sell out the public stock, and the resolution implying a want of confidence in the bank's solvency, were voted down by immense majorities. Congress evidently regarded the recommendations of the message of 1832 as the offspring of an implacable enmity, which even victory had not been able to soften.

Congress had baffled the president, but could not divert him from his purpose. Three fixed ideas wholly possessed his mind: First, that the bank was insolvent; secondly, that the bank was steadily engaged in buying up members of Congress; thirdly, that the bank would certainly obtain a two-thirds majority at the very next session unless he, the president, could give the institution a crippling blow before Congress met.

The reason why the president thought the bank insolvent must be briefly explained. In March, 1832, the secretary of the treasury, Mr. McLane, informed Mr. Biddle of the government's intention to pay off, on the first of July, one-half of the three per cent. stock, which would amount to six millions and a half of dollars; but added, "if any objection occurs to you, either as to the amount or mode of payment, I will thank you to suggest it." An objection did occur to Mr. Biddle, and he went to Washington for the purpose of making it known to the secretary of the treasury. So far as the bank is concerned, said Mr. Biddle, there is no objection whatever. But, added he, the payment of so large a sum, several millions of which will immediately leave the country on account of the foreign stockholders, will certainly embarrass the business men of the commercial centers. Duties to the amount of nine millions were to be

paid before the first of July, which could not be done unless merchants enjoyed rather more than less of the usual bank accommodation. Mr. Biddle advised the government to postpone the payment, therefore, and agreed to pay the interest on the amount which would thus be left in the bank. The offer was accepted. The arrangement was beneficial to the bank, as it paid but three per cent. for the use of the money; beneficial to the government, as it received as much interest as it paid the stockholders; beneficial to the country, as it prevented a large sum from going abroad at a time when it was pressingly needed at home.

It excited surprise and remark at the time that Mr. Biddle should have gone to Washington, in person, to arrange this postponement, instead of expressing his views by letter. But the truth was, as the directors explained, that "the letter of the secretary was received so immediately before the period fixed for issuing the notice of payment, that if any thing were to be done at all, it was to be done only by personal communication with the secretary, as there was no time for correspondence."

A second time the extinguishment of the same stock was postponed, which the directors thus explained: "The resources of the government were threatened with the greatest danger by the appearance of the cholera, which had already begun its ravages in New York and Philadelphia, with every indication of pervading the whole country. Had it continued as it began, and all the appearances in July warranted the belief of its continuance, there can be no doubt it would have prostrated all commercial credit, and seriously endangered the public revenue, as in New York and Philadelphia alone, the demand on account of the foreign three per cents. was about five millions. The bank, therefore, made an arrangement with the foreign owners of this stock, to the amount of \$4,175,373 92, to leave their money in the country for another year, the bank assuming to pay the interest instead of the government. Having settled this, the bank resumed its usual facilities of business to the community."

General Jackson, although he consented to the first postponement, drew from Mr. Biddle's conduct, particularly his coming to Washington, the inference that the bank could not pay the three per cents., and was, in fact, an insolvent institution. "I tell you, sir," he would say, "she's broke. Mr Biddle is a proud man, and

he never would have come on to Washington to ask me for a postponement if the bank had had the money. Never, sir. The bank's broke, and Biddle knows it. Her stock is not worth seventy-five cents on the dollar this minute." No argument could shake this opinion; and when, in 1842, the United States Bank of Pennsylvania went to pieces, and brought ruin upon thousands, the comment of General Jackson amounted to this: "I told you so."

If there is in existence any credible evidence that the bank of the United States was not solvent in 1833, or any credible evidence that the bank was then endeavoring to secure a recharter by unequivocally dishonorable means, I have not been able to discover it. Its complaisance to members of Congress may have been carried too far. It was not in human nature that it should not be. An institution such as the Bank of the United States was in 1833, giving an honorable livelihood and social distinction to five hundred persons, can no more go out of existence without a struggle, than a strong man can die without a struggle in the prime of his powers. And this is really one of the weightiest objections against the existence of such an institution. A bank with a limited charter will as certainly direct its energies to procure a renewal as an office-holder, under the rotation system, is chiefly concerned to obtain a reappointment. He would gladly serve the people, if the people, in return, would secure his children's bread; but, as the people will not do that, he serves his party, who will if they can.

But a truce to disquisition. We have now arrived at that measure—fruitful of many disasters and of great eventual good—known as the removal of the deposits. The caricaturists of 1833 represent the president and his friends in the act of carrying huge sacks of money from the Bank of the United States. In this sense the deposits were never removed. The measure proposed by the president was not to remove the public money suddenly and in mass from the bank, but merely to *cease depositing* the public money in the bank, drawing out the balance remaining in its vaults as the public service required. The amount of public money in the bank had averaged nearly eight millions of dollars for some years past, which sum was so much added to the bank's available capital.

What a simple, what a harmless measure this appears! And harmless it would have been, but for one lamentable circumstance. *The government had not devised a proper place to which to transfer*

the public money. The sub-treasury had not yet been thought of, or only thought of. The complete and eternal divorce which that simple expedient effected between bank and state, came too late to save the country from four years of most disastrous "experiment." The plan proposed in 1833 was, instead of depositing the public money in the Bank of the United States and its twenty-five branches, to deposit it in a similar number of state banks. What good could be hoped from such a partial measure? We cannot wonder that every member of the cabinet, except two, besides some important members of the kitchen cabinet, and a large majority of the president's best friends, opposed it from the beginning to the end.

The measure occurred to the president while he was conversing, one day early in the year 1833, with Mr. Blair, of the *Globe*, who hated the bank only less than the president himself did. "Biddle," said Mr. Blair, "is actually using the people's money to frustrate the people's will. He is using the money of the government for the purpose of breaking down the government. If he had not the public money he could not do it."

The president said, in his most vehement manner: "He shan't have the public money. I'll remove the deposits! Blair, talk with our friends about this, and let me know what they think of it."

Mr. Blair complied with this request. He consulted several of the president's constitutional and unconstitutional advisers—among others, Mr. Silas Wright, of New York. Every man of them opposed the removal, unless it were done by the authority of Congress. Mr. Wright was particularly decided in his opposition. He said that the withdrawal of the public money from the bank would compel it to curtail its business to such a degree, that half the merchants in the country would fail. Mr. Wright argued upon the subject as though the public money, instead of being deposited in the Bank of the United States, was about to be thrown into the sea. The real effect of the removal—which was to stimulate the business of the country to the point of explosion—did not occur to him, nor to any one.

In the course of a day or two, Mr. Blair informed the president that he had consulted the leading friends of the administration upon the measure proposed, and that they were all against it. "Oh,"

said the president, with a nonchalance that surprised the editor of the *Globe*, "my mind is made up on *that* matter. Biddle shan't have the public money to break down the public administration with. It's settled. My mind's made up." That was the only explanation he ever gave, in conversation, of his course with regard to the deposits. When letters of remonstrance reached him, hundreds in a day, his comment was ever the same: "Biddle shall not use the public money to break down the government." The same idea runs through all his public papers on the subject.

It is not true, as has been a hundred times asserted, that Mr. William J. Duane was appointed secretary of the treasury for the purpose of removing the deposits. The post was offered him in December, 1832, when the president had not yet conceived the idea of removing them by an act of executive authority. Mr. Duane owed his appointment to the respect and affection which General Jackson entertained for his father and for himself. There was no intrigue or mystery about it.

Mr. Duane from first to last objected to the removal of the deposits, and, at length, refused point-blank to order their removal. He told the president that he was opposed to the new fiscal scheme utterly. He thought it unjust to deprive the Bank of the United States of the deposits, because the bank paid the government a stipulated sum per annum for the use of the deposits. "Their continuance is part of the contract" between the bank and the government. Their removal, he thought, would be most disrespectful to Congress, inasmuch as the house had declared the deposits safe in the keeping of the bank, by a vote of a hundred and nine to forty, and this so recently as the last session. Nor did he think that state banks of the first standing would accept the deposits on the conditions proposed; and in no others would the public money be safe. *Could not the government dispense entirely with the assistance of banks?* Perhaps it could not. But he was of opinion that a matter so important as a radical change in the fiscal policy of the country was one which Congress alone had authority to regulate. Ere long Congress would be compelled, by the near expiration of the bank charter, to deliberate on the subject. To Congress it belonged; to Congress it should be left. Moreover, if the state bank system failed, and Mr. Duane believed it would fail, the Bank of the United States would come before the country with an argu-

ment so plausible and convincing that it would probably be able to secure a renewal of its charter.

Various letters passed between the president and the secretary, without producing upon either the effect desired. At length, on the twenty-third of September, the president sent a note to Mr. Duane, which concluded with the well-known words: "I feel myself constrained to notify you that your further services as secretary of the treasury are no longer required." On the self-same day, Mr. Roger B. Taney, the Attorney-General, was appointed secretary of the treasury. Three days after, he signed the order which directed collectors and other government employes to deposit the public money in the state banks designated in the order. The deed was done. The vacant attorney-generalship was filled by the appointment of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, the townsman, law student, law partner, political pupil, friend and admirer of Mr. Van Buren.

In the new posture of affairs the bank was obliged to defend itself. A voice from the bank parlor informs me that, upon learning the intention of the government to remove the deposits, Mr. Biddle and the directors were undecided for some time which of two courses to adopt. To curtail, or not to curtail—that was the question. A friend of Mr. Biddle, a gentleman of note in the financial world, advised him not to curtail; but to give the country a striking proof of the strength of the bank by rather enlarging its loans than lessening them. This plan, he urged, would also render the sudden cessation of the bank in 1836 so paralyzing to the business of the country that the people would rise as one man, in the *presidential election* of that year, and hurl from power the party that would be supposed to have arrested the national progress. Mr. Biddle was convinced by this reasoning. A circular letter to the cashiers of the twenty-five branches, ordering them to continue to their customers the usual accommodation, and even, in some cases, to increase their loans, was drawn up by Mr. Biddle. The gentleman before referred to (to whom the reader is indebted for this information) prepared the requisite twenty-five copies of this letter, folded them, superscribed them, and placed them in Mr. Biddle's hands, ready for the mail.

The packet of circulars, however, was not sent to the post-office that evening. Perhaps it occurred to the president of the bank

that the policy proposed would effect in 1836 a prostration of business so complete that the capital of the bank would be swallowed up in the general ruin. Whatever the reason may have been, the circulars were put into the fire instead of the mail, and a policy more prudent and obvious was adopted. The amount of public money in the bank on the first of October, 1833, was \$9,891,000. The directors resolved simply to curtail the loans of the bank to the extent of the average amount of public money held by it. This was done. It was done gradually. It was done no faster than the balance of public money diminished.

This curtailment compelled a similar one on the part of many of the state banks, while the "pet banks," the new depositories of the public money, had not yet begun to reap the advantages of their position. Hence it was that during the first six months of the operation of the new system, there was a pressure in the money market—sharp, sudden, and severe—which caused many disastrous failures, general consternation, considerable distress, and tremendous outcry. Colonel Benton, in many a paragraph of rolling thunder, attributes the whole of this distress and alarm to the criminal contrivance of the monster bank. But he attributes the crash of 1837 to the same cause! He dwells long upon the fact that, as late as fifteen months after the deposits ceased to be made in the Bank of the United States, there were still in its vaults three or four millions of the public money. He does not tell us that the contraction of the bank's loans ceased long before that time; nor that the bank could not safely use money subject to instantaneous call; nor that the public money was left in the bank for purposes which could be more easily imagined than safely avowed. Can any bank lose an eighth of its available capital without curtailing its business, or running imprudent risks?

On the 26th of December, Mr. Clay introduced his famous resolutions directly censuring the president for dismissing Mr. Duane and removing the deposits:

"*Resolved*, That by dismissing the late secretary of the treasury, because he would not, contrary to his sense of his own duty, remove the money of the United States in deposit with the Bank of the United States and its branches, in conformity with the president's opinion, and by appointing his successor to effect such removal, which has been done, the president has assumed the exercise of a power

over the treasury of the United States not granted to him by the constitution and laws, and dangerous to the liberties of the people.

Resolved, That the reasons assigned by the secretary of the treasury for the removal of the money of the United States, deposited in the Bank of the United States and its branches, communicated to Congress on the third of December, 1833, are unsatisfactory and insufficient."

These resolutions, we may as well state at once, were eventually reduced to one, which read as follows :

Resolved, That the president, in the late executive proceedings, in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the constitution and laws, but in derogation of both."

The speech delivered by Mr. Clay, in support of his resolutions, was exasperating to General Jackson in the highest degree. He accused the president of an "open, palpable, and daring usurpation." After having assumed all the other powers of the government, executive, legislative, and judicial, he had ended by seizing the public purse, as Cæsar had seized the treasury of Rome. "For more than fifteen years," said Mr. Clay, "I have been struggling to avoid the present state of things. I thought I perceived, in some proceedings, during the conduct of the Seminole war, a spirit of defiance to the constitution and to all law. With what sincerity and truth—with what earnestness and devotion to civil liberty—I have struggled, the Searcher of all human hearts best knows. With what fortune, the bleeding constitution of my country now fatally attests."

Mr. Calhoun, if possible, surpassed Mr. Clay in the vehemence of his denunciations. He said that the plundering of the Roman treasury by Julius Cæsar was a virtuous action, compared with the recent conduct of Andrew Jackson. *That*," said Mr. Calhoun, "was a case of an intrepid and bold warrior, as an open plunderer, seizing forcibly the treasury of the country, which, in that republic, as well as ours, was confined to the custody of the legislative department of the government. The actors in our case are of a different character—artful, cunning, and corrupt politicians, and not fearless warriors. They have entered the treasury, not sword in hand, as public plunderers, but, with the false keys of sophistry, as pilferers, under the silence of midnight. The motive and the object are the same, varied in like manner by circumstances and character. 'With

money I will get men, and with men money,' was the maxim of the Roman plunderer. With money we will get partisans, with partisans votes, and with votes money, is the maxim of our public pilferers."

Mr. Webster opposed the removal of the deposits, and supported Mr. Clay's resolution, in terms less offensive to the president than these, but not less decided and forcible. After a debate of three months' continuance, seldom interrupted, Mr. Clay's resolution of censure was passed in the senate by a vote of twenty-six to twenty. Another barren victory. Three weeks later, the president sent to the senate an elaborate protest against the resolution, and asked that it be entered upon the journal. Another month was consumed in debating the question whether or not the senate should comply with the president's request. At length, by a vote of twenty-seven to sixteen, the protest was disposed of by the passage of four resolutions, of which the last two contain the substance:

"*Resolved*, That the aforesaid protest is a breach of the privileges of the senate, and that it be not entered on the journal.

"*Resolved*, That the president of the United States has no right to send a protest to the senate against any of its proceedings."

Thus nearly five months of the session were chiefly consumed in an affair which neither had any results nor could be rationally expected to have any. Even the resolution of censure, impotent and harmless as it was, was not suffered to repose in peace upon the record. It had been scarcely entered upon the journal before Colonel Benton gave notice of a resolution to expunge it; and from that hour, a leading object of his senatorial labors was to procure the passage of his expunging resolution.

The president, during these mad months, was as immovable as the Crag of Fergus, whence he sprang. "I was accustomed," says Colonel Benton, "to see him often during that time, always in the night (for I had no time to quit my seat during the day); and never saw him appear more truly heroic and grand than at this time. He was perfectly mild in his language, cheerful in his temper, firm in his conviction, and confident in his reliance on the power in which he put his trust. I have seen him in a great many situations of peril, and even of desperation, both civil and military, and always saw him firmly relying upon the success of the right through God and the people, and never saw that confidence more firm and steady

than now. After giving him an account of the day's proceedings, talking over the state of the contest, and ready to return to sleep a little and prepare much for the combats of the next day, he would usually say: 'We shall whip them yet. The people will take it up after a while.' But he also had good defenders present, and in both houses, and men who did not confine themselves to the defensive."

Far from it. Colonel Benton informs his readers that he himself spoke thirty times, during the session, on the one topic of debate.

It became the custom, as the excitement increased, for great petitions to be conveyed to Washington by imposing deputations of distinguished citizens, some of which sought the presence of the president, and laid their griefs before him. The adventures of one of these deputations, a friendly informant, who witnessed their interview with the president, enables me to relate. The petition of the New York merchants, bearing six thousand signatures (all obtained by the labors and money of Mr. Biddle's devoted adherents), was intrusted to the care of a deputation of great bankers and great merchants, headed by Mr. James G. King. When these worthy gentlemen entered the office of the president, at the White House, they discovered him seated at a table writing, with a long pipe in his mouth, which rested on the table and revealed the intensity of the president's interest in his work, by the volumes of smoke which gushed from its blackened bowl.

"Excuse me a moment, gentlemen," said the president, half rising, and bowing to the group. "Have the goodness to be seated."

In a few minutes he pushed back his paper, rose and said:

"Now gentlemen, what is your pleasure with me?"

The members of the deputation were introduced to the president by the gentleman whose recollections of the scene I am now recording. Mr. King then began, in his usual deliberate and dignified manner, to state the object of the interview, which was to inform the president of the embarrassments under which the merchants of New York were laboring, and to ask such relief as the executive alone was supposed to be able to afford. Mr. King had uttered only a few sentences of the address which he had meditated, when the president interrupted him with an irrelevant question.

"Mr. King, you are the son of Rufus King, I believe?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

Whereupon the president broke into a harangue which astonished the grave and reverend seigniors to whom it was addressed.

"Well, sir," said the president, "Rufus King was always a federalist, and I suppose you take after him. Insolvent do you say? What do you come to me for, then? Go to Nicholas Biddle. We have no money here, gentlemen. Biddle has all the money. He has millions of specie in his vaults, at this moment, lying idle, and yet you come to *me* to save you from breaking. I tell you, gentlemen, it's all politics."

He continued to speak in a strain like this for fifteen minutes, denouncing Biddle and the bank in the manner usual with him, and gradually working himself up to a high degree of excitement. He laid down his pipe; he gesticulated wildly; he walked up and down the room; and finished by declaring, in respectful but unmistakable language, that his purpose was unchangeable not to restore the deposits. He ceased, at length. The deputation, correctly surmising that their mission was a failure, rose to retire, and were dismissed by the president with the utmost politeness. The gentleman who had introduced the deputation left the apartment with them, but was overtaken by a messenger, as he was descending the stairs, who informed him that the president wished him to return. He accordingly went back to the office, where he found the president exulting over the result of the interview. "Didn't I manage them well?" he exclaimed. The only object of the president in calling him back was to enjoy a chuckle with him over the scene that had transpired.

Upon retiring to their hotel, the deputation deliberated upon what was to be done next. They concluded to take the president's advice, and go to Mr. Biddle. Before they had reached Philadelphia, however, a hint of their intention was conveyed to the president of the bank, who retired to Andalusia, his country-seat on the Delaware. When the deputation called, therefore, Mr. Biddle was "out of town."

A floating paragraph of the day, which I cannot trace to any responsible source, stated, that to one of the deputations the president addressed the following language: "In the name of God, sir! what do the people think to gain by sending their memorials here? If they send ten thousand of them, signed by all the men, women, and

children in the land, and bearing the names of all on the gravestones, I will not relax a particle from my position."

It was officially announced in the *Globe*, soon after, that the president would receive no more deputations sent to Washington to converse with him on questions relating to the currency.

The last few days of the session were signalized by events that amounted almost to a second disruption of the cabinet. The reader is aware that Mr. McLane, the secretary of state, had opposed the recent currency measures of the president, from their inception to their consummation. He had, for a whole year, desired to resign, and on more than one occasion had resolved to do so, and, I believe, had once actually penned a letter of resignation. He was dissuaded from resigning by the politicians surrounding the president, who remembered well the disruption of 1831, and shuddered at the possible effects of a second on the fortunes of the party. Mr. McLane, however, as we have before hinted, indulged presidential aspirations. He believed that the people would not sustain the late measures, and deemed it unjust that he should share the odium of acts which he had done his utmost to prevent. He wavered long between contending attachments and desires; but a few days before the adjournment of Congress, he resigned his place, and retired to private life, the *Globe* declaring that though the secretary and the president had differed in opinion, they parted friends. Mr. John Forsyth, of Georgia, the particular friend and defender of Mr. Van Buren, was appointed to the vacant place.

The new secretary of the treasury, Mr. Taney, had not yet been confirmed by the senate. The president, knowing well what would happen when the nomination should be submitted to the action of a hostile senate, held back his name until the last week of the session. June 23d, the nomination was sent in, and instantly rejected by a vote of thirty to fifteen.

The nomination of Mr. Butler to the attorney-generalship was confirmed. Mr. Woodbury was soon gratified by the promotion he had longed for, in being appointed to the place from which Mr. Taney was compelled to retire. The navy department was assigned to Mr. Mahlon Dickerson, once governor of New Jersey, and for sixteen years a representative of that state in the senate of the United States.

As a part of the history of the removal of the deposits, we may

add an incident or two of the subsequent career of Mr. Taney. In 1835, a vacancy occurred on the bench of the Supreme Court by the resignation of one of the associate justices. A place upon that bench had been the dream of Mr. Taney's life, from youth to middle age. General Jackson sent his name to the senate for confirmation to the vacant seat. The senate, of which a majority was still hostile to the administration, did not so much as deign to notice the nomination. Before Congress again assembled, the death of Chief-Justice Marshall left vacant the highest judicial place in the president's gift. The long service of Justice Story, his great ability, worth, and reputation, his early championship of the republican party in New England, the known wish of the late chief-justice, all combined to designate him as the rightful successor to the vacant seat. The president nominated Mr. Taney, and the senate, wherein then the administration commanded a majority, confirmed the nomination.

On the last day of June, after a session of seven wasted months, Congress adjourned, leaving the president as completely master of the situation as he was before it convened.

As the commercial embarrassments diminished, the clamor against the administration died away, and the fall elections demonstrated that the party in power had been shaken, but not seriously weakened. There were opposition gains here and there, but the empire state this year elected Marcy governor over Seward by a majority that surprised the democrats, and utterly disheartened the whigs. A stranger would have thought the administration lost beyond redemption in April. In November, it was found that Hurrah for Jackson was still an argument against which nothing could prevail. In April, the grand jury of Rowan county, North Carolina, the county in which Andrew Jackson had studied law, "*presented*" the removal of the deposits as an act of usurpation, and the administration that had done the deed as profligate, proscriptive, and tyrannical. In April, the leaders of the opposition could not stir abroad without incurring the risk of an ovation, and Mr. Biddle's casual presence in Wall street was the sensation of the day. In November, the excitement was a thing of the past, and almost effaced from recollection by a new topic.

Upon a calm review of the consequences of transferring the public money to the state banks, no person, who is both candid and disinterested, can hesitate to admit, I think, that the act was as

unwise as it was precipitate and unnecessary. The state banks, as a senator remarked, "soon began to feel their oats." The expression is homely, but not inapt. The extraordinary increase in the public revenue during the next two years, added immense sums to the available capital of those banks, and gave a new and undue importance to the business of banking. Banks sprang into existence like mushrooms in a night. The pet banks seemed compelled to extend their business, or lose the advantage of their connection with the government. The great bank felt itself obliged to expand or be submerged in the general inflation. It expanded twelve millions during the next two years. All the other banks expanded, and all men expanded, and all things expanded. It was the period of expansion. Many causes, as we all know, conspired to produce the unexampled, the disastrous, the demoralizing inflation of 1835 and 1836; but I do not see any escape from the conclusion, that the *inciting* cause was the vast amounts of public treasure that, during those years, were "lying about loose" in the deposit banks. General Jackson desired a currency of gold and silver. Never were such floods of paper-money emitted as during the continuance of his own fiscal system. He wished to reduce the number and the importance of banks, bankers, brokers, and speculators. The years succeeding the transfer of the deposits were the golden biennium of just those classes. In a word, his system, as far as my small acquaintance with such matters enables me to judge, worked ill at every moment of its operation, and upon every interest of business and morality. To it, more than to all other causes combined, we seem to owe the inflation of 1835 and 1836, the universal ruin of 1837, the dreary and hopeless depression of the five years following.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE FRENCH IMBROGLIO.

DURING the gigantic wars waged between England and Napoleon, extensive spoliations were committed upon the commerce of the United States by both belligerents; but, while the war of 1812

was supposed to have righted the wrongs committed by Britain, the French spoliations remained unatoned until the second term of General Jackson's presidency. Those spoliations were of a character singularly atrocious. In many well-authenticated cases, ships were confiscated only on the ground that they had been boarded by the officers of a British man-of-war. Other ships were confiscated because they had been *forced* by an armed vessel to enter an English port. In some cases, American citizens were detained in France under the *surveillance* of the police, for months, because they were suspected of the crime, least pardonable by Napoleon, of being English.

From the time of the general peace, in 1815, until General Jackson's accession to power, the American government had sought compensation for these outrages in vain. The French government was brought to admit the justice of the claim, but disputed its amount, and exhibited that distaste for the discussion of the subject which men and governments generally manifest when the object sought of them is the payment of a stale debt. The first message of President Jackson announced his intention to press the affair to a settlement.

Louis Philippe was the cordial friend of the United States and an admirer of General Jackson. He remembered his early wanderings in the American wilderness with a delight that was enhanced by his long imprisonment in the forms of a court. There was nothing about which he oftener conversed, or conversed more interestingly, than his youthful adventures among the wild woods and the wild men of the west. Under him, the negotiation for indemnity made such progress, that, on the 4th of July, 1831, a treaty was concluded in Paris, and signed by Mr. Rives, which bound the French government to pay to the United States the sum of five millions of dollars, in six annual installments; the first to be paid one year from the date of the ratification of the treaty. The treaty was ratified at Washington on the 2d of February, 1832. The first installment, therefore, was due in Paris on the 2d of February, 1833.

The affair was then supposed to be settled. So little did Congress expect any further difficulty or delay, that it immediately, and as a matter of course, passed a law providing for the appointment of three commissioners to make an equitable division of the money among the various claimants. The commissioners were to

meet in June, 1833, and were to continue the labor of distribution, if necessary, for three years, at salaries of three thousand dollars a year. The treaty of indemnity bound the United States to make certain reductions of the duties upon French wines, and a law in accordance with this stipulation was promptly passed by Congress. Nothing remained but for France to pay the money.

The 2d of February, 1833, the day on which the first instalment was due at Paris, arrived. The administration deigned to employ the services of the United States Bank on this occasion, although even then the removal of the deposits was in agitation at the White House. On the 7th of February, a draft upon the French minister of finance, drawn in favor of the cashier of the Bank of the United States, was signed by the secretary of the treasury. The American chargé des affaires notified the French Government, in due form, that such a draft was on its way. This draft was *purchased* by the Bank of the United States, and its proceeds were immediately placed to the credit of the government. The bank sold the draft to parties in England, who, on the 23d of March, presented it to the French minister of finance for payment. The minister informed the bearer of the draft, that no money had been appropriated by the deputies for the American indemnity, and it could not be paid. The financial complication resulting from the non-payment of the draft, involving the English holders, the Bank of the United States and the American government, can be readily imagined. I spare the reader the recital of the president's new quarrel with the bank which arose when Mr. Biddle attempted to adjust the matter with the secretary of the treasury. I will merely say, that the dishonoring of a bill in Paris drawn by the secretary of the treasury of the United States, was an event not calculated to lessen the disgust felt by General Jackson at the neglect of the French government to provide for the fulfillment of the treaty.

It was a fault in the administration of General Jackson to leave the French mission vacant at such a time; but upon receiving the news that the draft of February, 1833, had been dishonored, the administration hastened to atone for its error in a striking manner. Mr. Edward Livingston, the Secretary of State, resigned his office, accepted the appointment of minister to France, and was dispatched to his post in a national vessel. He was accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Thomas P. Barton, who was appointed secretary of le-

gation. In October, 1833, Mr. Livingston presented his credentials to the king, who received him with particular cordiality.* "The king's answer to my address," wrote Mr. Livingston, "was long and earnest. I can not pretend to give you the words of it, but, in substance, it was a warm expression of his good feeling toward the United States, for the hospitality he had received there. As to the convention, he said, 'assure your government that unavoidable circumstances alone prevented its immediate execution, but it will be faithfully performed. Assure your government of this,' he repeated; 'the necessary laws will be passed at the next meeting of the chambers. I tell you this not only as king, but as an individual whose promise will be fulfilled.'"

The king was mistaken, and Mr. Livingston was disappointed. At the next session of the chambers, the bill appropriating the money due to the United States was lost by a majority of five—the minister of finance himself voting against it! The ministry in general not only would not stake their places upon carrying the measure, but gave it a languid support that invited and justified opposition.

The king, there is every reason to believe, was sincerely desirous to pay the money. He expressed to Mr. Livingston great regret at the failure of the appropriation. He did more than that. In confidential conversations with the American minister he intimated clearly enough his opinion that the only way left to induce the chamber to vote the money was for the president of the United States to insert a passage in his next message which should show that the American government was in earnest in the matter, and was resolved to insist upon the prompt payment of the indemnity. Mr. Livingston communicated these conversations to his government, and, accordingly, the message of 1834 contained a strong passage respecting the unpaid indemnity. This message was prepared with unusual care, and was written with great ability. It gave a history, full and exact, of the late proceedings of the French legislature; and concluded the discussion of the subject with five short and quiet paragraphs, which electrified two continents.

The president said it was a principle of international law, that when one nation refused to pay a just debt, the aggrieved nation might "*seize on the property*" belonging to the citizens of the defaulting nation. If, therefore, France did not pay the money at

the next session of the chambers, the United States ought to delay no longer to take by force what it could not get by negotiation. Nay, more. "Since France," said the president, "in violation of the pledges given through her minister here, has delayed her final action so long that her decision will not probably be known in time to be communicated to this Congress, I recommend that a law be passed *authorizing reprisals upon French property*, in case provisions shall not be made for the payment of the debt at the approaching session of the French chambers."

Such words as these, I need scarcely say, were not such as the king of the French expected to read in the message. His idea of "strong language" and a "high tone" differed from that of General Jackson. When he suggested to Mr. Livingston to advise the president to employ strong language in speaking of the indemnity, he used those words in a European and diplomatic sense. Nothing could be further from his thoughts than such terms as "reprisals," "seizures," "sequestration," and "taking redress into our own hands." Members of General Jackson's own cabinet deemed the paragraphs quoted above needlessly irritating and menacing, but the general would not consent to abate a word of them.

"No, gentlemen," he exclaimed, one day, during a kitchen-cabinet discussion of the message, "I know them French. They won't pay unless they're made to."

The French king, alive to all the importance of the subject, was so anxious to obtain the message at the earliest moment, that he sent a courier to Havre to await the arrival of the packet, and convey the document to Paris. Louis Philippe, therefore, received the message before it reached the American ambassador, and was the first man in Paris who read it. I am enabled to state, that the king read the message with much surprise, but more amusement. He thought it a capital joke. He was amused at the interpretation put upon the advice he had given Mr. Livingston. The language of the message, which a Tennessean deemed eminently moderate and dignified, sounded in the cabinet of the Tuilleries, like a fiery declaration of war. Upon the whole, however, the king was pleased and satisfied with the message, because he thought it calculated to produce the effect upon the deputies which he desired it should produce.

The next day, the editors of Paris received their files of Ameri-

can newspapers. The press of France under Louis Philippe was not the tool of despotism which it must be under any man of Bonapartean lineage. With one voice, the Parisian newspapers, ministerial, opposition, and neutral, denounced the message as an insult to France, so gross, that it would be infamy not to resent it. A clamor arose, the violence of which cannot be overstated. The excitement was increased when, shortly after, American newspapers arrived containing the extracts from Mr. Livingston's confidential correspondence which are alluded to above. Imagine the embarrassment of the king, the disgust of the American minister, the exultation of the opposition, the indignation of the people, the comments of the press, upon the publication of dispatches which showed the king of the French attempting to gain influence in the chamber of deputies by inciting the president of the United States to act upon its fears!

The French government, weak because the king was weak, cowardly because the king was not brave, felt itself compelled to bow to the storm. The French minister resident in Washington was immediately recalled, and Mr. Livingston was informed that passports were at his disposal. The chambers were notified that diplomatic intercourse between France and the United States had been suspended. A bill was introduced in the chamber by the minister of finance proposing to pay the money, provided the Congress of the United States should pass no hostile act in accordance with the president's hostile message. The minister explained to the chamber that the message was nothing more than the expression of the president's individual opinion, and was not to be considered the act of the people until its recommendations had been adopted by their representatives in Congress.

Mr. Livingston, instead of asking for the passports which had been offered him, determined to await the arrival, hourly expected, of the orders of his own government. He wrote, meanwhile, an eloquent and ingenious paper, addressed to the ministry, designed to show that the French people had interpreted the message erroneously; that it was a document written to heal, not widen the breach; that it expressed a sincere and profound desire to avoid hostile measures; that no man knew better than the president how unworthy and how hopeless were the attempt to extort from the fears of a brave and high-spirited nation what could not be obtained from its justice. All

this the king understood, and so did a majority of his cabinet. The difficulty, then, was to allay the excitement of the people and silence the thunders of the press.

Mr. Livingston received his dispatches from Washington—dispatches written before General Jackson had heard of the recall of the French minister from the United States. The president ordered Mr. Livingston, in case the money was not appropriated by the deputies at the winter session of 1835, to demand his passports and leave the country.

The action of Congress upon the message was well calculated to soothe the pride of the French people, and ought, at once, to have terminated the difficulty. On the 14th of January, the senate, *without one dissentient voice*, passed the following resolution:

“*Resolved*, That it is inexpedient, at present, to adopt any legislative measures in regard to the state of affairs between the United States and France.”

On no other occasion during the turbulent administration of General Jackson, was the vote of the senate, upon an important question, unanimous. Resolutions of a similar character were presented in the house of representatives. On technical grounds, only, the house objected to suspend the rules for their reception. The pacific action of Congress had its effect upon the chamber of deputies. In May, by a vote of 289 to 137, the chamber passed a bill appropriating a sum sufficient to pay the three installments due upon the indemnity. Unfortunately, a condition was annexed to the payment of the money which the American government felt to be utterly inadmissible. The bill forbade the ministry to pay the installments until the president had apologized for the language of the message of 1834!

Mr. Livingston, after the passage of this bill, asked for his passports, embarked on board the frigate *Constitution*, and returned to the United States, leaving behind him, as *chargé des affaires*, his son-in-law, Mr. Barton.

Congress had adjourned when Mr. Livingston reached the United States. A clause of an appropriation bill, giving the president the command of three millions of dollars, in case any thing should occur during the intermission to render an extraordinary expenditure necessary, had been fortunately lost at the last moment of the session. The president was, therefore, still obliged to rely upon

the efficacy of words. Orders were immediately sent out to Mr. Barton to convey to the minister of finance a formal demand for the payment of the three installments overdue. The chargé presented the demand accordingly. The minister replied that he was not authorized to pay the money until the "formalities" enjoined by the chamber of deputies had been complied with on the part of the government of the United States. Mr. Barton communicated this refusal to his government. The president then directed the chargé to demand of the French government its "final determination," and, if the installments were not paid, to close the office of the legation, deposit its contents with the consul, and return to the United States.

Before the result of this last application was known to the president, Congress met, and the message had to be presented. The president recounted the history of the affair, informed Congress of the last orders sent to the chargé, and promised another communication as soon as Mr. Barton, or a dispatch from that gentleman, should arrive. Congress and the country were kept in painful suspense for six weeks awaiting the news that might forebode inevitable war.

Mr. Barton received the final determination of the French government, which was, not to pay the indemnity until the president had apologized. He set sail on his return home in December, 1835, and reached New-York, after a long voyage, in January, 1836.

The French chargé des affaires was ordered home, and all intercourse between the two governments ceased. Neither government could yield without destroying itself, and the people of both countries were in the temper that precedes and provokes hostilities.

The darkest hour is just before the morning. The message of the president, announcing Mr. Barton's return, and vaguely alluding to the hostile movements of the French fleet, was sent to the capitol on the 18th of January. Three weeks later, February 8th, the president, in a brief but pregnant message, informed Congress that the government of Great Britain had offered its mediation, and that he had accepted the offer. He had, at the same time, notified the mediating power that the apology demanded by France was totally out of the question. He recommended Congress to suspend proceedings upon the non-intercourse act, but to continue those preparations for defense which would become immediately necessary

if the mediation failed. The president said that he "highly appreciated the elevated and disinterested motives" which prompted the offer of mediation, and that he relied much upon "the great influence of Britain to restore the relations of ancient friendship between France and the United States."

The affair was settled in a very few days. February 22d the president had the pleasure of informing Congress that France had accepted the offer of mediation as soon as it was made, and that there was every reason to hope for a speedy termination of the dispute. On the 10th of May he sent the following communication to the capitol: "Information has been received at the treasury department that the FOUR INSTALLMENTS UNDER OUR TREATY WITH FRANCE HAVE BEEN PAID TO THE AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES. In communicating this satisfactory termination of our controversy with France, I feel assured that both houses of Congress will unite with me in desiring and believing that the anticipations of the restoration of the ancient cordial relations between the two countries, expressed in my former messages on this subject, will be speedily realized. No proper exertions of mine shall be wanting to efface the remembrance of those misconceptions that have temporarily interrupted the accustomed intercourse between them."

General Cass retired soon after from the war department, and went to represent the United States at the French court. The French minister resumed his residence in Washington. The people of the United States, when the danger of war was over, and the complete success of General Jackson became apparent, applauded his conduct with nearly as much unanimity as enthusiasm. In the newspapers of the opposition I find the warmest encomiums of the measures which secured the payment of the French indemnity.

CHAPTER XLII.

CLOSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE eighth of January, 1835, was a proud day for the president, for on that day was celebrated at Washington the victory at New Orleans, and the payment of the last installment of the national debt.

A grand banquet was given in honor of the twofold triumph. Upon the removal of the cloth, Colonel Benton, who presided, delivered an exulting speech. "The national debt," he exclaimed, "is paid! This month of January, 1835, in the fifty-eighth year of the republic, Andrew Jackson being president, the national debt is paid! and the apparition, so long unseen on earth—a great nation without a national debt!—stands revealed to the astonished vision of a wondering world! Gentlemen," he concluded, "my heart is in this double celebration; and I offer you a sentiment, which, coming direct from my own bosom, will find its response in yours:

"PRESIDENT JACKSON: May the evening of his days be as tranquil and as happy for himself as their meridian has been resplendent, glorious, and beneficent for his country."

But there is always some one to remind the most idolized man that he is mortal. If General Jackson was unduly elevated by the glorification which he received on the eighth of January, an event occurred on the thirtieth of the same month, which excited in his mind feelings of another character. On that day, the president, the cabinet, both houses of Congress, and a concourse of citizens, assembled in the hall of the house of representatives to take part in the funeral ceremonies in honor of a deceased member of the house from South Carolina. After the usual solemnities, a procession was formed to escort the body to the grave. The president, near the head of the procession, accompanied by Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Dickerson, had crossed the great rotunda of the capitol, and was about to step out upon the portico, when a man emerged from the crowd, and, placing himself before the president, at the distance of eight feet from him, leveled a pistol at his breast, and pulled the trigger. The cap exploded with a loud report without discharging the pistol. The man dropped the pistol upon the pavement, and raised a second which he had held in his left hand under his cloak. That also missed fire. The president, the instant he comprehended the purpose of the man, rushed furiously at him with uplifted cane. Before he reached him, Lieutenant Gedney of the navy had knocked the assassin down, and he was immediately secured and taken to jail. The president, boiling with rage, was hurried into a carriage by his friends and conveyed to the White House. For some days, his belief remained unshaken that the man had been set on to attempt his destruction by a clique of his political enemies.

The prisoner was proved to be a lunatic. His name was Lawrence. He was an English house painter, who had been long out of employment. Hearing, on all sides, that the country had been ruined by the measures of General Jackson, the project of assassinating him had fastened itself in his crazy brain. Lawrence was placed in an asylum; and the affair, which, at first, had assumed portentous importance, soon ceased to be a topic of remark.

In 1836, Congress had again to grapple with an enormous and increasing surplus in the treasury. In dealing with it, the opposition displayed the same want of wisdom which seems to me to have marked their conduct from the beginning to the end of General Jackson's administration. They made no attempt to lessen or prevent the surplus, because to have done that effectually they would have been compelled to adopt General Jackson's oft-repeated suggestions with regard to the public lands. It was speculations in the public lands that created the surplus. General Jackson's three simple and grand ideas with regard to the disposal of the public domain had only to be enacted into a law, and the surplus had ceased. Sell the land, said the general, only to actual settlers; sell it in limited quantities; sell it at the bare cost of surveying and selling. A measure embodying these three principles would have laid the ax at the root of the difficulty.

Consider, for a moment, the state of things at the time. On the 1st of January, 1834, the banking capital of the country was two hundred millions; the bank-notes in circulation amounted to ninety-five millions; the bank loans and discounts, to three hundred and twenty-four millions. On the 1st of January, 1836, the banking capital had increased to two hundred and fifty-one millions; the paper issues, to one hundred and forty millions! the loans and discounts to four hundred and fifty-seven millions! Result—universal expansion of business, and great increase in the price of all commodities save one. That sole exception was the public land, the price of which was fixed by law at a dollar and a quarter per acre. Hence arose that mad speculation in the public lands which, in 1835 and 1836, filled the treasury to overflowing with paper promises-to-pay.

It was in such a state of things that Congress entered upon the discussion of the question: What shall we do with the surplus revenue?—a surplus, be it remembered, which was then deposited in

the state banks, and which had stimulated the business of the country to the alarming extent indicated above. The plan proposed by Mr. Calhoun, adopted by Congress, and not vetoed by the president, amounted to this: *Let us deposit more of the public money with the states, and place it on permanent deposit, instead of temporary.*

The state deposit act of 1836 provided that the surplus above five millions, at the end of every year, should be divided among the states; that the states were to give to the federal government certificates of deposit, payable to the United States; that the secretary of the treasury could sell or assign these certificates whenever he needed the money to meet appropriations; that the certificates, when sold or assigned, should bear an interest of five per cent.; that the deposits not sold or assigned should bear no interest; and, finally, that deposits could be returned to the secretary of the treasury at the pleasure of any state holding them. This measure was well described by Colonel Benton, when he said: "It is, in name, a deposit; in form, a loan; in essence and design, a distribution."

Congress sat this year until the fourth of July. Before the adjournment, Colonel Benton, who, almost alone among the public men of the day, saw the ruin that awaited the country if the land speculations continued, attempted to introduce a measure to compel purchasers of public lands to pay for them in specie. The proceeds of the sales of public lands had risen *from four millions a year to five millions a quarter*, and they were still on the increase. Colonel Benton's proposition met with no encouragement in a body, a majority of whose members were interested in the very speculations which it was designed to check. One week after Congress adjourned, the president, upon his own authority, against the known will of Congress, against the advice of a majority of his cabinet, issued that famous "Specie Circular," which ordered all land commissioners, after a certain date, to reject paper money in payment of public lands, and to accept gold and silver only.

The specie circular was eighteen months too late. Issued in the spring of 1835, it had saved the country. Issued in July, 1836, it could only precipitate the crash which had then become inevitable. Its chief effect was to draw gold and silver from the eastern to the western states, and the pressure in the money market, which had

already begun, increased from that time. It was severe during the autumn months; severer during the winter; severest in the spring. Unrelieved for a single week, the pressure increased steadily from May, 1836, until it ended in the stupendous ruin of May, 1837.

In November, 1836, General Jackson beheld the consummation of his most cherished hopes in the election of Mr. Van Buren to the presidency. Tennessee and Georgia cast their votes for Judge White. South Carolina again threw her vote away upon a candidate named in no other state—Willie P. Mangum. Massachusetts wasted her vote upon Daniel Webster. Harrison and Granger received the votes of Vermont, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio—seventy-three. Mr. Van Buren triumphed in Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Missouri, Arkansas, Michigan—one hundred and seventy. There was no choice of vice-president by the people, as the votes of four states were given to Mr. Tyler. The senate, upon whom the election devolves in such cases, gave the office to Colonel Richard M. Johnson.

Signs of coming revulsion in the world of business were so numerous and so palpable, during this year, that it is wonderful so few observed them. The short crops of 1836 and the paper inflation had raised the price of the necessities of life to a point they had never reached before, and have never reached since. Flour was sold in lots, at fifteen dollars a barrel; in single barrels, at sixteen; in smaller quantities, at eighteen. The growing scarcity of money had already compelled manufacturers to dismiss many of their workmen; and, thus, at a moment when financiers cherished the delusion that the country was prosperous beyond all previous example, large numbers of worthy mechanics and seamstresses were suffering from downright want. It was during this winter of delirium and distress, that some vile demagogues in the city of New York promulgated from the steps of the City Hall, the lie that the high price of flour was caused by speculators, whose stores were said to be filled with flour, kept from the market in the expectation of its realizing a famine price. A mob of infuriated men, foreigners most of them, surrounded a great flour store in the lower part of the city, battered down the doors, rolled the barrels into the street, and destroyed or carried off their contents. For two or

three days the city was kept in groundless terror of a general uprising of the distressed workingmen, and a general spoliation of the provision stores.

Business men were gasping all the winter for breath, but scarcely a man of them believed that the pressure was any thing but temporary and accidental. After a day of extraordinary stringency, the newspapers, in one chorus, would declare that then the worst was over; the bottom had been touched; relief was at hand. Colonel Benton, who had so extolled the state of the currency in January, tells us that, in February, he knew that the grand crash was both inevitable and near. "It was in the month of February," says he, "that I invited the president elect into a committee room, and stated to him my opinion that we were on the eve of an explosion of the paper system and of a general suspension of the banks—intending to follow up that expression of opinion with the exposition of my reasons for thinking so; but the interview came to a sudden and unexpected termination. Hardly had I expressed my belief of this impending catastrophe than he spoke up and said, 'Your friends think you a little exalted in the head on that subject.' I said no more. I was miffed. We left the room together, talking on different matters, and I saying to myself, '*You will soon feel the thunderbolt.*'"

To the last day of his residence in the presidential mansion, General Jackson continued to receive proofs that he was still the idol of the people. The eloquence of the opposition had not availed to lessen his general popularity in the least degree. We read of one enthusiastic Jacksonian conveying to Washington, from New York, with banners and bands of music, a prodigious cheese, as a present to the retiring chief. The cheese was four feet in diameter, two feet thick, and weighed fourteen hundred pounds—twice as large, said the *Globe*, as the great cheese given to Mr. Jefferson on a similar occasion. The president, after giving away large masses of his cheese to his friends, found that he had still more cheese than he could consume. At his last public reception he caused a piece of the cheese to be presented to all who chose to receive one, an operation that filled the White House with an odor that is pleasant only when there is not too much of it. Another ardent lover of the president gave him a light wagon composed entirely of hickory sticks, with the bark upon them. Another presented an elegant

phaeton, made of the wood of the old frigate *Constitution*. The hickory wagon the general left in Washington, as a memento to his successor. The constitutional phaeton he took with him to the Hermitage, where I saw it, faded and dilapidated, in 1858.

The farewell address of the retiring president was little more than a resumé of the doctrines of his eight annual messages. The priceless value of the Union; the danger to it of sectional agitation; the evils of a splendid and powerful government; the safety and advantages of plain and inexpensive institutions; the perils of a surplus revenue; the injustice of a high tariff; the unconstitutionality of that system of internal improvements which the Maysville veto had checked; the curse of paper-money; the extreme desirableness of a currency of gold and silver, were the leading topics upon which the president descanted. "My own race," said he, "is nearly run; advanced age and failing health warn me that before long I must pass beyond the reach of human events, and cease to feel the vicissitudes of human affairs. I thank God that my life has been spent in a land of liberty, and that he has given me a heart to love my country with the affection of a son. And filled with gratitude for your constant and unwavering kindness, I bid you a last and affectionate farewell."

General Jackson began his homeward journey on the third day after Mr. Van Buren's inauguration. "I saw," says Benton, "the patriot ex-president in the car which bore him off to his desired seclusion. I saw him depart with that look of quiet enjoyment which bespoke the inward satisfaction of the soul at exchanging the cares of office for the repose of home."

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN RETIREMENT.

GENERAL JACKSON was seventy years of age when he retired from the presidency. He was a very infirm old man, seldom free from pain for an hour, never for a day. Possessed of a most beautiful and productive farm and a hundred and fifty negroes, he yet felt himself to be a poor man on his return to the Hermitage. "I

returned home," he writes to Mr. Trist, "with just ninety dollars in money, having expended all my salary, and most of the proceeds of my cotton crop; found every thing out of repair; corn, and every thing else for the use of my farm to buy; having but one tract of land besides my homestead, which I have sold, and which has enabled me to begin the new year (1838) clear of debt, relying on our industry and economy to yield us a support, trusting to a kind Providence for good seasons, and a prosperous crop."

During the next few years, he lived the life of a planter, carefully directing the operations of his farm, enjoying the society of his adopted son, and his amiable and estimable wife. They and their children were the solace of his old age. Major Donelson and his family were near at hand, and often cheered him by their presence at the Hermitage. Surrounded by a large and affectionate circle, he passed many happy days; and most of his latter days would have been happy if he had not been frequently reduced by sickness to the condition of a helpless invalid. His early tastes remained with him. He still took the keenest delight in a flourishing cotton field, and loved a fine horse as much as he did when he brought home Truxton from Virginia, thirty years before.

The ex-president's interest in the fortunes of his party was scarcely diminished by his retirement from public life. He corresponded frequently with Mr. Van Buren, whose leading measures he heartily approved, and whose firmness against the greatest pressure ever brought to bear upon an administration he could not but admire. When, in 1840, the general poverty of the people and the renomination of General Harrison threatened the democratic party with defeat, General Jackson exerted himself powerfully to secure his friend's reelection.

In August, 1840, Mr. Clay, in compliance with a pressing invitation, visited Nashville and addressed an immense assemblage upon the political topics of the day. His reception was enthusiastic in the very highest degree. Nine cheers, such as have seldom been given to any man in this country except to Henry Clay, greeted his rising. His allusions to General Jackson were apparently respectful, but were, in reality, calculated, and, perhaps, were designed to be offensive to him. "It was true," said Mr. Clay, "that he had some reluctance, some misgivings, about making this visit at this time, which grew out of a supposition that his motives

might be misconstrued. The relations which had for a long time existed between himself and the illustrious captain in this neighborhood, were well understood. He feared, if he accepted the invitation to make the visit now, that it might be thought by some that his motives were less patriotic than sinister or selfish. But he assured that great assemblage, that toward that illustrious individual, their fellow-citizen and friend, he cherished, he possessed no unkind feelings. He was a great chieftain; he had fought well and bravely for his country; he hoped he would live long and enjoy much happiness, and, when he departed from this fleeting vale of tears that he would enter into the abode of the just, made perfect."

Still harping on my *Chieftain!* In Mr. Clay's speech, as published in the authorized volumes, edited by Mr. Mallory, there is not one remark respecting General Jackson or his public conduct which was not legitimate. Indeed the speech chiefly consisted of humorous and satirical comments upon the administration of Mr. Van Buren. He alluded, it is true, to the appointment of Mr. Livingston as secretary of state, with a remark that he was a defaulter; but he added, that he presumed "the president did not sufficiently reflect upon the tendency such an appointment would have." Other comments were made by Mr. Clay upon General Jackson's appointments, and upon the extraordinary and unexampled number of public officers who had recently become defaulters. The day after the delivery of Mr. Clay's speech, General Jackson sent to the *Nashville Union* a communication, in which he spoke of Mr. Clay as a "demagogue" roaming over the country "retailing slanders against the living and the dead."

To this communication Mr. Clay made an immediate reply, giving a correct outline of his speech, and asserting that he had spoken of General Jackson and his measures only in proper and becoming terms. "With regard," he concluded, "to the insinuations and gross epithets contained in General Jackson's note, alike impotent, malevolent, and derogatory from the dignity of a man who has filled the highest office in the universe, respect for the public and for myself allow me only to say that, like other similar missiles, they have fallen harmless at my feet, exciting no other sensation than that of scorn and contempt."

The commercial disasters of 1837 and the depression that succeeded had not seriously inconvenienced General Jackson, with his

magnificent farm and his hundred and fifty negroes. He repeatedly expressed the opinion that no one failed in that great revulsion who ought not to have failed. Not the faintest suspicion that any measure of his own had any thing to do with it ever found lodgment in his mind. He laid all the blame upon Biddle, paper-money, and speculation.

In 1842, when business men began once more to hope for prosperous seasons, and the country awoke from its long lethargy, General Jackson became an anxious and embarrassed man through the misfortunes of his son. Money was not to be borrowed in the western country, even then, except at an exorbitant interest. He applied, in these circumstances, to his fast friend, Mr. Blair, of the *Globe*, who was then a man of fortune. Ten thousand dollars was the sum which the general deemed sufficient for his relief. Mr. Blair not only resolved on the instant to lend the money, but to lend it on the general's personal security, and to make the loan as closely resemble a gift as the general's delicacy would permit it to be. Mr. Rives desired to share the pleasure of accommodating General Jackson, and the loan was therefore made in the name of Blair and Rives. Upon reading Mr. Blair's reply to his application, the old man burst into tears. He handed the letter to his daughter, and she, too, was melted by the delicate generosity which it revealed. General Jackson, however, would accept the money only on conditions which secured his friends against the possibility of loss.

Not long after these interesting events, further relief was afforded General Jackson by the refunding of the fine which he had paid at New Orleans, in 1815, for the arrest of Judge Hall, and for refusing to obey the writ of *habeas corpus* issued by him. The fine was originally one thousand dollars, but the accumulated interest swelled the amount to twenty-seven hundred. Senator Linn, of Missouri, introduced the bill for refunding the money, and gave it an earnest and persevering support. In the house the measure was strenuously supported by Mr. Douglass, of Illinois, and Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, to both of whom General Jackson expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms. The bill was passed in the senate by a party vote of twenty-eight to twenty—Mr. Calhoun voting with the friends of the ex-president; in the house, by one hundred and fifty-eight to twenty-eight.

How much the religious tendencies of General Jackson were strengthened by the example of his wife, and how much more by

her affecting death at the moment when he needed her most, we have already seen. He gave her his solemn promise to join the church as soon as he had done with politics, and the letters which he wrote, during his presidency, to members of his own family, abound in religious expressions. The promise which he made to his wife, he remembered, but did not strictly keep. In August, 1838, he wrote to one who had addressed him on the subject: "I would long since have made this solemn public dedication to Almighty God, but knowing the wickedness of this world, and how prone many are to evil, that the scoffer of religion would have cried out—'hypocrisy! he has joined the church for political effect,' I thought it best to postpone this public act until my retirement to the shades of private life, when no false imputation could be made that might be injurious to religion." He passed two or three years, however, "in the shades of private life," before he performed the act referred to in this letter.

From the Rev. Dr. Edgar, pastor of an influential Presbyterian church in Nashville, I received the information which is now to be imparted to the reader. It was a sermon of Dr. Edgar's that produced in General Jackson the state of mind that led to his connecting himself with the church, and it was Dr. Edgar who administered to him his first communion. He is, therefore, the source of trustworthy information on this interesting subject.

It was about the year 1839 that Dr. Edgar was first invited to the Hermitage for the purpose of administering religious advice to its inmates. Mrs. Jackson, the amiable and estimable wife of the general's son, was sick in body and troubled in mind. General Jackson invited his reverend friend to call and see her, and endeavor to clear her mind of the cloud of perplexity and apprehension which hung over it. In the course of her conversation with the doctor, she chanced to say, in the general's hearing, that she felt herself to be "a great sinner."

"You a sinner?" interposed the general, "why, you are all purity and goodness! Join Dr. Edgar's church, by all means."

This remark was considered by the clergyman a proof that, at that time, General Jackson was "blind" as to the nature of true religion. Soon after this interview Mrs. Jackson's anxiety was relieved, and she waited to join the church only for a suitable opportunity.

Ere long a "protracted meeting" was held in the little church on

the Hermitage farm. Dr. Edgar conducted the exercises, and the family at the Hermitage were constant in their attendance. The last day of the meeting arrived, which was also the last day of the week. General Jackson sat in his accustomed seat, and Dr. Edgar preached. The subject of the sermon was the interposition of Providence in the affairs of men, a subject congenial with the habitual tone of General Jackson's mind. The preacher spoke in detail of the perils which beset the life of man, and how often he is preserved from sickness and sudden death. Seeing General Jackson listening with rapt attention to his discourse, the eloquent preacher sketched the career of a man who, in addition to the ordinary dangers of human life, had encountered those of the wilderness, of war, and of keen political conflict; who had escaped the tomahawk of the savage, the attack of his country's enemies, the privations and fatigues of border warfare, and the aim of the assassin. How is it, exclaimed the preacher, that a man endowed with reason and gifted with intelligence can pass through such scenes as these unharmed, and not see the hand of God in his deliverance? While enlarging on this theme, Dr. Edgar saw that his words were sinking deep into the general's heart, and he spoke with unusual animation and impressiveness.

The service ended, General Jackson got into his carriage, and was riding homeward. He was overtaken by Dr. Edgar on horseback. He hailed the doctor, and said he wished to speak with him. Both having alighted, the general led the clergyman a little way into the grove.

"Doctor," said the general, "I want you to come home with me to-night."

"I can not to-night," was the reply; "I am engaged elsewhere."

"Doctor," repeated the general, "I want you to come home with me to-night."

Dr. Edgar said that he had promised to visit that evening a sick lady, and he felt bound to keep his promise. General Jackson, as though he had not heard the reply, said a third time, and more pleadingly than before:

"Doctor, *I want* you to come home with me to-night."

"General Jackson," said the clergyman, "my word is pledged; I can not break it; but I will be at the Hermitage to-morrow morning very early."

The anxious man was obliged to be contented with this arrangement, and went home alone. He retired to his apartment. He passed the evening and the greater part of the night in meditation, in reading, in conversing with his beloved daughter, in prayers. He was sorely distressed. Late at night, when his daughter left him, he was still agitated and sorrowful. What thoughts passed through his mind as he paced his room in the silence of the night, of *what* sins he repented, and *what* actions of his life he wished he had not done, no one knows, or will ever know.

As the day was breaking, light seemed to dawn upon his troubled soul, and peace fell upon him.

To Dr. Edgar, who came to him soon after sunrise, General Jackson told the joyful history of the night, and expressed a desire to be admitted into the church with his daughter that very morning. The usual questions respecting doctrine and experience were satisfactorily answered by the candidate. Then there was a pause in the conversation. The clergyman said at length :

“General, there is one more question which it is my duty to ask you. Can you forgive all your enemies?”

The question was evidently unexpected, and the candidate was silent for a while.

“My political enemies,” said he, “I can freely forgive; but as for those who abused me when I was serving my country in the field, and those who attacked me *for* serving my country—doctor, that is a different case.”

The doctor assured him that it was not. Christianity, he said, forbade the indulgence of enmity absolutely and in all cases. No man could be received into a Christian church who did not cast out of his heart every feeling of that nature. It was a condition that was fundamental and indispensable.

After a considerable pause the candidate said that he thought he could forgive all who had injured him, even those who had assailed him for what he had done for his country in the field. The clergyman then consented to his sharing in the ceremonial of the morning, and left the room to communicate the tidings to Mrs. Jackson. She hastened to the general's apartment. They rushed with tears into each other's arms, and remained long in a fond and silent embrace.

The Hermitage church was crowded to the utmost of its small capacity; the very windows were darkened with the eager faces of

the servants. After the usual services, the general rose to make the required public declaration of his concurrence with the doctrines, and his resolve to obey the precepts, of the church. He leaned heavily upon his stick with both hands; tears rolled down his cheeks. His daughter, the fair, young matron, stood beside him. Amid a silence the most profound, the general answered the questions proposed to him. When he was formally pronounced a member of the church, and the clergyman was about to continue the services, the long restrained feeling of the congregation burst forth in sobs and exclamations, which compelled him to pause for several minutes. The clergyman himself was speechless with emotion, and abandoned himself to the exultation of the hour. A familiar hymn was raised, in which the entire assembly, both within and without the church, joined with an ecstatic fervor which at once expressed and relieved their feelings.

From this time to the end of his life, General Jackson spent most of his leisure hours in reading the Bible, biblical commentaries, and the hymn-book, which last he always pronounced in the old-fashioned way, *hime* book. The work known as "Scott's Bible" was his chief delight; he read it through twice before he died. Nightly he read prayers in the presence of his family and household servants. I say *read* prayers, for so I was informed by those who often heard him do it. But there has been published a description of the family worship at the Hermitage, which represents the general as delivering an *extempore* prayer.

The Hermitage church, after the death of Mrs. Jackson and the general's removal to Washington, had not been able to maintain itself; but the event which we have just related caused it to be re-organized. At one of the first meetings of the resuscitated church, General Jackson was nominated a "ruling elder."

"No," said he, "the Bible says, 'Be not hasty in laying on of hands.' I am too young in the church for such an office. My countrymen have given me high honors, but I should esteem the office of ruling elder in the church of Christ, a far higher honor than any I have ever received. I propose brother ——, and brother ——" (two aged neighbors).

The misfortunes which had befallen his son induced General Jackson, in 1843, to cancel a will which he had made several years before, and to prepare a new one. The first will bestowed a handsome

legacy upon a favorite nephew ; the second left the entire estate to his son in fee simple. In connection with this subject, Major Lewis related to me some interesting particulars of an interview between himself and the ex-president, which occurred just after the execution of the new will.

It was a beautiful morning in June. "Come, major," said the general, "it's a pleasant day, let us take a stroll." He seemed very weak, scarcely able to walk ; and had much difficulty in breathing. After walking a short distance, Major Lewis advised him to return, but he would not. A second and a third time, the major entreated him to go no further. "No, major," he said, "I set out to show you my cotton field, and I will go." They reached the field, at length, and sat down upon a stump to admire its flourishing appearance. Suddenly changing the subject, the general told his companion that he had made a new will, leaving his whole estate unconditionally to his son. Major Lewis ventured to remonstrate, and advised that a part of the property should be settled upon Mrs. Jackson and her children, enough to secure them against want in case his son's speculations should continue to be unsuccessful.

"No," said the general, after a long pause, "that would show a want of confidence. If *she*," pointing to the tomb in the garden, "were alive, she would wish him to have it all, and to me her wish is law." The new will, therefore, remained unaltered.

"Extending the area of freedom" (to use his own language), by the annexation of Texas, was the last political project which occupied the thoughts and the pen of Andrew Jackson. In promoting this important measure he displayed an energy seldom exhibited, before or since, by a politician in his seventy-seventh year.

For forty years or more General Jackson had cherished the desire to push the Spaniards further back from the western boundary of the United States. In Colonel Burr's filibustering scheme of 1806, so far as it related to the conquest of Texas, he had heartily sympathized, I think it no exaggeration to say, that to General Jackson's warm and active exertions in these years of sickness and decrepitude is chiefly to be attributed the annexation of Texas.

Great was the joy of General Jackson at the election of Mr. Polk in 1844. In a field adjoining the Hermitage he entertained two hundred guests at dinner, in honor of the event. His anxiety, however, on the subject of annexation appeared to increase rather than

diminish after the election. On the first day of the last year of his life, he wrote a long letter to his friend Blair, urging him to use all his influence to induce Congress to act with promptitude in the matter.

One of the secret conditions upon which Mr. Polk obtained the support of the nullifiers was, that the *Globe* should not be the organ of his administration. General Jackson, ignorant of this condition, was puzzled, astonished, and indignant, when he perceived the movements preliminary to the shelving of his old friend and staunch ally. "How loathsome," he wrote to Mr. Blair, April 9th, 1845, "it is to me to see an old friend laid aside, principles of justice and friendship forgotten, and all for the sake of *policy*—and the great democratic party divided or endangered for *policy*. I cannot reflect upon it with any calmness; every point of it, upon scrutiny, turns to harm and disunion, and not one beneficial result can be expected from it. I will be anxious to know the result. If harmony is restored, and the *Globe* the organ, I will rejoice; if sold, to whom, and for what? *Have, if you sell, the purchase money well secured.* This may be the last letter I may be able to write you; but live or die, I am your friend (and never deserted one from *policy*), and leave my papers and reputation in your keeping."

General Jackson was never enlightened as to the cause of Mr. Polk's extraordinary conduct. Mr. Blair, happily for himself, went into retirement; the editor of the *Union* reigned in his stead; the democratic party was NULLIFIED.

The well-known correspondence between Commodore Elliot and General Jackson, with regard to the sarcophagus of the Roman emperor, occurred in the spring of the last year of the general's life. "Last night," wrote the blunt sailor (March 18th, 1845), "I made something of a speech at the National Institute (Washington, D. C.), and have offered for their acceptance the sarcophagus which I obtained at Palestine, brought home in the Constitution, and believed to contain the remains of the Roman emperor, Alexander Severus, with the suggestion that it might be tendered you for your final resting-place. I pray you, general, to live on in the fear of the Lord; dying the death of a Roman soldier; an emperor's coffin awaits you."

The general replied: "With the warmest sensations that can inspire a grateful heart, I must decline accepting the honor intended

to be bestowed. I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an emperor or a king. My republican feelings and principles forbid it; the simplicity of our system of government forbids it; every monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our heroes and statesmen ought to bear evidence of the economy and simplicity of our republican institutions, and the plainness of our republican citizens, who are the sovereigns of our glorious Union, and whose virtue is to perpetuate it. True virtue cannot exist where pomp and parade are the governing passions: it can only dwell with the people—the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinew of our confederacy. I have prepared an humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE CLOSING SCENES.

DURING the first six years after his retirement from the presidency, General Jackson's health was not much worse than it had usually been in Washington. Every attack of bleeding at the lungs, however, left him a little weaker than he had ever been before, and his recovery was slower and less complete. During the last two years of his life, he could never be said to have rallied from these attacks, but remained always very weak, and knew few intervals, and those very short, of relief from pain. A cough tormented him, day and night. He had all the symptoms of consumption. One lung was consumed entirely; and the other was diseased. Six months before his death, certain dropsical symptoms, which had threatened him for years, were painfully developed; and from that time, he was alternately swollen by dropsy, and, at once, relieved and prostrated by diarrhea. At times, to use his own language, he was “one blubber” from head to foot; and when he seemed to be threatened with immediate death from this disease, he would be

saved by another which reduced him so low that he would recline for many hours helpless and feebly gasping for life. The moment he recovered a little strength, the dropsy regained its power, and again he swelled, only to be relieved and reduced as before.

The patience which he displayed during those years of dissolution sometimes approached the sublime. No anguish, however severe, however protracted, ever wrung from this most irascible of men a fretful or a complaining word. Mr. Blair relates an incident witnessed by himself at the Hermitage, when he visited the general toward the close of his life, which exhibits the patient tenderness of the dying man in a touching light. The general was sitting in an arm-chair, suffering from one of those agonizing headaches to which he was subject in his last years, and to which every man is subject who chews tobacco. His temples were throbbing visibly. He sat silent and motionless, as was his wont at such times, wholly absorbed in mere endurance. A little nephew, a sturdy, boisterous urchin, six years of age, was playing about the room, unconscious of the silent sufferer. In one of his rough gambols, he ran his head, with tremendous violence, full against the general's body. The sick man turned ashy pale, fell back in his chair in breathless agony, and remained for a minute or two, speechless. When he recovered his breath, he said, in a tone of the most exquisite tenderness, as though pitying the child:

"Oh, my dear boy, you don't know how much pain you have given your uncle!"

Seldom, down to his last hour, was he so far subdued by pain that he could not converse with animation upon political topics. One day, about six weeks before his death, when he was reclining in bed, he surprised Dr. Edgar by asking him:

"Doctor, what do you think will be my fame with posterity? I mean, what will posterity blame me for most?"

Now, Dr. Edgar had been for many years a political opponent of General Jackson, and held opinions respecting some of his acts which were decided. Wishing to avoid a political argument with a dying man, he tried to evade the question. The general, however, pressed it upon him, and seemed anxious for an explicit answer.

"Well," said the clergyman at length, "if I must give an opinion, general, I think posterity will blame you most for proscribing people

for opinion's sake. In Kentucky, every Adams man was turned out of office except one, and he resigned because he said he should have to bear the blame of all the rascality done in the state."

The remark which General Jackson made upon these words surprised Dr. Edgar as much as it will surprise the reader. He said that during all his presidency he had turned but one subordinate out of office by an act of direct, personal authority, and he was a post-master. Dr. Edgar expressed his astonishment at this statement, when the general repeated it with emphasis and particularity.

Changing the subject, Dr. Edgar asked him what he would have done with Calhoun and the other nullifiers, if they had kept on.

"Hung them, sir, as high as Haman," was the instantaneous reply. "They should have been a terror to traitors to all time, and posterity would have pronounced it the best act of my life."

As he said these words, he half rose in bed, and all the old fire glowed in his old eyes again.

Almost to the last he was pestered by office-seekers, who desired his signature to their petitions, and by hero-worshippers, who wished to see his face before it was hidden forever from mortal view. A gentleman who visited the Hermitage in one of the last weeks of the general's life, describes his interview with the "dying hero:" "It was about noon when I arrived. Throngs of people were in attendance, waiting to see the general. He would receive only two or three at once, so I sent my card, and after about an hour was ushered, in company with a stranger, into the presence of the hero of New Orleans. The feeble old man was lying upon a sofa, his head and shoulders elevated upon the bolster. He was clad in an old style, snuff-colored coat, with a high stiff collar, and a coverlet was thrown over him from his feet to his bosom. His only attendant was a negro boy, who stood near, fanning away the flies with a bush. The hero is now extremely emaciated. His chest is meager and collapsed; his cheeks hollow and ghastly; his once falcon eye sunken and rayless; and his whole countenance, when under no excitement, languid and insignificant. The gentleman who had entered with me brought a letter from General Armstrong, commending him to President Polk for some office, and he had come here to get the signature of Andrew Jackson, before he should carry it to Washington. The way he was jilted was truly *hickory*. The old general repulsed him with a stern—

“No, no, no! I can do no such thing; they’ll say I’m dictating to the president.”

“And then he fell to lecturing on the way he was annoyed by the office-seekers.

“‘I am dying,’ said he, ‘as fast as I can, and they all know it, but they will keep swarming upon me in crowds, seeking for office—intriguing for office.’

“The gentleman, after assuring General Jackson that General Armstrong directed him to call and obtain his autograph to this paper, concluded to put the document in his pocket and say no more about it. We remained in the general’s private room about twenty minutes, and had to give place to others who were waiting.”

On Sunday, May 24th, the last Sunday but two of his life, General Jackson partook of the communion in the presence of his family. He spoke much of the consolations of religion, and declared that he was ready for the final summons. “Death,” said he, after the ceremony was over, “has no terrors for me. When I have suffered sufficiently, the Lord will take me to himself; but what are my sufferings compared with those of the blessed Saviour who died on the accursed tree for me? Mine are nothing.”

On the Friday before he died, in an interval of comparative relief, he gave many directions respecting the affairs of his farm; and conversed much upon Texas and Oregon. He, also, expressed to his daughter his desire to be buried without pomp or display of any kind.

“I am pretty comfortable,” said he, “but I feel that I shall not long be with you. When I am about to depart hence, send for my old friends, Major Lewis and Judge Campbell (but I fear Judge Campbell is too feeble to come) to make arrangements with my son for my funeral. I wish to be buried in a plain, unostentatious manner.”

Speaking of Texas, he said; “All is safe at last.” He praised warmly the conduct of his “old friend and companion-in-arms,” General Samuel Houston, declaring that to him the United States owed the “recovery” of Texas. Reverting to Oregon, he said he knew President Polk would firmly maintain the rights of the country, but hoped that this could be done without resorting to war.

“If not,” said he, “let war come. There will be patriots enough in the land to repel foreign aggression, come whence it may, and to

maintain sacredly our just rights and to perpetuate our glorious constitution and liberty, and to preserve our happy Union."

All day long his mind seemed full of this subject. He dictated a letter to the president, expressing confidence in his judgment and patriotism, and urging him to act promptly and resolutely in the affairs of Texas and Oregon. This was his last letter. The next evening, twenty-two hours before his death, he franked a letter to Mr. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, who had written to inquire respecting his health. He never signed his name again.

He saw the light of another Sunday morning—June the eighth—a still, brilliant, hot day. He had been worse the day before, and Dr. Esselman had remained all night at the Hermitage. "On Sunday morning," writes Dr. Esselman, "on entering his room, I found him sitting in his arm-chair, with his two faithful servants, George and Dick, by his side, who had just removed him from his bed. I immediately perceived that the hand of death was upon him. I informed his son that he could survive but a few hours, and he immediately dispatched a servant for Major William B. Lewis, the general's devoted friend. Mr. Jackson informed me that it was the general's request that, in case he grew worse, or was thought to be near his death, Major Lewis should be sent for, as he wished him to be near him in his last moments. He was instantly removed to his bed, but before he could be placed there he had swooned away. His family and servants, believing him to be dead, were very much alarmed, and manifested the most intense grief; however, in a few seconds reaction took place, and he became conscious, and raised his eyes, and said: 'My dear children, do not grieve for me; it is true I am going to leave you; I am well aware of my situation; I have suffered much bodily pain, but my sufferings are but as nothing compared with that which our blessed Saviour endured upon that accursed cross, that we might all be saved who put their trust in him.' He first addressed Mrs. Jackson (his daughter-in-law), and took leave of her, reminding her of her tender kindness manifested toward him at all times, and especially during his protracted illness. He next took leave of Mrs. Adams (a widowed sister of Mrs. Jackson, who had been a member of the general's family for several years), in the most kind and affectionate manner, reminding her also of her tender devotion toward him during his illness. He next took leave of his adopted son in the

most affectionate and devoted manner. He next took leave of his grandchildren and the children of Mrs. Adams. He kissed and blessed them in a manner so touchingly impressive that I have no language that can do this scene justice. He discovered that there were two of the boys absent—one of his grandsons and one of Mrs. Adams's. He inquired for them. He was informed that they were at the chapel, attending Sunday-school. He desired that they should be sent for. As soon as they came, he kissed and blessed them also, as he had done to those with him. By this time, most of his servants had collected in his room, or at the windows. When he had taken leave of them all, he delivered one of the most impressive lectures on the subject of religion that I have ever heard. He spoke for nearly half an hour, and apparently with the power of inspiration; for he spoke with calmness, with strength, and, indeed, with animation. I regret exceedingly that there was no one present who could have noted down his precise words. In conclusion, he said: 'My dear children, and friends, and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black.' The last sentence he repeated—'both white and black,' looking at them with the tenderest solicitude. With these words he ceased to speak, but fixed his eyes on his granddaughter, Rachel Jackson (who bears the name of his own beloved wife), for several seconds. What was passing through his mind at that moment, I will not pretend to say; but it did appear to me that he was invoking the blessings of heaven to rest upon her."

Major Lewis arrived about noon. "Major," said the dying man, in a feeble voice, but quite audibly, "I am glad to see you. You had like to have been too late."

During most of the afternoon he lay tranquil and without pain, speaking occasionally to Major Lewis, who never left his bedside. He sent farewell messages to Colonel Benton, Mr. Blair, General Houston, and to other friends not known to the public. At half past five, after a long interval of silence, his son took his hand, and whispered in his ear:

"Father, how do you feel? Do you know me?"

"Know you?" he replied, "yes, I know you. I would know you all if I could see. Bring me my spectacles."

When his spectacles were put on, he said:

"Where is my daughter and Marian? God will take care of you

for me. I am my God's. I belong to him. I go but a short time before you, and I want to meet you all, white and black, in heaven."

All present burst into tears. The crowd of servants on the piazza, who were all day looking in through the windows, sobbed, cried out, and wrung their hands. The general spoke again:

"What is the matter with my dear children? Have I alarmed you? Oh, do not cry. Be good children, and we will all meet in heaven."

These were his last words. He lay for half an hour with closed eyes, breathing softly and easily. Major Lewis stood close to his head. The family were about the bed silently waiting and weeping. George and the faithful Hannah were present. Hannah could not be induced to leave the room. "I was born and raised on the place," said she, "and my place is here." At six o'clock the general's head suddenly fell forward and was caught by Major Lewis. The major applied his ear to the mouth of his friend, and found that he had ceased to breathe. He had died without a struggle or a pang. Major Lewis removed the pillows, drew down the body upon the bed, and closed the eyes. Upon looking again at the face, he observed that the expression of pain which it had worn so long had passed away. Death had restored it to naturalness and serenity. The aged warrior slept.

Two days after, he was laid in the grave by the side of his wife, of whom he had said, not long before he died: "Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there." All Nashville and the country round about seemed to be present at the funeral. Three thousand persons were thought to be assembled on the lawn in front of the house, when Dr. Edgar stepped out upon the portico to begin the services. After prayer had been offered, a favorite psalm of the departed was sung:

"Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!"

The text of the sermon was: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb." The preacher related, with impressive effect, the history of the late religious life of the deceased, and pronounced upon his character an eloquent, but a discriminating eulogium. Another hymn which the general had loved concluded the ceremonies. The

body was then borne to the garden and placed in the tomb long ago prepared for its reception. "I never witnessed a funeral of half the solemnity," wrote a spectator at the time. The tablet which covers the remains bears this inscription :

GENERAL

ANDREW JACKSON,

BORN ON THE 15TH OF MARCH, 1767,

DIED ON THE 8TH OF JUNE, 1845.

When the news of the death of General Jackson reached Washington, the president of the United States ordered the departments to be closed for one day, and Mr. Bancroft, the Secretary of the Navy and Acting Secretary of War, directed public honors to be paid to the memory of the ex-president, at all the military and naval stations. In every large town in the country there were public ceremonies in honor of the deceased, consisting usually of an oration and a procession. In the city of New York the entire body of the uniformed militia, all the civic functionaries, the trades and societies, joined in the parade. The record of the solemnities performed in the city of New York, in honor of Andrew Jackson, forms an octavo volume of three hundred and three pages. Twenty-five of the orations delivered on this occasion, in various towns and cities, were published in a volume entitled "Monument to the Memory of General Andrew Jackson."

CHAPTER XLV

CONCLUSION.

Thus lived and died Andrew Jackson, the idol of his party, often the pride and favorite of his country. His best friends could not deny that he had deplorable faults ; nor his worst enemies that he possessed rare and dazzling merits. He rendered his country signal and glorious services, and brought upon the government of that

country an evil which it will be extremely difficult to remedy. No man will ever be able quite to comprehend Andrew Jackson who has not personally known a Scotch Irishman. More than he was any thing else, he was a North-of-Irlander. A tenacious, pugnacious race; honest, yet capable of dissimulation; often angry, but most prudent when most furious; endowed by nature with the gift of extracting from every affair and every relation all the strife it can be made to yield; at home and among dependents, all tenderness and generosity: to opponents, violent, ungenerous, prone to believe the very worst of them; a race that means to tell the truth, but, when excited by anger or warped by prejudice, incapable of either telling, or remembering, or knowing the truth; not taking kindly to culture, but able to achieve wonderful things without it; a strange blending of the best and the worst qualities of two races. Jackson had these traits in an exaggerated degree; as Irish as though he were not Scotch; as Scotch as though he were not Irish.

The circumstances of his childhood nourished his peculiarities. He was a poor boy in a new country, without a father to teach him moderation, obedience, and self-control. The border warfare of the Revolution whirled him hither and thither; made him fierce and exacting; taught him self-reliance; accustomed him to regard an opponent as a foe. They who are not for us are against us, and they who are against us are to be put to death, was the Carolina doctrine during the later years of the war. The early loss of his elder brother, his own hard lot in the Camden prison, the terrible and needless sufferings of his younger brother, the sad but heroic death of his mother, were events not calculated to give the softer traits the mastery within him. All the influences of his early years tended to develop a very positive cast of character, to make him self-helpful, decisive, indifferent to danger, impatient of contradiction, and disposed to follow up a quarrel to the death.

Jackson had passed his forty-fifth year without having achieved any thing very remarkable. Public life he had tried, but had not shone in it, and nothing became him in his public life so much as his leaving it. The massacre at Fort Mims gave him, at length, a piece of work which he was better fitted to do than any other man in the world. Only such energy, such swiftness, such resolution, such tenacity of purpose, such disregard of forms and precedents,

such audacity, and such prudence as his, could have defended the Southwest in 1814 and 1815. When a man successfully defends his invaded country, we must not too closely scrutinize the acts which dim the luster of his great achievement. The captain who *saves* his imperiled ship we honor, though, in the critical hour, he may have sworn like a trooper, and knocked down a man or two with the speaking trumpet. The slaying of the six militia-men, and the maintaining of martial law in New Orleans two months too long, we may condemn, and, I think, should condemn; yet most of the citizens of the United States will concur in the wish, that when next a European army lands upon American soil, there may be a Jackson to meet them at the landing-place. After making all proper deductions, justice still requires that we should accord to General Jackson's defense of the southern country the very highest praise. It was a piece of difficult work most gloriously done. Not even the party celebrations of the Eighth of January ought to hide from us or obscure the genuine merit of those who, in the darkest hour this republic had ever known, enabled it to believe again in its invincibility, by closing a war of disaster in a blaze of triumph.

He came home from the wars the pride, the darling of the nation. No man in this country has ever been subjected to such a torrent of applause, and few men have been less prepared to withstand it by education, reflection, and experience. He accepted the verdict which the nation pronounced upon his conduct. He went to Florida in 1818, burdened and stimulated with a stupendous military reputation. The country expected great things of the victor of New Orleans, and the victor of New Orleans was not a man to disappoint his country. He swept down into the province like a tornado, and drove the poor remnant of the Seminoles into the Everglades. He assumed, he exercised all the prerogatives of an absolute sovereign. He raised troops in his own way; invaded a foreign territory; made war upon his brother sovereign, the king of Spain; put his subjects to death without trial; shot Ambrister, and permitted the murder of Arbuthnot. He came home, not in chains, to stand his trial for such extraordinary proceedings, but in triumph, to receive the approval of the president, defense and eulogy from John Quincy Adams, exoneration from Congress, and the applause of the people. What an effect such an experience as this was likely to have upon such a mind as his, we need not say.

He was started for the presidency. He was passive; he was clay in the hands of two or three friendly potters. Tennessee took up his name with enthusiasm; Pennsylvania brought it prominently before the nation; he won a plurality of electoral votes, but was not elected. His disappointment was keen, and his wrath burned anew and with increased fury against the man who had given the office to Mr. Adams. If he did not invent the bargain-and-corruption lie, he did worse, he believed it. To be willing to believe so scandalous a tale respecting such men, except upon what may strictly be called *evidence*, is not creditable to the heart or the understanding of any man. To persist in believing it for fifteen years, after it had been completely disproved, to avow a belief in it, for political purposes, just as he was sinking into the grave, revealed a phase of character which we have a right to call detestable.

If General Jackson was passive during the campaign of 1824, he was passive no longer. The exposure of the circumstances attending his marriage, accompanied by unjust comments and gross exaggerations, the reflections upon his mother, the revival of every incident of his life that could be unfavorably construed, kept him in a blaze of wrath. Determined to triumph, he took an active part, at home and abroad, in the canvass. He was elected; but in the moment of his triumph, his wife, than whom no wife was ever more tenderly beloved, was lost to him forever. The calamity that robbed life of all its charm deepened, and, as it were, sanctified his political resentments! His enemies had slain her, he thought. Adams had permitted, if he had not prompted, the circulation of the calumnies that destroyed her. Clay, he firmly believed, had originated the crusade against her; for this strange being could believe any evil thing of one whom he cordially hated. Broken in spirit, broken in health, the old man, cherishing what he deemed a holy wrath, but meaning to serve his country well, went to Washington, to find it crowded with hungry claimants for reward.

Oh, what an opportunity was his! How different were the condition of public affairs in this year 1863, how different the prospect before us, if, instead of that vague and ominous paragraph about "reform," in his inaugural address, he had used language like this:

"Know, all whom it may concern, that in this republic no man should seek, few men should decline, a public trust. To apply for office, fellow-citizens, is of itself an evidence of unfitness for office.

I will appoint no man to an office who seeks one, or for whom one is sought. When I want a man, I shall know how to find him. If any one has indulged the expectation that I will deprive honest and capable men of their places because they thought proper to oppose my election to the presidency, and, in the heat of an exciting canvass, went beyond the limits of a fair and proper opposition, I notify them, now and here, that Andrew Jackson, imperfect and faulty as he is, is not capable of conduct so despicable. Depart hence, ye office-seeking crew, whose very presence here shows that your motives for supporting me were base!"

General Jackson's appointment-and-removal policy I consider an evil so great and so difficult to remedy, that if all his other public acts had been perfectly wise and right, this single feature of his administration would suffice to render it deplorable rather than admirable.

I am strong in the conviction that it was the spoils system which gradually rendered possible the civil convulsions of 1860 and 1861. The schemes of the secession conspirators, I think, would have been baffled without bloodshed, if Andrew Jackson had left the government as strong and incorrupt as he found it. Indeed, I must avow explicitly the belief, that, notwithstanding the good done by General Jackson during his presidency, his elevation to power was an error on the part of the people of the United States. The good which he effected has not continued; while the evil which he began remains, has grown more formidable, has now attained such dimensions that the prevailing feeling of the country, with regard to the corruptions and inefficiency of the government, is despair.

I find in General Jackson's private writings no evidence that he had ever studied the art of governing nations, or had arrived at any clear conclusions on the subject. Except the "Vicar of Wakefield," it is doubtful if he had ever read any secular book through. That solitary exception is creditable to his taste and feelings as a human being, for no man can be altogether despicable who keenly relishes the "Vicar of Wakefield." But a president of the United States should know all books, all times, all nations, all arts, all artifices, all men. It is essential that he be a man of culture. His culture may not prevent his falling into error, but a cultivated man is capable of being convinced of his errors. He cannot be a cultivated man without having learned, over and over again, how fallible his

judgment is ; without having often been *sure* that he was right and then found that he was wrong.

In the eternal necessity of courage, and in man's instinctive perception of its necessity, is to be found, perhaps, the explanation of the puzzling fact, that in an age which has produced so many glorious benefactors of their species, such men as Wellington and Jackson are loved by a greater number of people than any others. The spiritualized reader is not expected to coincide in the strict justice of this arrangement. His heroes are of another cast. But the rudest man and the scholar may agree in this, that it is the *valor* of their heroes which renders them effective and admirable. The intellect, for example, of a discoverer of truth excites our wonder ; but what rouses our enthusiasm is the calm and modest courage with which he defies the powerful animosity of those who thrive by debauching the understanding of man.

It was curious that England and America should both, and nearly at the same time, have elevated their favorite generals to the highest civil station. Wellington became prime minister in 1827 ; Jackson, president in 1829. Wellington was tried three years, and found wanting, and driven from power, execrated by the people. His carriage, his house, and his statue, were pelted by the mob. Jackson reigned eight years, and retired with his popularity undiminished. The reason was, that Wellington was not in accord with his generation, and was surrounded by men who were, if possible, less so ; while Jackson, besides being in sympathy with the people, had the great good fortune to be influenced by men who had learned the rudiments of statesmanship in the school of Jefferson.

Yes, autocrat as he was, Andrew Jackson loved the people, the common people, the sons and daughters of toil, as truly as they loved him, and believed in them as they believed in him.

He was in accord with his generation. He had a clear perception that the toiling millions are not a class in the community, but *are* the community. He felt that government should exist only for the benefit of the governed ; that the strong are strong only that they may aid the weak ; that the rich are rightfully rich only that they may so combine and direct the labors of the poor as to make labor more profitable to the laborer. He did not comprehend these truths as they are demonstrated by Jefferson and Herbert Spencer, but he had an intuitive and instinctive perception of them. And in

his most autocratic moments, he really thought that he was fighting the battle of the people, and doing their will while baffling the purposes of their representatives. If he had been a man of knowledge as well as force, he would have taken the part of the people more effectually, and left to his successors an increased power of doing good, instead of better facilities for doing harm. He appears always to have meant well. But his ignorance of law, history, politics, science, of every thing which he who governs a country ought to know, was extreme. Mr. Trist remembers hearing a member of the general's family say, that General Jackson did not believe the world was round. His ignorance was as a wall round about him—high, impenetrable. He was imprisoned in his ignorance, and sometimes raged round his little, dim inclosure like a tiger in his den.

The domestic life of this singular man was blameless. He was a chaste man at every period of his life. His letters, of which many hundreds still exist, contain not a sentence, not a phrase, not a word, that a girl may not properly read. A husband more considerately and laboriously kind, never lived. As a father, he was only too indulgent: his generosity to his adopted children was inexhaustible. To his slaves, he was master, father, physician, counselor, all in one; and though his overseers complained that he was too lenient, yet his steady prosperity for so many years, and the uniform abundance of his crops, seems to prove that his servants were not negligent of their master's interest. He had a virtuous abhorrence of debt, and his word was as good as his bond. In all his private transactions, from youth to hoary age, he was punctiliously honest.

Upon the whole, we must say of Andrew Jackson, that though he was not a model to copy, yet his faults were of such a nature as men are willing to forgive. There are two virtues, which possessing, a man has a right to a place in the ranks of the virtuous: one of these is honesty, the other chastity—virtues from which come all the happiness and all the good of life; and without a certain prevalence of which, society relapses into filthy barbarism. But in addition to these, our fiery Jackson possessed courage, and an unaffected interest in the welfare of the people of his country. Grievous were his faults; I would have his countrymen understand them, hate them, shun them, forgive them.

Most of our history for the last eighty years will not be remembered for many centuries; but perhaps among the few things that Oblivion will spare, may be some outline of the story of Andrew Jackson—the poor Irish emigrant's orphan son; who defended his country at New Orleans, and being elected president therefor, kept that country in an uproar for eight years; and, after being more hated and more loved than any man of his day, died peacefully at his home in Tennessee, and was borne to his grave followed by the benedictions of a large majority of his fellow-citizens.



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